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# COSMOPOLITAN

VOLLXV

OCTOBER, 1918

NO. 5

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# COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LXV

OCTOBER, 1918

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## *We Are too Proud to Quit*

By Herbert Kaufman

**K**AISER, turn back! You've missed your rendezvous with victory. Those bayonet hands on Prussia's clock did not move fast enough. America is mightier than forty years of preparation.

The guns which smashed Liege and laid Namur shall never break the living wall that fends Calais and blocks the Paris road.

Sheathe your mad dream before it butchers Germany. Look on our grain fields, ranches, steel-mills, forests, money-vaults, and multitudes; count these impregnable strengths, then turn to your own paltry resources and beg for peace.

You've spent your stalwarts—the peerless regiments of 1914 are gone. How may puny schoolboys and rheumy burghers succeed where such prime soldiers failed?

Take stock: Austria is exhausted and querulous; Bulgar buzzard and Turkish vulture are already snarling for Balkan titbits; chaos has snatched Russia from Judas.

But France still answers blow for blow; British transports swarm seven seas; Italy remains inviolate; the Allied fleets make mockery of Kiel, and we have just begun to strike.

Behold the magic of the melting-pot! Witness what liberty can do with peasant stuff in one short flaming year—with folk kings counted cheap and drove away to work Autocracy's undoing!

Ten million men of the same breed you ran from at the Marne must still be reckoned with.

Until we fill our oaths to sweep the earth of force and fear and every race is captain of its soul, we are too proud to quit.



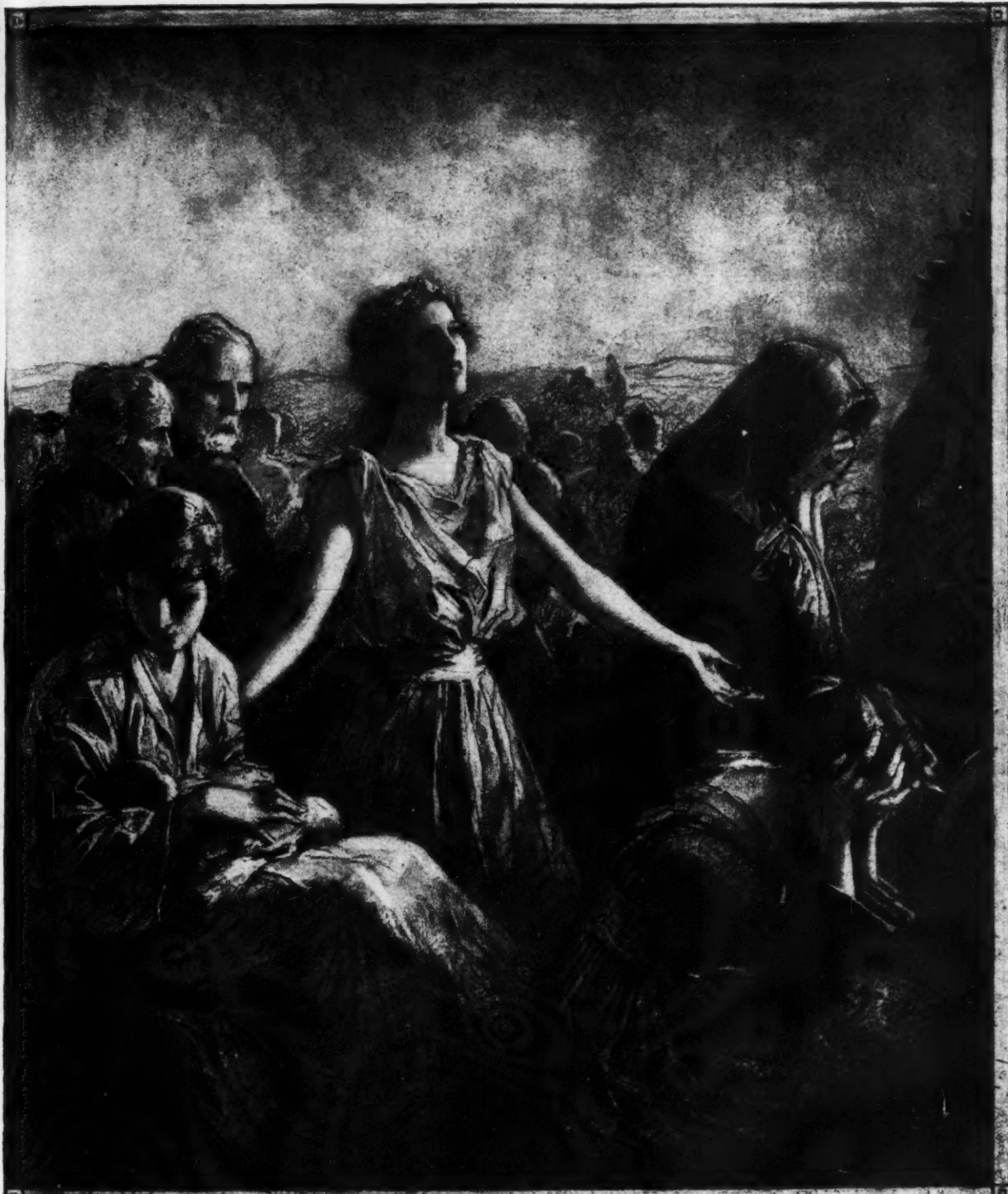


# I, T O O

*By Ella Wheeler Wilcox    Decoration by W.J. Bender*

**I** SAW fond lovers in that glow  
That oftentimes fades away too soon.  
I saw and said, "Their joy I know—  
I, too, have had my honeymoon."

A young expectant mother's gaze  
Held earth and heaven within its scope.  
My thoughts went back to holy days;  
I said, "I, too, have known that hope."



I saw a stricken mother swayed  
By sorrow's storm, like wind-blown grass.  
I said, "I, too; I, too, dismayed,  
Have seen the little white hearse pass."

I saw a matron rich with years  
Walk radiantly beside her mate.  
I blessed them, and said through my tears,  
"I, too, have known that high estate."

I saw a woman swathed in black,  
So blind with grief she could not see.  
I said, "Not far need I look back;  
I, too, have known Gethsemane."

I saw a face so full of light  
It seemed with all God's truths to shine.  
I said, "I, too, have found my sight;  
I, too, have touched the Fact Divine."

# Saint's Progress

By John Galsworthy

*Author of "Beyond," etc.*

Illustrated by Fanny Munsell

EDWARD PIERSON is the vicar of a London parish and an ardent music-lover. He is a widower with two daughters—Gratian, twenty, who has recently married George Laird, an army doctor, and is herself now a nurse; and Noel (Nollie) an affectionate, high-spirited, impulsive girl nearly eighteen, who reminds her father of his cousin Leila (Mrs. Lynch), who has made a sad mess of her life, and when last heard from was singing in South Africa. Pierson and Noel are spending a July holiday at the home of Robert Pierson (Edward's brother) in Monmouthshire, close to Tintern Abbey. Here Noel meets Cyril Morland, a young officer about to go to the front, and the young people fall deeply in love. Morland urges an immediate marriage, but Noel's father objects on the grounds of youth and short acquaintance. He is suddenly summoned to London by the serious illness of Doctor Laird. He arrives just before the crisis is passed, and is shocked to find that Gratian has become converted to the views of her husband, who is an agnostic and denies revealed religion. He is still worried over Noel's love-affair, knowing her impulsive nature, and when he receives a letter from Mrs. Robert Pierson (Thirza) advising his consent, as otherwise she fears a runaway marriage, he answers that he cannot agree to the match and wishes Noel to come home at once.

V

I

**B**UT on the same afternoon, just about that hour, Noel was sitting on the river-bank with her arms folded tight across her chest, and by her side Cyril Morland, with despair in his face, was twisting a telegram:

Rejoin to-night regiment leaves to-morrow.

What consolation that a million such telegrams had been read and sorrowed over these last two years! What comfort that the sun was ever being blotted dim for bright eyes, the joy of life poured out, and sopped up by the sands of desolation!

"How long have we got, Cyril?"

"I've engaged a car from the inn, so I needn't leave till midnight. I've packed already, to have more time."

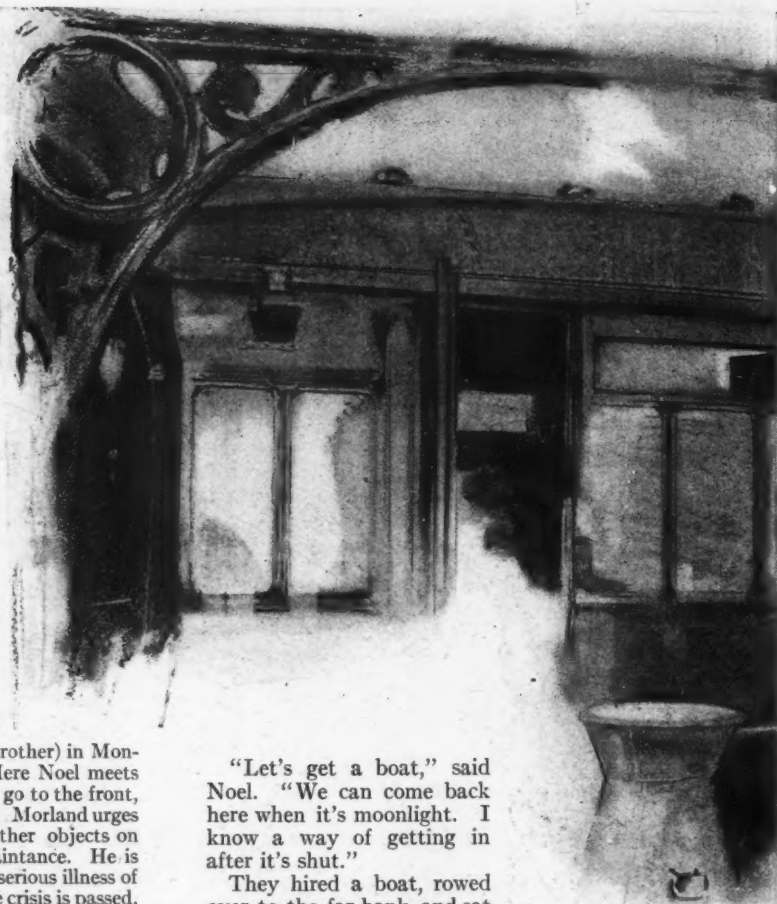
"Let's have it to ourselves, then. Let's go off somewhere. I've got some chocolate."

Morland answered miserably:

"I can send the car up here for my things and have it pick me up at the inn if you'll say good-by to them for me afterward. We'll walk down the line; then we sha'n't meet anyone."

And in the bright sunlight they walked hand in hand on each side of a shining rail.

About six they reached the abbey.



"Let's get a boat," said Noel. "We can come back here when it's moonlight. I know a way of getting in after it's shut."

They hired a boat, rowed over to the far bank, and sat on the stern-seat, side by side under the trees where the water was stained deep green by the high woods. If they talked, it was but a word of love now or then, or to draw each other's attention to a fish, a bird, a dragon-fly. What use making plans—for lovers the chief theme? Longing paralyzed their brains. They could do nothing but press close to each other, their hands enlaced, their lips meeting now and then. On Noel's face was a strange, fixed stillness, as if she were waiting—expecting! They ate their chocolates. The sun set; dew began to fall; the river changed and grew whiter; the sky paled to the color of an amethyst; shadows lengthened, dissolved slowly. It was past nine already; a water-rat came out; a white owl flew over the river toward the abbey. The moon had come up, but shed no light as yet. They saw no beauty in all this—too young, too passionate, too unhappy. Noel said:

"When she's over those trees, Cyril, let's go. It'll be half dark."

They waited, watching the moon, which crept with infinite slowness up and up, brightening ever so little every minute.

"Now!" said Noel. And Morland rowed across.

They left the boat, and she led the way past an empty cottage to a shed with a roof sloping up to the abbey's low outer wall.

"We can get over here," she whispered.

They clambered up and over, to a piece of grassy courtyard, and passed on to an inner court, under the black shadow of the high walls.

"What's the time?" said Noel.

"Half-past ten."

"Already! Let's sit here in the dark and watch for the moon."

They sat down close together. Noel's face still had on it that strange look of waiting; and Morland sat obedient,





They stood looking at each other, their hands hard gripped, all the emotion of last night welling up within them, so that to speak would have been to break down

with his hand on her heart, and his own heart beating almost to suffocation. They sat still as mice, and the moon crept up. It laid a first vague grayness on the high wall, which spread slowly down and brightened till the lichen and the grasses up there were visible, then crept on, silvering the dark above their heads. Noel pulled his sleeve, and whispered, "See!" There came the white owl, soft as a snowflake, drifting across in that unearthly light, as if flying to the moon. And just then the top of the moon looked over the wall, a shaving of silvery gold. It grew, became a bright, spread fan, then balanced there, full, and round, the color of pale honey.

"Ours!" Noel whispered, and her hands drew his head down to her.

From the side of the road, Noel listened till the sound of the car was lost in the folds of the valley. She did not

cry, but passed her hands over her face, and began to walk home, keeping to the shadow of the trees. How many years had been added to her age in those six hours since the telegram came! Several times in that mile and a half she stepped into a patch of brighter moonlight to take out and kiss a little

photograph, then slip it back next her heart, heedless that so warm a place must destroy any effigy. She felt not the faintest compunction for the recklessness of her love—it was her only comfort against the crushing loneliness of the night. It kept her up, made her walk on with a sort of pride, as if she had got the best of Fate. He was hers forever now, in spite of anything that could be done. She did not even think what she would say when she got in. She came to the avenue, and passed up it, still in a sort of dream. Her uncle was standing before the porch; she could hear his mutterings. She moved out of the shadow of the trees, went straight up to him, and, looking in his perturbed face, said calmly:

"Cyril asked me to say good-by to you all, uncle. Good-night."

"But, I say, Nollie—look here—you—"

She had passed on. She went up to her room. There, by the door, her aunt was standing, and would have kissed her. She drew back.

"No, auntie; not to-night!" And, slipping by, she locked her door.

Bob and Thirza Pierson, meeting in their own room, looked at each

other askance. Relief at their niece's safe return was confused by other emotions. Bob Pierson expressed his first.

"Phew! I was beginning to think we should have to drag the river. What girls are coming to!"

"It's the war, Bob."

"I didn't like her face, old girl. I don't know what it was, but I didn't like her face."

Neither did Thirza, but she would not admit it and encourage Bob to take it to heart. He took things so hardly, and with such a noise! She only said:

"Poor young things! I suppose it will be a relief to Edward."

"I love Nollie," said Bob Pierson suddenly. "She's an affectionate creature. I'm sorry about this. It's not so bad for young Morland; he's got the excitement—though I shouldn't like to be leaving Nollie if I were young again. Thank God, neither of the boys are engaged! By George, when I think of them out there, and myself here, I feel as

if the top of my head would come off! And those politician chaps spouting away—how they can have the cheek?" Thirza looked at him anxiously. "And no dinner!" he said suddenly. "What d'you think they've been doing with themselves?"

"Holding each other's hands, poor dears! D'you know what time it is, Bob? Nearly one o'clock."

"Well—all I can say is, I've had a wretched evening. Get to bed, old girl. You'll be fit for nothing."

He was soon asleep, but Thirza lay awake, not exactly worrying, for that was not her nature, but seeing Noel's face, pale, languid, passionate, possessed by memory.

## VI

## I

NOEL reached her father's house next day late in the afternoon. There was a letter in the hall for her.

MY DARLING LOVE:

I got back all right, and am posting this at once to tell you we shall pass through London and go from Charing Cross, I expect, about nine o'clock to-night. I shall look out for you there, in case you are up in time. Every minute I think of you, and of last night. Oh, Noel!

Your devoted lover,

C.

She looked at the wrist-watch which, like every other little patriot, she possessed. Past seven! If she waited, Gratian or her father would seize on her.

"Take my things up, Dinah. I've got a headache from traveling; I'm going to walk it off. Perhaps I sha'n't be in till past nine or so. Give my love to them all."

"Oh, Miss Noel, you can't—"

But Noel was gone. She walked toward Charing Cross, and, to kill time, went into a restaurant and had that simple repast, coffee and a bun, which those in love would always take if society did not forcibly feed them on other things. Eating was ridiculous to her. She sat there in the midst of a perfect hive of creatures eating hideously. There were men in khaki everywhere, and Noel glanced from form to form to see if, by chance, one might be that which represented, for her, life and the British army. At half-past eight she went out and made her way through the crowd, still mechanically searching "khaki" for what she wanted; and it was perhaps fortunate that there was about her face and walk something that touched people. At the station she went up to an old porter, and, putting a shilling into his astonished hand, asked him to find out for her whence Morland's regiment would start. He came back presently.

"Come with me, miss."

Noel went. He was rather lame, had gray whiskers, and a ghostly thin resemblance to her uncle Bob, which perhaps had been the reason why she had chosen him.

"Brother goin' out, miss?" Noel nodded. "Ah, it's a crool war! I sha'n't be sorry when it's over. Goin' out and comin' in, we see some sad' sights 'ere. Wonderful spirit they've got, too! I never look at the clock now but what I thinks: 'There you go, slow-coach! I'd like to set you on to the day the boys come back. When I puts a bag in, 'Another for 'ell,' I thinks. And so it is, miss, from all I can 'ear. I've got a son out there meself. It's 'ere they'll come along. You stand quiet and keep a lookout, and you'll get a few minutes with him when he's done with 'is men. I wouldn't move if I were you; he'll come to you, all right—can't miss you there. Good-night, miss; anything else I can do for you?"

"No, thank you; you're very kind."

He looked back once or twice at her blue-clad figure standing very still. He had left her against a little oasis

of piled-up empty milk-cans, far down the platform, where a few civilians in similar case were scattered. The train-way was empty as yet. In the gray immensity of the station and the turmoil of its noise, she neither felt lonely nor conscious of others waiting, too absorbed in the one thought of seeing him and touching him again. The empty train began backing in, stopped, and telescoped with a series of little clattering bangs, backed on again, and subsided to rest. Noel turned her eyes toward the station archways.



Already she felt tremulous, as though the regiment were sending before it the vibration of its march.

She had not as yet seen a troop-train start, and vague images of brave array, of a flag fluttering, and the stir of drums beset her. Suddenly she saw a brown, swirling mass down there at the very end, out of which a thin brown trickle emerged toward her. No sound of music; no waved flag. She had a longing to rush down to the barrier, but, remembering the words of the porter, stayed where she was, with her hands tightly squeezed together. The trickle became a stream, a flood, the head of which began to reach her. With a turbulence of voices, sunburned men, burdened up to the nose, passed, with rifles jutting at all angles; she strained her eyes, staring into that stream as one might into a walking wood to isolate a single tree. Her head reeled with the strain of it and the effort to catch his voice among the hubbub of all those cheery, common, happy-go-lucky sounds. And ever the stream and the hubbub melted into the train and yet came pouring on.

And still she waited, motionless, with an awful fear. How could he ever find her, or she him?

Then she saw that others of those waiting had found their men. And the longing to rush up and down the platform almost overcame her; but still she waited. And suddenly she saw him with two other officer boys, close to the carriages, coming slowly down toward her. She stood with her eyes glued to his face; they passed, and she nearly cried out. Then he turned, broke away from the other two, and

"Forget!" Move a little back, darling; they can't see us here. Kiss me!" She moved back, thrust her face forward so that he need not stoop, and put her lips up to his. Then, feeling that she might swoon and fall over among the cans, she withdrew her mouth, leaving her forehead against his lips. He murmured,

"Was it all right when you got in last night?"

"Yes; I said good-by for you."

"Oh, Noel! I've been afraid—I oughtn't—I oughtn't——"

"Yes, yes; nothing can take you from me now."

"You have got pluck! More than I."

A long whistle sounded. Morland grasped her hands convulsively.

"Good-by, my little wife! Don't fret. Good-by! I must go. God bless you, Noel!"

"I love you."

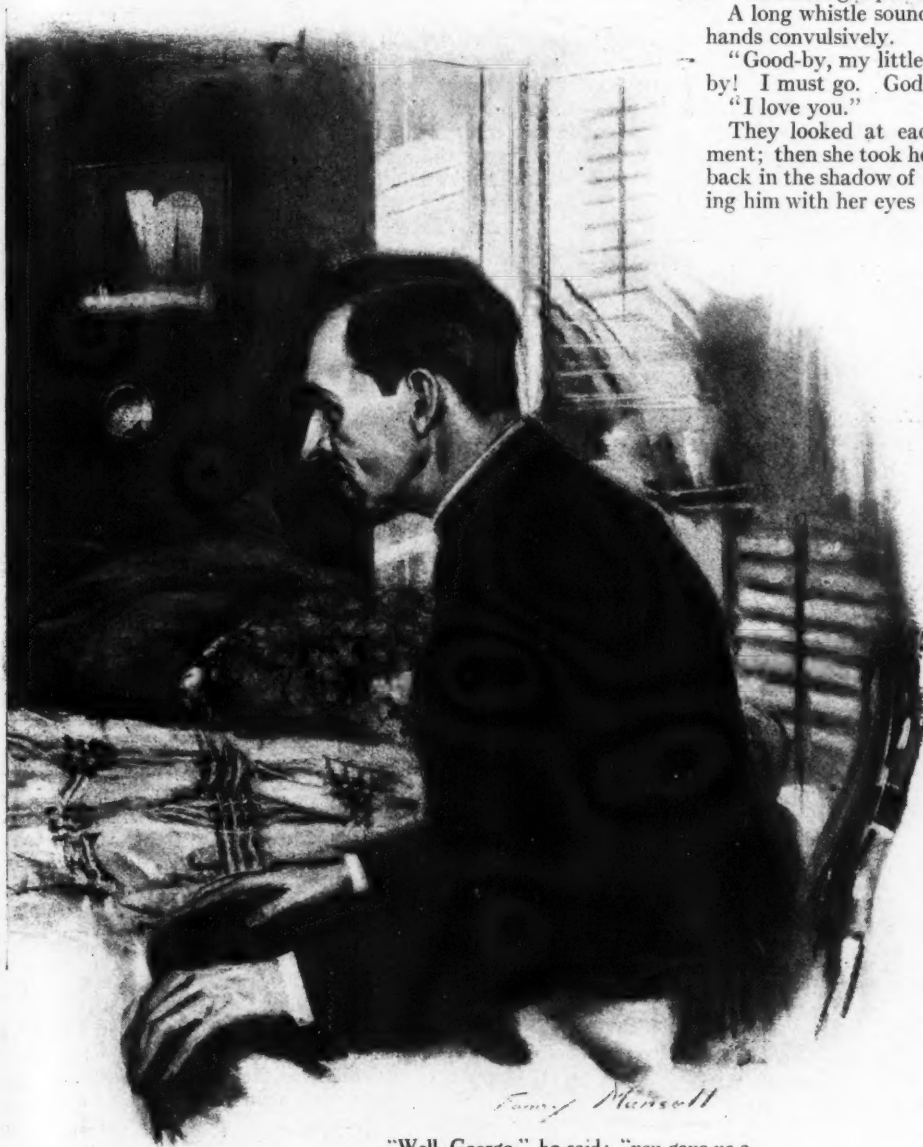
They looked at each other just another moment; then she took her hands from his and stood back in the shadow of the milk-cans, rigid, following him with her eyes till he was lost in the train.

Every carriage window was full of those brown figures and red-brown faces; hands were waving vaguely, voices calling vaguely; here and there one cheered; some one, leaning far out, started to sing: "If auld acquaintance—" But Noel stood quite still in the shadow of the milk-cans, her lips drawn in, her hands hard clenched in front of her; and young Morland, at his window, gazed back at her.

2

How she came to be sitting in Trafalgar Square, she did not know. Tears had formed a mist between her and all that seething summer-evening crowd. Her eyes mechanically followed the wandering search-lights, those new Milky Ways, quartering the heavens and leading nowhere. All was wonderfully beautiful, the sky a deep, dark blue, the moonlight whitening the spire of St. Martin's, and everywhere endowing the great blocked-out buildings with dream-life. She sat there, aching dreadfully, as if the long-

ing of every bereaved heart in all the town had settled in her. She felt it to-night a thousand times worse; for last night she had been drugged on the new sensation of love triumphantly fulfilled. Now she felt as if life had placed her in the corner of a huge, silent room, blown out the flame of joy, and locked the door. A little dry sob came from her. Oh, the hay-fields and Cyril, with shirt unbuttoned at the neck, pitching hay and gazing at her while she dabbled her fork in the thin leavings! Oh, the bright river, and their boat grounded on the shallows, and the swallows flitting over them! And that long waltz, with the feel of his hand between her shoulder-blades! Memories



"Well, George," he said: "you gave us a great fright. I thank God's mercy"

came straight to her. He had seen her before she had seen him. He was very flushed, had a little fixed frown between his blue eyes, and a set jaw. They stood looking at each other, their hands hard gripped, all the emotion of last night welling up within them, so that to speak would have been to break down. The milk-cans formed a kind of shelter, and they stood so close together that none could see their faces. Noel was the first to master her power of speech; her words came out, dainty as ever, through trembling lips.

"Write to me as much as ever you can, Cyril. I'm going to be a nurse at once. And the first leave you get, I shall come to you—don't forget."



so sweet and sharp that she almost cried out. She saw again their dark, grassy courtyard in the abbey, and the white owl flying over them. The white owl—flying there again to-night, with no lovers on the grass below! She could only picture Cyril now as a brown atom in that swirling brown flood of men flowing to a huge brown sea. Those cruel minutes in the platform, when she had searched and searched the walking wood for her one tree, seemed to have burned themselves into her eyes. Cyril was lost; she could not single him out, all blurred among those thousand other shapes. And suddenly she thought: "And I—I'm lost to him; he's never seen me at home, never seen me in London; he won't be able to imagine me. It's all in the past, only the past—for both of us. Is there anybody so unhappy?" And the town's voices—wheels, and passing feet, whistles, talk, laughter—seemed to answer callously, "Not one." She looked at her wrist-watch; like his, it had luminous hands. "Half-past ten" was greenishly imprinted there. She got up in dismay. They would think she was lost, or run over, or something silly. She could not find an empty taxi, and began to walk, uncertain of her way at night. At last she stopped a policeman and said,

"Which is the way toward Bloomsbury, please; I can't find a taxi."

The man looked at her and took time to think it over; then he said,

"They're linin' up for the theaters," and looked at her again. Something seemed to move in his mechanism. "I'm goin' that way, miss. If you like, you can step along with me." Noel stepped along. "The streets aren't what they ought to be," the policeman said. "What with the darkness and the war turnin' the girls' heads—you'd be surprised the number of them that comes out. It's the soldiers, of course." Noel felt her cheeks burning. "I dare say you wouldn't have noticed it," the policeman went on; "but this war's a funny thing. The streets are gayer and more crowded at night than I've ever seen them; it's a fair picnic all the time. What we're goin' to settle down to when peace comes, I don't know. I suppose you find it quiet enough up your way, miss?"

"Yes," said Noel; "quite quiet."

"No soldiers up in Bloomsbury. You got anyone in the army, miss?" Noel nodded. "Ah! It's anxious times for ladies. What with the Zeps, and their brothers and all in France, it's 'arassin'. I've lost a brother meself, and I've got a boy out there in the Garden of Eden. His mother carries on dreadful about him. What we shall think of it when it's all over, I can't tell. These Huns are a wicked, tough lot."

Noel looked at him—a tall man, regular and orderly, with one of those perfectly decent faces so often seen in the London police.

"I'm sorry you've lost some one," she said. "I haven't lost anyone very near yet."

"Well, let's 'ope you won't, miss. These times make you feel for others, an' that's something. I've noticed a great change in folks you'd never think would feel for anyone. And yet I've seen some wicked things, too; we do, in the police. Some of these English wives of aliens, and 'armless little German bakers an' Austrians and what not; they get a cruel time. It's their misfortune, not their fault, that's what I think; and the way they get served—well, it makes you ashamed o' bein' English sometimes—it does, straight. And the women are the worst. I said to my wife only last night, I said, 'They call themselves Christians,' I said; 'but for all the charity that's in 'em, they might as well be Huns.' She couldn't see it—not she! 'Well, why do they drop bombs?' she says. 'What!' I said. 'Those English wives and bakers drop bombs? Don't be silly,' I said. 'They're as innocent as we.' It's the innocent that gets punished for the guilty. 'But they're all spies,' she says. 'Oh!' I said. 'Old lady—now, really! At your time of life!' But there it is—you can't get a woman to see reason. It's readin' the papers. I often

think they must be written by women—beggin' your pardon, miss—but reely, the 'ysteries and the 'atred—they're a fair knock-out. D'you find much hatred in your household, miss?"

Noel shook her head.

"No; my father's a clergyman, you see."

"Ah!" said the policeman. And in the glance he bestowed on her could be seen an added respect. "Of course," he went on, "you're bound to have a sense of justice against these Huns; some of their ways of goin' on have been above the limit. But what I always think is—of course I don't say these things—no use to make yourself unpopular—but to meself I often think: 'Take 'em man for man, and you'd find 'em much the same as we are, I dare say. It's the vicious way they're brought up, of actin' in the mass, that's made 'em such a crool lot.' I see a good bit of crowds in my profession, and I've a very low opinion of 'em. Crowds are the most blunderin', blighted things that ever was. They're like an angry woman with a bandage over her eyes, an' you can't have anything more dangerous than that. These Germans, it seems, are always in a crowd. They get a state o' mind read out to them by Bill Kaser and all that bloody-minded lot, an' they never stop to think for themselves."

"I suppose they'd be shot if they did," said Noel.

"Well, there is that," said the policeman reflectively. "They've brought discipline to an 'igh pitch, no doubt. An' if you ask me"—he lowered his voice till it was almost lost in his chin-strap—"we'll be runnin' 'em a good second 'ere before long. The things we 'ave to protect now are gettin' beyond a joke. There's the city against lights; there's the streets against darkness; there's the aliens; there's the aliens' shops; there's the Belgians; there's the British wives; there's the soldiers against the women; there's the women against the soldiers; there's the Peace Party; there's 'orses against cruelty; there's a Cabinet minister every now an' then; and now we've got these Conchies. And, mind you, they haven't raised our pay; no war-wages in the police. So far as I can see, there's only one good result of the war—burglaries are off. But there again, you wait a bit and see if we don't have a prize crop of 'em or my name's not 'Arris."

"You must have an awfully exciting life," said Noel.

The policeman looked down at her sideways without lowering his face, as only policemen can, and said indulgently:

"We're used to it, you see; there's no excitement in what you're used to. They find that in the trenches, I'm told. Take our seamen—there's lots of 'em been blown up over and over again, and there they go and sign on again next day. That's where the Germans make their mistake. England in war-time! I think a lot, you know, on my go; you can't 'elp it—the mind will work—an' the more I think the more I see the fightin' spirit in the people. We don't make a fuss about it, like Bill Kaser. But you watch a little shopman—one o' those fellows who's had his house bombed—you watch the way he looks at the mess—sort o' disgusted. You watch his face, and you see, he's got his teeth into it. You watch one of our Tommies on 'is crutches, with the sweat pourin' off his forehead an' 'is eyes all strainy, stumpin' along—that gives you an idea! I pity these peace fellows—reely I pity them; they don't know what they're up against. I expect there's times when you wish you was a man—don't you, miss? I'm sure there's times when I feel I'd like a go in the trenches. That's the worst o' my job; you can't be a human bein'—not in the full sense of the word. You mustn't let your passions rise; you mustn't drink; you mustn't talk—it's a narrow walk o' life. Well, here you are, miss; your square's the next turnin' to the right. Good-night, and thank you for your conversation."

Noel held out her hand.

"Good-night," she said.

The policeman took her hand with a queer, flattered embarrassment.



DRAWN BY FANNY MURRELL

Noel's voice roused him. "Do you feel the war much, daddy? Does it hurt you here?" She had put her hand on her heart. "Perhaps it doesn't, because you live half in the next world, don't you?"

"Good-night, miss," he said again. "I see you've got a trouble; and I'm sure I hope it'll turn for the best."

Noel gave his huge hand a squeeze; her eyes had filled with tears, and she turned quickly up toward the square, where a dark figure was coming toward her, in whom she had recognized her father. His face was worn and harassed; he walked irresolutely, like a man who had lost something.

"Nollie!" he said. "Thank God!" In his voice was an infinite relief. "My child, where have you been?"

"It's all right, daddy. Cyril has just gone to the front. I've been seeing him off from Charing Cross."

Pierson slipped his arm round her. They entered the house without speaking.

## 3

By the rail of his transport, as far—about two feet—as he could get from anyone, Cyril Morland stood watching Calais, a dream-city, brighten out of the heat and grow solid. He could hear the guns already—the voice of his new life—talking in the distance. It came with its strange excitement into a being still held by soft and marvelous memories, by one long vision of Noel and the moonlit grass under the dark abbey wall. This moment of passage from wonder to wonder was quite too much for a boy unused to introspection, and he stood staring stupidly at Calais while the thunder of his new life came rolling in on that passionate moonlit dream.

## VII

AFTER the emotions of those last three days, Pierson woke with the feeling a ship must have when it makes landfall. Such reliefs are natural, and, as a rule, delusive; for events are as much the parents of the future as they were children of the past. To be at home with both his girls, and resting—for his holiday would not be over for ten days—was like old times. Now George was going on so well, Gratian would be her old self; now Cyril Morland was gone, Noel would lose that sudden youthful love-fever. Perhaps in two or three days, if George continued to progress, he might go off with Noel somewhere for his last week. In the meantime, the old house, wherein was gathered so much remembrance of happiness and pain, was just as restful as anywhere else, and the companionship of his girls would be as sweet as on any of their old rambling holidays in Wales or Ireland. And that first morning of perfect idleness—for no one knew he was back in London—pottering, and playing the piano in the old homely drawing-room, where nothing to speak of was changed since his wife's day, was very pleasant. He had not yet seen the girls, for Noel did not come down to breakfast and Gratian was with George.

Discovery that there was still a barrier between him

and them came but slowly in the next two days. He would not acknowledge it; yet it was there, in their voices, in their movements—rather an absence of something old than the presence of something new. It was as if each had said to him, "We love you, but you are not in our secrets—and you must not be, for you would try to destroy them." They showed no fear of him, but seemed to be pushing him unconsciously away, lest he should restrain or alter what was very dear to them. When people are very fond of each other, this is what happens so soon as their natures have set foot on definitely diverging paths. The closer



"You're doing a noble work, Leila. I wanted to ask you: Could you arrange for Noel to come and get trained here?"

the affection, the more watchful they are against interference by that affection. Noel had a look half dazed, half proud, which touched yet vexed him. What had he done to forfeit her confidence? Surely, surely she must see how natural and right his opposition had been! He made one great effort to show the real sympathy he felt for her. But she only said, "I can't talk of Cyril, daddy; I simply can't!" And he, who easily shrank into his shell, could but acquiesce in her reserve.

With Gratian it was different. There he knew that an encounter was before him—a struggle between him and



her husband—for characteristically he set the change in her, the defection of her faith, down to George, not to spontaneous thought and feeling in herself. He dreaded and yet looked forward to this encounter. It came on the third day, when Laird was up, lying on that very sofa where Pierson had sat hearing Gratian's confession of disbelief. Except for putting in his head to say good-morning, he had not yet seen his son-in-law. The young doctor could not look fragile; the build of his face, with that jaw and those heavy cheek-bones, was too much against it, but there was about him enough of the look



*Fanny Newell*

of having come through a hard fight to give Pierson's heart a little squeeze.

"Well, George," he said; "you gave us a great fright. I thank God's mercy." With that half-mechanical phrase he had flung an unconscious challenge, and Laird looked up whimsically.

"So you really think God merciful, sir?"

"Don't let us argue, George; you're not strong enough."

"Oh, I'm pining for something to bite on."

Pierson looked at Gratian and said softly,

"God's mercy is infinite, and you know it is."

Laird also looked at Gratian before he answered:

"God's mercy is exactly the amount of mercy man has succeeded in arriving at. How much that is, this war tells you."

Pierson flushed.

"I don't follow you," he said painfully. "How can you say such things when you yourself are only just—No; I refuse to argue, George; I refuse."

Laird stretched out his hand to his wife, who came to him and stood clasping it.

"Well, I'm going to," he said; "I'm simply bursting with it. I challenge you, sir, to show me where there's any sign of altruistic pity except in man."

The curious smile had come already on both their faces.

"My dear George, is not man the highest work of God, and mercy the highest quality in man?"

"Not a bit. If geological time be taken as twenty-four hours, man's existence on earth so far equals just two seconds of it; after a few more seconds, when man has been frozen off the earth, geological time will stretch for as long again, before the earth bumps into something and becomes nebula once more. God's hands haven't been particularly full, sir, have they—two seconds out of twenty-four hours—if man is his pet concern? And as to mercy being the highest quality in man, that's only a modern fashion of talking. Man's highest quality is the sense of proportion; for that's what keeps him alive; and mercy, logically pursued, would kill him off. It's only a by-product, or perhaps a disease."

"George! You can have no music in your soul! Science is such a little thing, if you could only see."

"Show me a bigger, sir."

"Faith."

"In what?"

"In what has been revealed to us."

"Ah! There it is again! By whom—how?"

"By God himself—through our Lord."

A faint flush rose in Laird's yellow face, and his eyes brightened.

"Christ," he said, "always supposing he existed, was a very beautiful character; there have been others. But to ask us to believe in his supernaturalness or divinity at this time of day is to ask us to walk through the world absolutely blindfold. And that's what you do, don't you?"

Again Pierson looked at his daughter's face. Somehow, he was aware that all these words of the sick man's were for her benefit. Anger and a sort of despair rose within him, and he said painfully:

"I cannot explain. There are things that I can't make clear, because you are wilfully blind to all that I believe in. For what do you imagine we are fighting this great war, if it is not to reestablish the belief in love as the guiding principle of life?"

Laird shook his head.

"We are fighting to redress the balance, which was in danger of being lost."

"The balance of power?"

"Heavens, no! The balance of philosophy."

Pierson smiled.

"That sounds very clever, George, but, again, I don't follow you."

"The balance between the sayings: 'Might is Right' and 'Right is Might.' They're both truths, but the first was beating the other out of court. All the rest of it is cant, you know. By the way, the Church is solid for punishment of the evil-doer. Where's mercy there? Either your God is not merciful, or else you don't believe in your God."

"Just punishment does not preclude mercy."

"It does in nature."

"Ah, nature, George—always nature! God transcends nature."

"Then why does he give it a free rein? A man is too fond of drink or women—how much mercy does he get from nature? His overindulgence brings its exact equivalent of penalty, let him pray to God as much as he likes. Unless he alters his ways, he gets no mercy. If he *does* alter his ways, he gets no mercy, either; (Continued on page 139)

# The Heart-mender

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by Edward L. Chase

IT was my last chance; I had tried stenography, music-teaching, embroidering at home, acting as governess—everything, it seemed to me. And I had failed. At least, it seemed failure to me. For, sooner or later, I had lost each position. The firm where I had done stenography had failed; I had been unable to procure pupils for my music-lessons; I had learned that there is not much of a living to be made by embroidery unless one is more expert than I was; and the family where I had been governess had gone abroad. And I had come to a sane conclusion.

It was this: An employee is the most helpless person in the world. She may be discharged on any pretext, at any time. Better to have a business, be it ever so humble and tiny, than to be subject to the whims of another. I would not be an employee again. I would be my own boss.

Wherefore, in the seclusion of the hall bedroom to which I had repaired on the loss of my pleasant place as governess, I looked over my assets. One must have either credit or assets to start a business. And I was a stranger in New York; I had no credit. What, then, were my assets?

I counted them carefully—modestly, too. Good looks I had in my fair share. But, save on the stage, whither I would not resort, good looks are not much of an asset. I counted my cash; I had saved, at what hardship I do not care to tell you, a trifle over two hundred dollars. Truly, not much on which to start a business. For I did not count in my brain, for that had never been put to the test of doing the original, which business would demand. I came to my last asset—my name.

Isabel Ade, I was christened—I. Ade. I aid! Full-born, my idea came to me. The city was filled with people like myself, who, at the end of their resources, had no one to whom they might turn for advice. Why should I not fill that place? Some I might be able to help. It was certain that I could. I had had experience in battling with this cruel town. Why should not my experience be of some value to others? Why should it not be worth a price?

And in advertising lay the secret of modern success—so I had been told. My name! I. Ade—Assistant. Why not? I would have an office; I would have office-hours. I would advertise; people would come to me, would bare their hearts, and I, possessed of sympathy and understanding, would help.

I am a creature of impulse. I do things on the spur of the moment and regret them afterward. So this time. For I had been sitting, nine hours each day, in the cubby-hole of an office which I had rented for sixty dollars a month, payable in advance, for just eight days, before the great city deigned to notice me.

I had placed in a morning paper a one-line advertisement which read:

I. ADE—ASSISTANT  
Room 612, Liberty Building

On the door of my little office was printed the name and title. And yet, queer and striking as I felt the line to be, not



"'Deterrent!'" cried the boy. "I'd marry Gertrude in fathers and their money; but she won't

even a news-hungry reporter had looked me up. And the balance of my money had gone in part-payments on my meager office furniture, telephone, and the securing to myself of one month's advance lodging and board.

Eight days! Not long, as time is reckoned in this city of swift events, and yet too long. I counted what little remained of my cash. Should I put a longer advertisement in the paper? No. It is quality, not quantity, that makes for success in advertising. If my unique little notice didn't attract attention, a whole page would do no more. Eight days! I looked at the watch in my belt. Noon. I rose with a sigh from my seat. At least I must eat, even though luncheons ate up all my cash. I slipped into my jacket and started for the door. And as I did so, a timid knock sounded.

Swiftly I tossed my jacket into the tiny closet and resumed my place at my desk. I drew some old letters toward me and began looking through their stale contents. I summoned gruffness to my voice, impatience to my attitude.

"Come in!" I called.

"Embarrassment written on their faces, a boy and girl entered. They were hardly more than that, although in the lines about the boy's mouth one saw manhood, and the dainty figure of the girl held a hint of budding maturity. But I think my jaw must have dropped, for it was hardly from these that I expected my clientele to come. The boy spoke.

"We'd like to see Mr. Ade."

"There is no Mr. Ade," I replied.

"But the name—I. Ade—"

"I am I. Ade," I smiled.

His face took on a crestfallen expression as he turned to the girl.

"I'm afraid, Gertrude," he said, "that—"

But the girl was looking at me; the doubt that had appeared on her face at first sight of me died away. She advanced into the room.



spite of twenty  
marry me "

"I'm sure she can help us!" she cried.

"But—" he protested. She cut him short.

"You will help us? You will?" she cried to me.

Her eyes held pleading, and I smiled at her.

"If you'll sit down," I suggested, "and tell me——"

"But we can't tell a woman about—" began the youth.

"I'd rather tell a woman than some horrid man!" cried the girl indignantly.

The youth grinned. I liked him at once.

"You tell her, Gertrude," he said.

A vivid blush overspread her cheeks. She turned an embarrassed face to me.

"You—help—people—don't you?"

I assumed what I imagined to be a most professional expression.

"That is my business," I answered.

"Then you'll help us," she said. "Although—you're so—" She halted.

I smiled again.

"Young?" I finished for her. "In years, perhaps, but in experience—" I paused and drew toward me a businesslike-looking note-book. "Your names, please."

The young man turned an affrighted glance upon the girl.

"Oh, Gertrude," he said, "we can't——"

She took command.

"Indeed we can!" she interrupted. "If it's necessary." She looked inquiringly at me.

"There must be absolute confidence between my clients and myself," I said. "That is the first rule of my office."

They looked properly subdued, and I leaned back in my chair, conscious that my stern phrase had impressed them. The girl drew a chair nearer me, while the boy looked out the window, trying, as I could easily see, to assume an expression of nonchalance.

"I am Gertrude Bennings," she began, "and this is Allan Conover, junior. You've heard of his father?"

I could feel my eyebrows lifting in my astonishment. Heard of Allan Conover, the glassware king—who hadn't?

"Yes," I said non-committally.

"I am employed in Mr. Conover's office as a stenographer. That is, I was, until——"

The boy turned from his scrutiny of the buildings opposite.

"She was," he interrupted bitterly, "until my father found out that we were engaged. Now she isn't his stenographer, and we aren't engaged."

That's why we want your help, your advice, your assistance."

"I see. I imagine that your father objected to your marriage to Miss Bennings here because she is——"

"Because she works for a living," snapped the youth.

A contempt for him overcame my previous sudden liking.

"It strikes me that you have come to the wrong person; you should go to a minister," I told him.

The quick perception of love made the girl sense my coldness.

"Allan, let me explain it all," she said. "You see, Miss Ade——she turned to me——Allan's father will disinherit him if he marries me."

"Well," I rejoined, "is that an absolute deterrent to your marriage?"

"Deterrent!" cried the boy. "I'd marry Gertrude in spite of twenty fathers and their money; but she won't marry me."

I looked inquiringly at the girl at this new phase of the situation. She blushed rosily, and her lips came firmly together.

"Of course I won't!" she said. "Do you think I'll be the cause of your losing millions?"

"But millions don't count!" he cried. "If you really love me, you'll——"

"Is it possible, Miss Bennings," I asked icily, "that you rate money above love? Is Mr. Conover here less attractive disinherited than as the favorite son of a millionaire?"

The flush on her face became one of anger.

"Of course not!" she cried. "But—what girl would want to feel that she had deprived the one she loved of his place and fortune? I can't do it! I won't do it! I'd hate myself—all my life. And that's why—we read your notice in the paper, and—we thought—I believed—we didn't know——"

She was so pathetically appealing that my heart went out to her. In shame at my doubts of her unselfishness, I reached over and took her hand in mine.

"There, there," I told her, patting the pink palm; "you explain it all to me, and I'll fix it up."

And I was certain, even as I spoke, that I would. The boy beamed on me.

"You will?" he cried, delightedly. "But how?"

"One never can tell in advance how one will go about a matter," I told him. "First, one must have every available



fact—every single one. Now then—exactly what happened when Mr. Conover discovered the love-affair progressing under his nose?”

The girl's flush died away, and twin dimples appeared at each corner of her mouth. I understood why young Conover was willing to count her higher than his father's wealth.

“He—he discharged me—on the spot,” she said. “Allan wouldn't wait any longer. He went into his father's office and—told him, and Mr. Conover sent for me. He told me that he didn't purpose to have his son marry any designing hussy; that if I married Allan, he'd disinherit him at once.”

“And now father,” put in the boy lugubriously, “now father claims that Gertrude is a designing hussy. He says that she gave me up as soon as she learned that I could expect nothing from him.”

Again the girl's lips shut tightly.

“You can't blame me?” she asked simply.

I pressed her hand tightly.

“Not at all,” I said; “only, why not marry and let time do the rest?”

“You don't know Mr. Conover,” answered the girl. “He'd never speak to Allan again. And I will not—*will not* be the cause of estrangement between them.”

I tapped my desk with my pencil. This was about the last thing I would have expected to transpire from my little notice in the paper—to play the rôle of Cupid to win over a stern parent. But these were my first clients, and—there has been much said of a woman's wit. I had my share of it. If I couldn't soften the heart of old Allan Conover, I ought to be arrested for intent to deceive and defraud.

“And you'll help us?” quavered the girl, perilously close to tears.

I looked up briskly.

“I must know all facts,” I said importantly. “Your mother, Mr. Conover?”

“Dead—when I was a child,” he answered sadly.

“Hm. Father married again?”

“No,” he answered.

“Is he a native New Yorker?”

“No; he came here when he was twenty-five. From Newtown, Massachusetts. Our summer home is there now. My mother is buried there.”

“Hm.” For a couple of minutes I was silent; then I looked up. “It is understood, then,” said I, “that I am engaged to obtain your father's consent to your marriage to Miss Bennings. Very well; I'll take the case.”

Unashamed, the boy's hand gripped that of the girl.

“If you can do it, Miss Ade—if you can do it—I'll pay—”

“You'll have to pay me well,” I laughed. “In fact, I think that there'll be some preliminary ex—”

He did not let me finish. From a leather wallet he drew forth a little stack of bills—all yellow.

“There's two hundred and fifty there, Miss Ade!” he cried. “And—I've got more—at home. If you want—”

I shook my head.

“Plenty,” I assured him. “And now—from now on I may not appear in the case at all. But you will know by your father's attitude that I have been working. And when your engagement is announced, I will send in my bill. Good-morning.”

Conover looked at me rather dazedly. But the girl rose. “There!” she cried. “The worry is off our shoulders. Some one else is carrying it, and—I *know* you'll help us!”

Swift as a bird, she leaned over and kissed me on the cheek.

“Come,” she said to her lover; “can't you see Miss Ade is trying to think?”

Reluctantly, for, manlike, he wanted to be told my plans, he followed her out. As for myself, after half an hour's deep thought, I closed my little office and went for a stroll—that ended in the Public Library. There I found a copy of “Who's Who,” and turned to “C.”

“Conover, Allan,” I read. “Born Newtown, Mass.,

1859. Amherst, 1879. President of International Glassware Company.”

Followed a list of his clubs, and the corporations in which he was a director. But there was nothing of real interest or assistance to me. I turned to the files of the newspapers. I had seen Conover's name in the papers frequently of late. He had been merging the great glassware interests of the country and had been reaching out for foreign trade. Naturally he was prominently in the public eye.

And, in a two-weeks'-old paper, I read a short item to the effect that Conover had had a man arrested for hanging round his office. The man, so the item said, was evidently a crank. He had protested against his arrest, claiming that he had discovered a formula for the making of malleable glass. He had been sent to Bellevue for observation as to his sanity, and, so I noticed in a later issue, been discharged from the hospital three days afterward as harmless. I wondered if here were anything to which a forlorn hope might be tied. But the man had refused to give his name to the papers, and there was nothing further about him in the public prints.

Disgusted, yet realizing that the softening of old man Conover's heart was probably as formidable a proposition as the softening of glass, and therefore not to be completed in five minutes, I went to my hall room, where I wrestled with the problem from every possible point of view.

I thought of going to Newtown, of finding among the scenes of the millionaire's youth some little thing, some sentimental memory whereby he might be softened. And I gave that up. I thought of seeking employment in his office, getting to know him, to be trusted by him, and pleading with him. And I gave that up. If pretty little Miss Bennings, loved by his son, couldn't succeed there, what hope had I? And yet I must win my case, my first case—must earn my fee.

The thought of the fee made me remember the advance retainer. Two hundred and fifty dollars, and I'd been living on cheap lunches for longer than I cared to remember! The two hundred and fifty was legitimately mine, whether I won or failed. And, a pillow-case covering its dainty folds, a frock, never worn, hung in my closet. One seeks not for ideas amid the glum surroundings of a hall bedroom. One goes forth among one's kind and mingles with the throng if one would seek ideas.

So, at any rate, I comforted myself for thinking upon my first extravagance since arriving in New York. Feverishly, lest my courage fail me, I donned the frock, with its concomitant silk stockings and shoes to match, drew a wrap about my shoulders, fastened a hat with a willow plume upon my head, and sallied forth into the street. A block from my boarding-house, I stopped a taxi. The driver looked at me curiously.

“Where to, ma'am?” he asked.

I hadn't thought, up to then, so engrossed was I with my delightful folly, of where I was going. But I answered coldly, naming the first place that came into my head.

“The Regal,” I said.

Then I stepped into the machine and leaned back luxuriously in its cushioned seat. It was not a private limousine, but—I dreamed great dreams. If I, Ade could win this first case, and then another—one a week—why—The pausing of the taxi brought me from my dreams. Through the open door, swung out by the chauffeur, I saw the attendant-crowded, wealth-oppressed atmosphere of the palatial hotel. Had it not been for the fact that a liveried attendant was waiting to hand me down, my false courage would have weakened and I should have bade the man drive on. As it was, I summoned all my haughtiness, gave the attendant a bill, told him to pay the chauffeur, and passed into the hotel.

In the gorgeous dressing-room, I divested myself of my wraps and made my way to the main dining-room, at the entrance to which I hovered uncertainly a moment. The head waiter gained my side.



DRAWN BY EDWARD L. CHASE

Searen turned upon the bearded man. "Keep your mouth shut," he said gravely

## The Heart-mender

"Madame is with a party? Her friends are here?"

I could feel myself flush beneath the curious eyes of the diners in the great room. For suddenly I remembered that a lady unattended, if she wish food at night, must go to some cheap lunch-room. She cannot enter a first-class hotel in New York.

"My party?" I quavered. "Why—they're—" Then a bold thought came to me. I was hungry; I was a lady; I would do this assemblage no harm by my presence, even though I had no cavalier to lend me standing.

"Haven't my friends arrived?" I asked. "They were to meet me at—"

I didn't finish my white lie. The head waiter bowed almost to the ground.

"Pardon, madame," he said. "I did not understand. The table in the corner, madame, if madame will please."

Dazed, wondering at his mistake, and yet preferring to profit by it than be turned away from the restaurant, I followed him to a little table, half hidden from the other diners, yet affording a splendid view of them, by the potted foliage that hemmed it in. I was bowed to a chair, and the menu thrust upon me by the assiduous head waiter.

"Madame's friends will not dine with her. There is a regrettable delay. If madame would be so kind as not to wait—to dine with them—"

He shrugged his shoulders and raised his eyebrows, and went through all the muscular and facial pantomime of Gallic regret. Madame would be pleased; madame was disappointed, but madame agreed with the head waiter that delays that retard dining were more re-

grettable than any other kind. Madame would dine. The waiter beamed upon me.

Madame was sensible; her friends would arrive with her coffee; meanwhile—they had telephoned to him, Émile, who was their faithful servant, that madame should, if it pleased her, make the best of it. *Bien!* Would madame deign to follow her oysters with some of the *potage* Regal which Émile would guarantee to be most refreshing, revivifying, and soul-warming?

And so the meal progressed from course to course, with Émile lending me an attention that amazed me. And the spirit of adventure was within me, intoxicating me. For it was the first glimpse of the gay life of New York that had been vouchsafed to me, and it went to my head.

Conscious of my pretty gown, my not unattractive appearance, I was flushed with pleasure, and ate with an appetite that weeks of semistarvation had whetted to razor keenness. And yet I ate hastily. Whoever Émile's patrons were, they were no friends of mine, and if they should come in and find me here, there might be an awkward situation. For the hotels are too prone to think every unattended woman an adventuress, especially if she be not overold.

But the exigencies that might arise held little fear for me after all. Mistakes are capable of explanations. I had a ready wit; I had been expecting friends. I had misunderstood Émile. After all, as I toyed with my dessert, why hurry? Émile had mistaken me for some one else. I had misunderstood Émile. So, drinking in the soft music from the group of players hidden in the palms, inhaling the atmosphere of luxury, culture, and high breeding, an hour passed. And then, as I sipped my coffee, I heard voices behind me.

"This way, *messieurs*," I heard Émile saying.

Languidly, yet with every nerve alert to meet the expected *contretemps*, I lifted my cup to my lips. Then,

"You'll pardon us for being late, Miss Maynard?"

I looked up to meet the face of a stranger. And yet, as he smiled apologetically upon me, there was no surprise in his face. That sixth sense of woman told me that the woman whose part I was playing was also a stranger to this man, that, unacquainted with each other, they yet had made this appointment.

Into the chairs drawn back for them, the speaker and his companion sank. They waved the waiter away. Discreetly the servitor withdrew. The first speaker leaned forward.

"I have the paper," he said. "You'll carry it through?"

I masked my feelings with a look of indetermination. The spirit of adventure, cowed for a moment at thought of explanation, then enlivened by the knowledge that these men were not acquainted with the woman I was supposed to be,

now mastered me. I stared at the man who spoke to me. He was tall, slender, and clean-shaven, entirely different from his bearded companion. Gentlemen they were outwardly; yet I felt an uncanny certainty that they were not honest. But they were not the type, so it seemed to me, to be meeting a strange

woman in a hotel dining-room merely for the sordid adventure of it. Their eyes were too closely set, their lips too thin, their noses too indicative of greed.

"Of course she'll carry it



"So!" I said. "You have not heeded the warning given you"





The story was as clear as day

through; what's the sense of asking fool questions?" snapped the bearded man.

I turned my gaze to him. My face hardened haughtily. But the slender man forestalled my speech.

"That's no way to talk, Davis," he rebuked him. "Miss Maynard is a free agent. She's not compelled to do this unless she wishes. Though, of course"—and he smiled calculatingly at me—"I hardly think Miss Maynard will refuse so simple a thing which promises such great pay. Will you, Miss Maynard?"

I smiled enigmatically.

"That depends," I said.

The slender man stared at me.

"Didn't Halsey tell you all about it? Didn't you agree to meet us here?"

"What of it?" I asked. My pulses were beating with excitement. This was adventure with a capital "A."

"What of it?" growled the bearded man. "She asks, 'What of it?' Searen."

Searen turned upon the bearded man.

"Keep your mouth shut," he said gravely.

Davis glared at him.

"Be careful how you talk," he advised; "I've stood enough from you."

Searen ignored him, and turned again to me.

"You've counted the risk and found it totals very little, haven't you?"

"The risk doesn't alarm me," I answered. "Just tell me what you want me to do."

Searen looked at me in puzzled fashion.

"Didn't Halsey explain?"

"His explanations haven't much weight with me," I retorted coldly. "I like to get explanations, directions, and everything else first-hand."

Searen smiled.

"I can see why you are—successful, Miss Maynard," he said.

I shrugged my shoulders disdainfully, and I could see the light of furtive admiration in Searen's eyes. I was playing my part well, though what my part was, I didn't know. Only, I knew that the drab monotony of my days was broken by something that held in it a hint of mystery, of danger, and my heart was glad.

"Get down to cases," growled Davis; "we can't waste time. Maybe they're outside now. Maybe they've trailed us here."

As he spoke, he glanced fearfully over his shoulder. Searen's mouth wrinkled in disgust at his companion.

"Why should they follow us here, Davis?" he sneered.

"Don't they know that we dine here every night?" snarled the bearded man. "Don't they know that? Why shouldn't they follow us here? Weren't they after Clement themselves? Don't they know by this time that we—"

Beneath the look of sudden ferocity in Searen's eyes, the bearded man's voice trailed away into nothingness. It was easy to see who was master of the two.

"You talk as though the police were at our heels," sneered Searen.

Davis's face whitened, and his lips shut tightly. The smoothed-faced man again turned to me.

"Miss Maynard," he said, and now (Continued on page 105)



## The France *We* Are

By Edith Wharton

This is the first of a series of articles on "French Ways and Their Meaning" written for *Cosmopolitan* by Mrs. Wharton in order to create a better understanding of France and its civilization among the people of America. There exist certain difficulties, due to surface-differences between ourselves and the French, which impede our just appreciation of the latter, and to explain these away is, Mrs. Wharton believes, one of the greatest services that an American who knows and loves France can render at the present moment. A prolonged residence in that country has made her supremely fitted for the task.

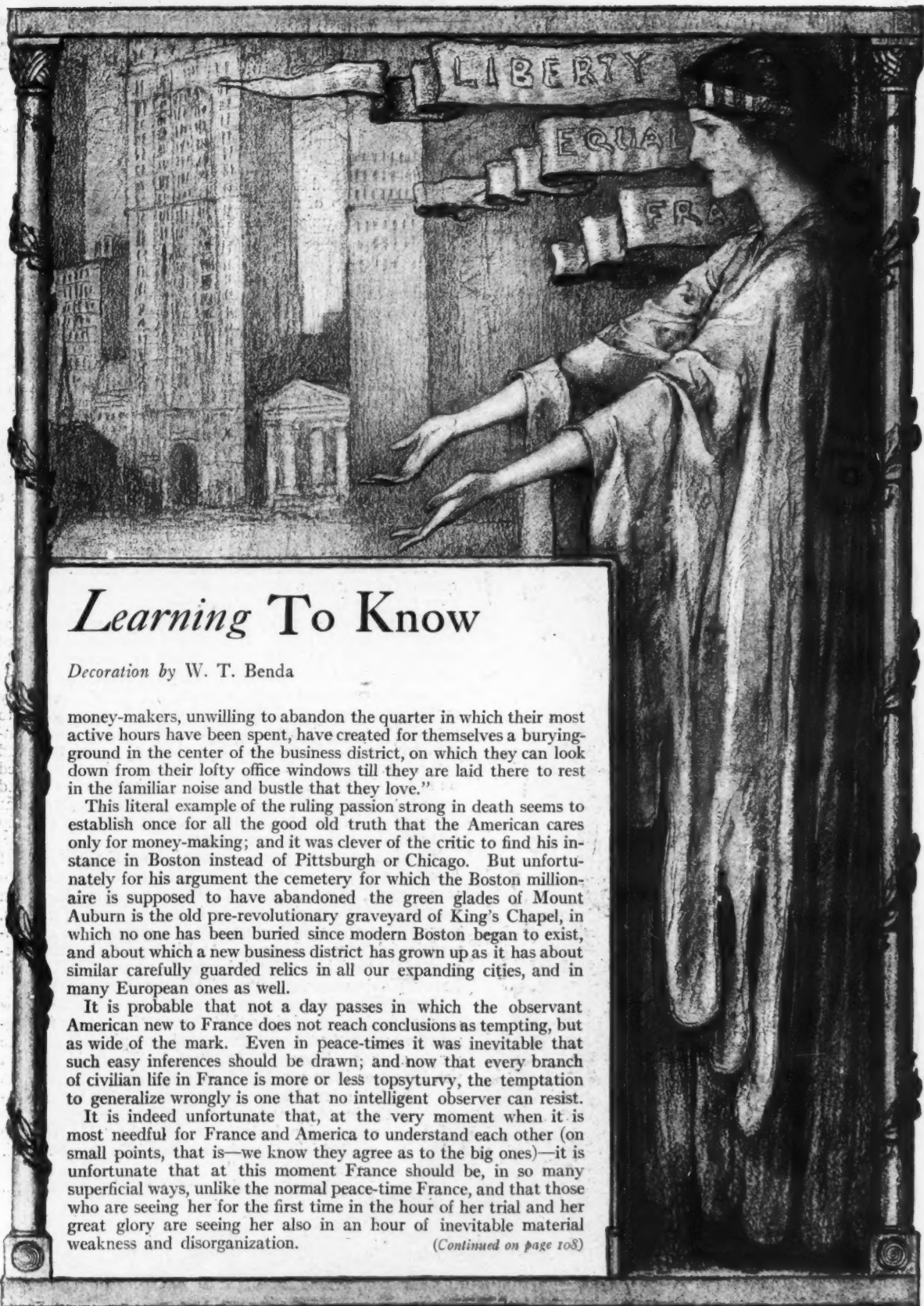
### First Impressions

**H**ASTY generalizations are always tempting to travelers, and now and then they strike out vivid truths that the observer loses sight of after closer scrutiny. But nine times out of ten they hit wild.

Some years before the war a French journalist produced a "thoughtful book" on the United States. Of course he laid great stress on our universal hustle for the dollar. To do that is to follow the line of least resistance in writing about America: you have only to copy what all other travelers have said.

This particular author had the French gift of consecutive reasoning, and had been trained in the school of Taine, which requires the historian to illustrate each of his general conclusions by an impressive array of specific instances. Therefore, when he had laid down the principle that every American's ruling passion is money-making, he cast about for an instance, and found a striking one.

"So dominant," he suggested, "is this passion, that in cultivated and intellectual Boston—the Athens of America—which possesses a beautiful cemetery in its peaceful parklike suburbs, the millionaire



## *Learning To Know*

*Decoration by W. T. Benda*

money-makers, unwilling to abandon the quarter in which their most active hours have been spent, have created for themselves a burying-ground in the center of the business district, on which they can look down from their lofty office windows till they are laid there to rest in the familiar noise and bustle that they love."

This literal example of the ruling passion strong in death seems to establish once for all the good old truth that the American cares only for money-making; and it was clever of the critic to find his instance in Boston instead of Pittsburgh or Chicago. But unfortunately for his argument the cemetery for which the Boston millionaire is supposed to have abandoned the green glades of Mount Auburn is the old pre-revolutionary graveyard of King's Chapel, in which no one has been buried since modern Boston began to exist, and about which a new business district has grown up as it has about similar carefully guarded relics in all our expanding cities, and in many European ones as well.

It is probable that not a day passes in which the observant American new to France does not reach conclusions as tempting, but as wide of the mark. Even in peace-times it was inevitable that such easy inferences should be drawn; and now that every branch of civilian life in France is more or less topsyturvy, the temptation to generalize wrongly is one that no intelligent observer can resist.

It is indeed unfortunate that, at the very moment when it is most needful for France and America to understand each other (on small points, that is—we know they agree as to the big ones)—it is unfortunate that at this moment France should be, in so many superficial ways, unlike the normal peace-time France, and that those who are seeing her for the first time in the hour of her trial and her great glory are seeing her also in an hour of inevitable material weakness and disorganization.

*(Continued on page 108)*





# The Red One

THERE it was! The abrupt liberation of sound, as he timed it with his watch, Bassett likened to the trump of an archangel. Walls of cities, he meditated, might well fall down before so vast and compelling a summons. For the thousandth time vainly, he tried to analyze the tone-quality of that enormous peal that dominated the land far into the strongholds of the surrounding tribes. The mountain gorge, which was its source, rang to the rising tide of it until it brimmed over and flooded earth and sky and air. With the wantonness of a sick man's fancy, he likened it to the mighty cry of some Titan of the Elder World vexed with misery or wrath. Higher and higher it rose, challenging and demanding in such profound volumes that it seemed intended for ears beyond the narrow confines of the solar system.

Such the sick man's fancy. Still he strove to analyze the sound. Sonorous as thunder was it, mellow as a golden bell, thin and sweet as a thrummed taut cord of silver—no; it was none of these, or a blend of these. There were no words or semblances in his vocabulary and experience with which to describe the totality of that sound.

Time passed. Minutes merged into quarters of hours, and quarters of hours into half-hours, and still the sound persisted, ever changing from its initial vocal impulse, yet never receiving fresh impulse—fading, dimming, dying as enormously as it has sprung into being. It became a confusion of troubled mutterings and babblings and colossal whisperings. Slowly it withdrew, sob by sob, into whatever great bosom had birthed it, until it whimpered deadly whispers of wrath and as equally seductive whispers of delight, striving still to be heard, to convey some cosmic secret, some understanding of infinite import and value. It dwindled to a ghost of sound that had lost its menace and promise, and became a thing that pulsed on in the sick man's consciousness for minutes after it had ceased. When he could hear it no longer, Bassett glanced at his watch. An hour had elapsed ere that archangel's trump had subsided into tonal nothingness.

Was it months, or years, he asked himself, since he first heard that mysterious call on the beach at Ringmanu? To save himself, he could not tell. His long sickness had been most long. In conscious count of time, he knew of months, many of them; but he had no way of estimating the long intervals of delirium and stupor. And how fared Captain Bateman of the blackbird, Nari, he wondered; and had Captain Bateman's drunken mate died of delirium tremens yet?

From which vain speculations Bassett turned idly to review all that had occurred since that day on the beach of Ringmanu when he first heard the sound and plunged into the jungle after it. Sagawa had protested. He could see him yet, his queer little monkeyish face eloquent with fear, his back burdened with specimen-cases, in his hands Bassett's butterfly-net and naturalist's shotgun, as he quavered in *bêche-de-mer* English: "Me fella too much fright along bush. Bad fella boy too much stop'm along bush."

Bassett smiled sadly at the recollection.

With one barrel of his ten-gage shotgun he had blown the

G. PATRICK  
(ELSON)

## By Jack London

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

The little New Hanover boy had been frightened, but had proved faithful, following him without hesitancy into the bush in the quest after the source of the wonderful sound. No fire-hollowed tree-trunk that, throbbing war through the jungle-depths, had been Bassett's conclusion. Erroneous had been his next conclusion, namely, that the source or cause could not be more distant than an hour's walk and that he would easily be back by mid-afternoon, to be picked up by the Nari's whale-boat.

"That big-fella noise no good, all the same devil-devil," Sagawa had adjudged. And Sagawa had been right. Had he not had his head hacked off within the day? Bassett shuddered. Within a minute the thing had happened. Within a minute, looking back, Bassett had seen him trudging patiently along under his burdens. Then Bassett's own trouble had come upon him. He looked at the cruelly healed stumps of the first and second fingers of his left hand, then rubbed them softly into the indentation in the back of his skull. Quick as had been the flash of the long-handled tomahawk, he had been quick enough to duck away his head and partially to deflect the stroke with his upflung hand. Two fingers and a nasty scalp-wound had been the price he paid for his life. With one barrel of his tenguage shotgun he had blown the life out of the bushman who had so nearly got him; with the other barrel he had peppered the bushmen bending over Sagawa, and had the pleasure of knowing that the major portion of the charge had gone into the one who leaped away with Sagawa's head.

Everything had occurred in a flash. Only himself, the slain bushman, and what remained of Sagawa were in the narrow wild-pig-run of a path. From the dark jungle on either side came no rustle of movement or sound of life. And he had suffered distinct and dreadful shock. For the first time in his life, he had killed a human being.

Then had begun the chase. He retreated up the pig-run before his hunters, who were between him and the beach. How many there were, he could not guess. There might have been one, or a hundred, for aught he saw of them. At the most, he never glimpsed more than an occasional flitting of shadows. No bowstrings twanged that he could hear; but every little while, whence discharged he knew not, tiny arrows whispered past him or struck tree-boles and fluttered to the ground beside him.

What a night had followed! Small wonder that he had accumulated such a virulence and variety of fevers, he thought, as he recalled that sleepless night of torment, when the throb of his wounds was as nothing compared with the myriad stings of the mosquitoes. There had been no escaping them, and he had not dared to light a fire. They had literally pumped his body full of poison, so that, with the coming of day, eyes swollen almost shut, he had stumbled blindly on, not caring much when his head

should be hacked off and his carcass started on the way of Sagawa's to the cooking-fire. Twenty-four hours had made a wreck of him—of mind as well as body. He had scarcely retained his wits at all, so maddened was he by the tremendous inoculation of poison. Several times he fired his shotgun with effect into the shadows that dogged him. Stinging day-insects and gnats added to his torment, while his bloody wounds attracted hosts of loathsome flies that clung sluggishly to his flesh and had to be brushed off and crushed off.

Once, in that day, he heard again the wonderful sound, seemingly more distant, but rising imperiously above the nearer war-drums in the bush. Right there was where he had made his mistake. Thinking that he had passed beyond it and that, therefore, it was be-

life out of the bushman who had so nearly got him

AND WILLARD L. GROWALL, EXECUTOR

tween him and the beach of Ringmanu, he had worked back toward it, when, in reality, he was penetrating deeper and deeper into the mysterious heart of the unexplored island. That night, crawling in among the twisted roots of a banyan tree, he had slept from exhaustion, while the mosquitoes had had their will of him.

Followed days and nights that were vague as nightmares in his memory. One clear vision he remembered was of suddenly finding himself in the midst of a bush-village and watching the old men and children fleeing into the jungle. All had fled but one. From close at hand and above him, a whimpering as of some animal in pain and terror had startled him. And, looking up, he had seen her—a girl, or young woman, rather, suspended by one arm in the cooking sun. Perhaps for days she had so hung. Her swollen, protruding tongue spoke as much. Still alive, she gazed at him with eyes of terror. Past help, he decided, as he noted the swellings of her legs, which advertised that the joints had been crushed and the great bones broken. He resolved to shoot her, and there the vision terminated. He could not remember whether he had shot her or not, any more than could he remember how he chanced to be in that village or how he succeeded in getting away from it.

Many pictures, unrelated, came and went in Bassett's mind as he reviewed that period of his terrible wanderings. But seared deepest of all in his brain was the dank and noisome jungle. It actually stank with evil, and it was always twilight. Rarely did a shaft of sunlight penetrate its matted roof a hundred feet overhead. And beneath that roof was an aerial ooze of vegetation, a monstrous, parasitic dripping of decadent life-forms that rooted in death and lived on death. And through all this he drifted, ever pursued by the flitting shadows of the anthropophagi, themselves ghosts of evil that dared not face him in battle but that knew, soon or late, that they would feed on him. Bassett remembered that, at the time, in lucid moments, he had compared himself to a wounded bull pursued by plains coyotes too cowardly to battle with him for the meat of him, yet certain of the inevitable end of him when they would be full gorged. As the bull's horns and stamping hoofs kept off the coyotes, so his shotgun kept off these Solomon Islanders, these twilight shades of bushmen of the island of Guadalcanar.

Came the day of the grass-lands. Abruptly, as if cloven by the sword of God in the hand of God, the jungle terminated. The edge of it, perpendicular and as black as the infamy of it, was a hundred feet up and down. And, beginning at the edge of it, grew the grass—sweet, soft, tender pasture-grass that would have delighted the eyes and beasts of any husbandman and that extended on and on, for leagues and leagues of velvet verdure, to the back-bone of the great island, the towering mountain range flung up by some ancient earth-cataclysm, serrated and gullied but not yet erased by the erosive tropic rains. But the grass! He had crawled into it a dozen yards, buried his face in it, smelled it, and broken down in a fit of involuntary weeping.

And, while he wept, the wonderful sound had pealed forth—if by "peal," he had often thought since, an adequate description could be given of the enunciation of so vast a sound so melting sweet. Sweet it was as no sound ever heard. Vast it was, of so mighty a resonance that it might have proceeded from some brazen-throated monster. And yet it called to him across that leagues-wide savanna, and was like a benediction to his long-suffering, pain-racked spirit.

Two days and nights he had spent crawling across that belt of grass-land. He had suffered much, but pursuit had ceased at the jungle-edge. And he would have died of thirst had not a heavy thunder-storm revived him on the second day.

And then had come Balatta. In the first shade, where the savanna yielded to the dense mountain jungle, he had collapsed to die. At first she had squealed with delight at sight of his helplessness, and was for beating his brains out

with a stout forest branch. Perhaps it was his very utter helplessness that had appealed to her, and perhaps it was her human curiosity that made her refrain. At any rate, she had refrained, for he opened his eyes again under the impending blow, and saw her studying him intently. What especially struck her about him were his blue eyes and white skin. Coolly she had squatted on her hams, spat on his arm, and with her finger-tips scrubbed away the dirt of days and nights of muck and jungle that sullied the pristine whiteness of his skin.

And everything about her had struck him especially, although there was nothing conventional about her at all. He laughed weakly at the recollection, for she had been as innocent of garb as Eve before the fig-leaf adventure. Squat and lean at the same time, asymmetrically limbed, string-muscled as if with lengths of cordage, dirt-caked from infancy save for casual showers, she was as unbeautiful a prototype of woman as he, with a scientist's eye, had ever gazed upon. Her breasts advertised at the one time her maturity and youth; and, if by nothing else, her sex was advertised by the one article of finery with which she was adorned—namely, a pig's tail thrust through a hole in her left ear-lobe. And her face! A twisted and wizened complex of apish features, perforated by upturned, sky-open, Mongolian nostrils, by a mouth that sagged from a huge upper lip and faded precipitately into a retreating chin, and by peering, querulous eyes that blinked as blink the eyes of denizens of monkey-cages.

Not even the water she brought him in a forest leaf, and the ancient and half-putrid chunk of roast pig could redeem in the slightest the grotesque hideousness of her. When he had eaten weakly for a space, he closed his eyes in order not to see her, although again and again she poked them open to peer at the blue of them. Then had come the sound. Nearer, much nearer, he knew it to be; and he knew equally well, despite the weary way he had come, that it was still many hours distant. The effect of it on her had been startling. She cringed under it, with averted face, moaning and chattering with fear. But after it had lived its full life of an hour, he closed his eyes and fell asleep, with Balatta brushing the flies from him.

When he awoke, it was night, and she was gone. But he was aware of renewed strength, and, by then, too thoroughly inoculated by the mosquito-poison to suffer further inflammation, he closed his eyes and slept an unbroken stretch till sunup. A little later, Balatta had returned, bringing with her half a dozen women, who, unbeautiful as they were, were patently not so unbeautiful as she. She evidenced by her conduct that she considered him her find, her property, and the pride she took in showing him off would have been ludicrous had his situation not been so desperate.

Later, after what had been to him a terrible journey of miles, when he collapsed in front of the devil-devil house in the shadow of the breadfruit tree, she had shown very lively ideas on the matter of retaining possession of him. Ngurn, whom Bassett was to know afterward as the devil-devil doctor, priest, or medicine-man of the village, had wanted his head. Others of the grinning and chattering monkey-men, all as stark of clothes and bestial of appearance as Balatta, had wanted his body for the roasting-oven. At that time, he had not understood their language, if by "language" might be dignified the uncouth sounds they used to represent ideas. But Bassett had thoroughly understood the matter of debate, especially when the men pressed and prodded and felt of the flesh of him.

Balatta had been losing the debate rapidly when the accident happened. One of the men, curiously examining Bassett's shotgun, managed to cock and pull a trigger. The recoil of the butt into the pit of the man's stomach had not been the most sanguinary result, for the charge of shot, at a distance of a yard, had blown the head of one of the debaters into nothingness.

Even Balatta joined the others in flight, and, ere they





DRAWN BY G. PATRICK SELACH

"I would like to have the curing of your head," Ngurn changed the subject. "It is different from any other head. No devil-devil has a head like it. Besides, I would cure it well. I would take months and months"

returned, his senses already reeling from the oncoming fever-attack, Bassett had regained possession of the gun. Whereupon, although his teeth chattered with the ague and his swimming eyes could scarcely see, he held onto his fading consciousness until he could intimidate the bushmen with the simple magics of compass, watch, burning-glass, and matches. At the last, with due emphasis of solemnity and awfulness, he had killed a young pig with his shotgun and promptly fainted.

Bassett flexed his arm-muscles in quest of what possible strength might reside in such weakness, and dragged himself slowly and tottering to his feet. He was shockingly emaciated; yet, during the various convalescences of the many months of his long sickness, he had never regained quite the same degree of strength as this time. What he feared was another relapse, such as he had already frequently experienced. Without drugs, without even quinine, he had managed, so far, to live through a combination of the most pernicious and most malignant of malarial and black-water fevers. But could he continue to endure? Such was his everlasting query. For, like the genuine scientist he was, he would not be content to die until he had solved the secret of the sound.

Supported by a staff, he staggered the few steps to the devil-devil house, where death and Ngurn reigned in gloom. Almost as infamously dark and evil-stinking as the jungle was the devil-devil house—in Bassett's opinion. Yet therein was usually to be found his favorite crony and gossip, Ngurn, always willing for a yarn or a discussion, the while he sat in the ashes of death and, in a slow smoke, shrewdly revolved curing human heads suspended from the rafters. For, through the months' intervals of consciousness of his long sickness, Bassett had mastered the psychological simplicities and lingual difficulties of the language of the tribe of Ngurn and Balatta and Gngngn—the latter the addle-headed young chief who was ruled by Ngurn, and who, whispered intrigue had it, was the son of Ngurn.

"Will the Red One speak to-day?" Bassett asked, by this time so accustomed to the old man's gruesome occupation as to take even an interest in the progress of the curing.

With the eye of an expert, Ngurn examined the particular head he was at work upon.

"It will be ten days before I can say, 'Finish,'" he said. "Never has any man fixed heads like these."

Bassett smiled inwardly at the old fellow's reluctance to talk with him of the Red One. It had always been so. Never, by any chance, had Ngurn or any other member of the weird tribe divulged the slightest hint of any physical characteristic of the Red One. Physical the Red One must be, to emit the wonderful sound, and though it was called the Red One, Bassett could not be sure that red represented the color of it. Red enough were the deeds and powers of it, from what abstract clues he had gleaned. Not alone, had Ngurn informed him, was the Red One more bestial, powerful than the neighbor tribal gods, ever athirst for the red blood of living human sacrifices, but the neighbor-gods themselves were sacrificed and tormented before him. He was the god of a dozen allied villages similar to this one, which was the central and commanding village of the federation. By virtue of the Red One, many alien villages had been devastated and even wiped out, the prisoners sacrificed to the Red One. This was true to-day, and it extended back into old history, carried down by word of mouth through the generations. When he, Ngurn, had been a young man, the tribes beyond the grass-lands had made a war-raid. In the counter-raid, Ngurn and his fighting folk had made many prisoners. Of children alone, over five score living had been bled white before the Red One, and many, many more men and women.

The Thunderer, was another of Ngurn's names for the mysterious deity. Also, at times was he called the Loud Shouter, the God-voiced, the Bird-throated, the One with the Throat Sweet as the Throat of the Honey-Bird, the Sun-Singer, and the Star-born.



G. PATRICK  
NELSON

And the next thing he did in the singular courtship was to



take her down to the stream for a vigorous scrubbing

Why the Star-born? In vain, Bassett interrogated Ngurn. According to that old devil-devil doctor, the Red One had always been just where he was at present, forever singing and thundering his will over men. But Ngurn's father, wrapped in decaying grass-matting and hanging even then over their heads among the smoky rafters of the devil-devil house, had held otherwise. That departed wise one had believed that the Red One came from out the starry night, else why—so his argument had run—had the old and forgotten ones passed his name down as the Star-born? Bassett could not but recognize something cogent in such argument. But Ngurn affirmed the long years of his long life, wherein he had gazed upon many starry nights, yet never had he found a star on grass-land or in jungle-depth—and he had looked for them. True, he had beheld shooting-stars (this in reply to Bassett's contention); but likewise had he beheld the phosphorescence of fungoid growths and rotten meat and fireflies on dark nights, and the flames of wood fires and of blazing candlenuts. Yet what were flame and blaze and glow when they had flamed and blazed and glowed? Answer: Memories, memories only, of things which had ceased to be, like memories of matings accomplished, of feasts forgotten, of desires that were the ghosts of desires, flaring, flaming, burning, yet unrealized in achievement of easement and satisfaction.

A memory was not a star, was Ngurn's contention. How could a memory be a star? Further, after all his long life, he still observed the starry night sky unaltered. Never had he noted the absence of a single star from its accustomed place. Besides, stars were fire, and the Red One was not fire—which last involuntary betrayal told Bassett nothing.

"Will the Red One speak to-morrow?" he queried. Ngurn shrugged his shoulders as who should say. "And the day after—and the day after that?" Bassett persisted.

"I would like to have the curing of your head," Ngurn changed the subject. "It is different from any other head. No devil-devil has a head like it. Besides, I would cure it well. I would take months and months. The skin would not wrinkle. It would be as smooth as your skin now."

He stood up, and from the dim rafters, grimed with the smoking of countless heads, where day was no more than a gloom, took down a matting-wrapped parcel and began to open it.

"It is a head like yours," he said, "but it is poorly cured."

Bassett had pricked up his ears at the suggestion that it was a white man's head; for he had long since come to accept that these jungle-dwellers, in the midmost center of the great island, had never had intercourse with white men. Certainly he had found them without the almost universal *bêche-de-mer* English of the west South Pacific. Nor had they knowledge of tobacco or of gunpowder.

"The folk in the out-beyond do not know how to cure heads," old Ngurn explained, as he drew forth from the filthy matting and placed in Bassett's hands an indubitable white man's head.

Ancient it was beyond question; white it was, as the blond hair attested. He could have sworn it once belonged to an Englishman, and to an Englishman of long before, by token of the heavy gold circlets still threaded in the withered ear-lobes.

"Now, your head—" The devil-devil doctor began on his favorite topic.

"I'll tell you what," Bassett interrupted, struck by a new idea: "When I die, I'll let you have my head to cure, if, first, you take me to look upon the Red One."

"I will have your head, anyway, when you are dead," Ngurn rejected the proposition. He added, with the brutal frankness of the savage: "Besides, you have not long to live. You are almost a dead man now. You will grow less strong. In not many months I shall have you here turning and turning in the smoke. It is pleasant, through the long afternoons, to turn the head of one you have known as well as I know you. And I shall talk to you and tell you the many secrets you want to know. Which will not matter, for you will be dead."



## The Red One

"Ngurn," Bassett threatened in sudden anger, "you know the Baby-Thunder-in-the-Iron that is mine." (This was in reference to his all-potent and all-awful shotgun.) "I can kill you any time, and then you will not get my head."

"Just the same will Gngngn or some one else of my folk get it," Ngurn complacently assured him.

And Bassett knew he was beaten in the discussion.

What was the Red One?—Bassett asked himself a thousand times in the succeeding week, while he seemed to grow stronger. What was the source of the wonderful sound? What was this Sun-Singer, this Star-born One, this mysterious deity, as bestial-conducted as the black and kinky-headed and monkeylike human beasts who worshiped it, and whose silver-sweet, bull-mouthed singing and commanding he had heard at the tabu-distance for so long?

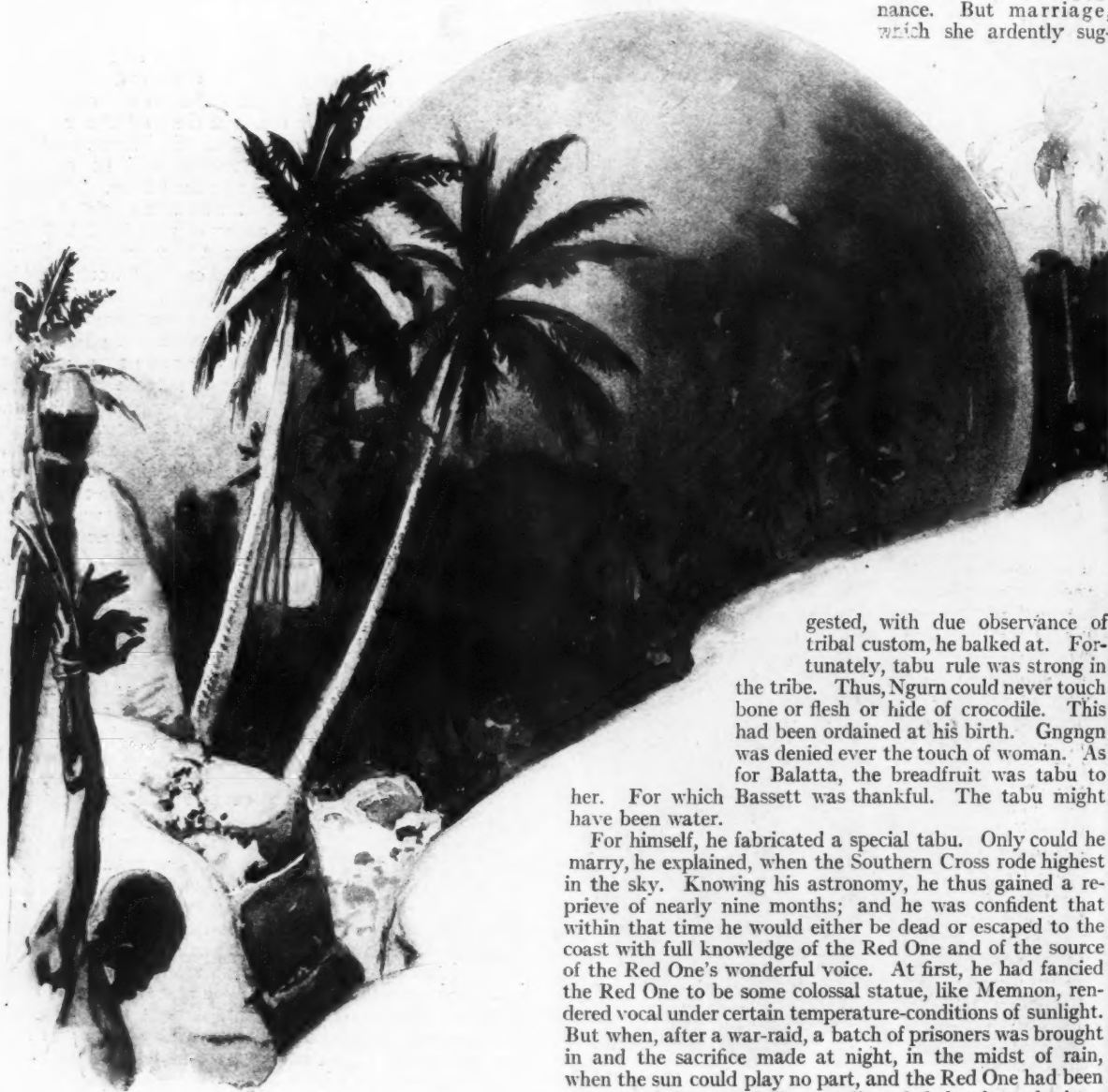
Ngurn had he failed to bribe with the inevitable curing of his head when he was dead. Gngngn, imbecile and chief that he was, was too imbecilic, too much under the sway of Ngurn to be considered. Remained Balatta, who, from the time she found him and poked his blue eyes open to recrudescence of her grotesque female hideousness, had

continued his adorer. Woman she was, and he had long known that the only way to win from her treason to her tribe was through the woman's heart of her.

Bassett was a fastidious man. He had never recovered from the initial horror caused by Balatta's female awfulness. Back in England, even at best, the charm of woman to him had never been robust. Yet now, resolutely, as only a man can do who is capable of martyring himself for the cause of science, he proceeded to violate all the fineness and delicacy of his nature by making love to the unthinkable disgusting bushwoman.

He shuddered, but with averted face hid his grimaces and swallowed his gorge as he put his arm round her dirt-crustured shoulders and felt the contact of her rancid-oily and kinky hair with his neck and chin. But he nearly screamed when she succumbed to that caress at the very first of the courtship, and mowed and gibbered and squealed little, queer, piglike gurgly noises of delight. It was too much. And the next he did in the singular courtship was to take her down to the stream for a vigorous scrubbing.

From then on, he devoted himself to her like a true swain as frequently and for as long at a time as his will could override his repugnance. But marriage, which she ardently sug-



gested, with due observance of tribal custom, he balked at. Fortunately, tabu rule was strong in the tribe. Thus, Ngurn could never touch bone or flesh or hide of crocodile. This had been ordained at his birth. Gngngn was denied ever the touch of woman. As for Balatta, the breadfruit was tabu to

her. For which Bassett was thankful. The tabu might have been water.

For himself, he fabricated a special tabu. Only could he marry, he explained, when the Southern Cross rode highest in the sky. Knowing his astronomy, he thus gained a reprieve of nearly nine months; and he was confident that within that time he would either be dead or escaped to the coast with full knowledge of the Red One and of the source of the Red One's wonderful voice. At first, he had fancied the Red One to be some colossal statue, like Memnon, rendered vocal under certain temperature-conditions of sunlight. But when, after a war-raid, a batch of prisoners was brought in and the sacrifice made at night, in the midst of rain, when the sun could play no part, and the Red One had been more vocal than usual, Bassett discarded that hypothesis.

In company with Balatta, sometimes with men and parties of women, the freedom of the jungle was his for three quadrants of the compass. But the fourth quadrant, which contained the Red One's abiding-place, was tabu. He made more thorough love to Balatta—also saw to it that she scrubbed herself more frequently. Eternal female she was, capable of any treason for the sake of love. And, though the sight of her was provocative of nausea and the contact of her provocative of despair, although he could not escape her awfulness in his dream-haunted nightmares of her, he nevertheless was aware of the cosmic verity of sex that animated her and that made her own life of less value than the happiness of her lover with whom she hoped to mate. Juliet or Balatta? Where was the intrinsic difference?

Bassett was a scientist first, a humanist afterward. In the jungle-heart of Guadalcanar, he put the affair to the test, as in the laboratory he would have put to the test any chemical reaction. He increased his feigned ardor for the bushwoman, at the same time increasing the imperiousness of his will of desire over her to be led to look upon the Red One face to face. It was the old story,

Still climbing, although he paused often from sheer physical weakness, they scaled forest-clad heights until they emerged on a naked mesa or table-land. Bassett recognized the stuff of its composition as black volcanic sand, and knew that a pocket-magnet could have captured a full load of the sharply angular grains he trod upon.

And then, holding Balatta by the hand and leading her onward, he came to it—a tremendous pit, obviously artificial, in the heart of the plateau. Old history, the South Seas "Sailing Directions," scores of remembered data and connotations swift and furious surged through his brain. It was old Mendaña who had discovered the islands and named them Solomon's, believing that he had found that monarch's fabled mines. They had

laughed at the old navigator's childlike credulity; and yet here stood himself, Bassett, on the rim of an excavation for all the world like the diamond-pits of South Africa.

(Continued on page 132)



And the Red One himself. Bassett knew it to be on the instant—a perfect sphere, fully two hundred feet in diameter

he recognized, that the woman must pay, and it occurred when the two of them, one day, were catching the unclassified and unnamed little black fish, an inch long, half eel and half scaled, rotund with salmon-golden roe, that frequented the fresh water and that were esteemed, raw and whole, fresh or putrid, a perfect delicacy. Prone in the muck of the decaying jungle-floor, Balatta threw herself, clutching his ankles with her hands, kissing his feet and making slubbery noises that chilled his back-bone up and down again. She begged him to kill her rather than exact this ultimate love-payment. She told him of the penalty of breaking the tabu of the Red One—a week of torture, living, the details of which she yammered out from her face in the mire until he realized that he was yet a tyro in knowledge of the frightfulness the human was capable of wreaking on the human.

Yet did Bassett insist on having his man's will satisfied at the woman's risk, that he might solve the mystery of the Red One's singing, though she should die long and horribly and screaming. And Balatta, being mere woman, yielded. She led him into the forbidden quadrant. An abrupt mountain, shouldering in from the north to meet a similar intrusion from the south, tormented the stream in which they had fished into a deep and gloomy gorge. After a mile along the gorge, the way plunged sharply upward until they crossed a saddle of raw limestone which attracted his geologist's eye.



John Galsworthy is the noblest champion of the individual in a machine-made world

**I**N February, 1912, two of us were stopping in a pleasant British house on the outskirts of Kingston, Jamaica. I was recovering health and spirits after a rather disastrous plunge into the field of magazine publishing. It was pleasant there, under tropical skies, out beyond the race-track, within easy walking-reach of the Botanical Gardens. We played cricket in the back yard with the children. And, evenings, the jet-black troops of the garrison turned out in their gayest colors, and sometimes the band played.

I had picked up a paper-covered copy of "The Man of Property," by John Galsworthy, at a book-stall in King Street, or Queen Street, and meant to read it. I had known "The Country House" and "The Island Pharisees." "Strife" had been done at the New Theatre, in New York. It seems to me that I had then read "The Silver Box." And then there were essays and occasional other short bits of work in magazines from the same fine hand, that I had read and relished. Even at that time, I felt John Galsworthy—sensed him in the literary atmosphere—much as I felt Conrad and Wells and Shaw, all widely, differently individual, of course, yet each a force, each a powerful leaven in the minds of all the students and practitioners of the art of writing that were coming on just after. But Conrad, so clearly a great person and a fine brain—well, through the accident of personal

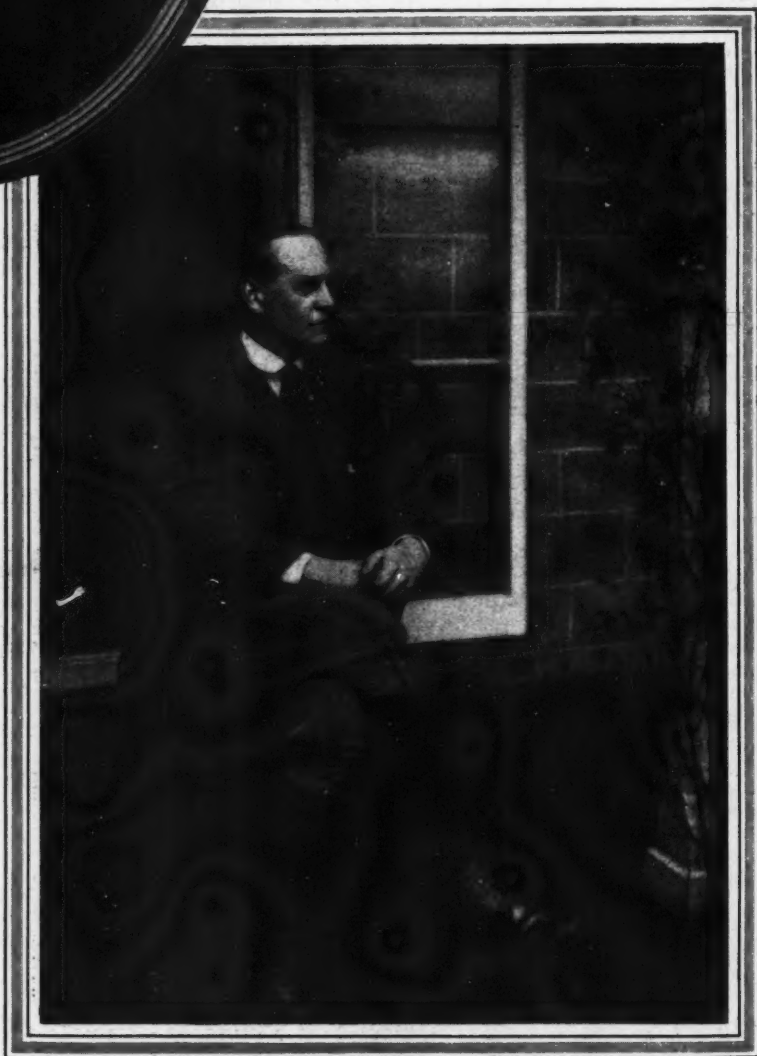
# John Galsworthy

## *Alchemist*

By Samuel Merwin

chemistry, I was not then and am not now what F. P. A. has termed a "Conradical." And Wells and Shaw were more purely forces. Great forces. But John Galsworthy I felt even then to be an alchemist, transmuting the rough metal of life into pure literary gold.

So I laid "The Man of Property" on the table in our very large corner room, and every morning looked at it while dressing, and talked a great deal about John Galsworthy; did in fact, everything but read the book, prompted by the odd touch of perversity that every now and then keeps one from undertaking the particular book



Mr. Galsworthy on the porch of his home in Devonshire, England





Wingstone, Mr. Galsworthy's  
Devonshire home

he most desires to read; made a point of reading anything, everything else instead. But when we finally sailed northward on the little ship of the Atlas Line, I curled up in my chair on the boat-deck, under the awning, with "The Man of Property" open at page one.

That night, lost to the world, heedless of talkative tourists, as of round little German officers and stewards—they were dreaming then, doubtless, each of his ruthless bit in the conquering or killing of a world—unaware of the hot trade-wind except when it ruffled the leaves of the book, I finished it. A great novel—one of the really great English novels, written with a magic pen. From that day to this, Irene, Bosinney, Soames Forsyte, old Jolyon and young Jolyon and the others have been real persons to me, not mere characters in books. It was a pleasure, a few months ago, to find them—all but poor, dead Bosinney—come to life again in "Indian Summer of a Forsyte," here in the pages of Cosmopolitan.

A little later on—the precise year escapes me—came "The Dark Flower." About this book a controversy raged. It was a fine, brave story based on the eternal truth that the passion called love isn't an orderly, systematic arrangement, to be correctly kept track of in church and county records, but an elusive madness that plays pitilessly with the best intentioned creatures. He

wrote simply, sweetly (if I may use that word), with fine art and the deepest sympathy, of things which every observant adult knows yet never publicly admits to be so.

I don't know just what is to be done about this unending conflict between the honest literary artist and the heavily incurious public to which



Mr. Galsworthy and  
Peggy, at the farm-  
yard gate, Wingstone



Mr. Galsworthy and Chris, the "dog of memories"

he is supposed to appeal. This public (in England and America; it has not been so in Continental countries) has for a long time demanded not art but entertain-

ment. Probing into life is not entertainment. New ideas, provocative of thought, are not entertainment, because it is hard to think. Honest (Concluded on page 104)

# The Sure-Thing Man

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by George Gibbs



THE great wave which had lifted the bows of the Ajax into the cleft between the rocks dropped from under. Unsupported, the stern of the ship and three-quarters of the hull broke short off, fell into the sea with an incredible splash, and sank almost instantly.

With that fragment of ship, nearly two hundred persons went down; but, clinging to the high-stranded bows, too excited and awestruck to be frightened, three life-belted forms still represented the human species. Of these, Rochenet was the first to speak. And he spoke characteristically.

"Let's get out of this," he said.

Stimson felt of the damp, precipitous rocks.

"Not till daylight for mine," he said. "I'm not going to go climbing around and breaking my neck in the dark."

"How about you, Miss Beale?"

"Why," said the girl, "I never climbed any; but if you think we're not safe here, and that there's a way up—"

"Best wait for daylight, young lady," said Stimson.

"We're jammed in here so hard it would take dynamite to pry us out."

"That's what I think, too," said Rochenet; "but I'm not sure. A wave bigger than average might tear us loose; but these rocks—they were put here to stay."

He looked upward to where, sixty feet over his head, the jagged cleft in the rock could be discerned against the night.

"It's all cracks and breaks," he said, "and it's not perpendicular. I know we can get up."

"I dare say," said Stimson; "but I'm not even going to try. I believe in letting well-enough alone." He drew Rochenet aside. "If you want to risk yourself—all right," he said; "but it is risky, darned risky, and I wouldn't urge that girl—"

"Oh, she's a good sport," said Rochenet, and he said it loudly, so that Miss Beale could hear. "She'd rather break her neck trying something, 'stead of getting drowned sitting still—wouldn't you, Miss Beale?"

It was obvious that the young lady was one to whom enterprise made a particular appeal. For, without answering, she began to fumble with numb fingers for the ties of her life-belt.

Rochenet took her hands frankly in his.

"Glory," he said, "but you are cold!"

And he began to chafe and slap her hands. She laughed.

"It's warming mine, too," he said. "No sense trying to climb with cold fingers."

"You'll never make it," said Stimson gloomily.

"Rats!" said Rochenet.

To Stimson, it seemed really horrible that his two companions should risk their lives unnecessarily. His mind magnified the difficulties of the climb which they were attempting. He listened, with a kind of morbid expectancy, to the sounds of the ascent, to the creaking and sharp breathing, to Rochenet's incisive and occasional commands. He moved from as far beneath them as the limits of the deck allowed. If one of them fell—well, there was no sense in his breaking that fall at the expense of his own bones. And

It was not until the morning of the sixth day that Rochenet ponent parts of one of the air-planes to

when, from the top of the rock, they shouted down to him that it was a "cinch," he had a vague feeling of having been wronged. They could not persuade him to attempt the ascent.

"Tide's going down!" he called up to them. "The waves don't reach her now. She's safe as a church."

"All right, then," Rochenet called; "stay where you are." And he added, "See you in the morning." Then he turned to the girl. "I bet you feel nice and warm now," he said. "I always believe in trying things."

"So do I," she said.

"It's funny," he said, "our not getting acquainted before. Usually, when two people have the same ideas about things, they get together quicker. But ships are funny places. And I suppose, traveling alone, you felt kind of shy of strange men. I've been on the point of trying to pick you up half a dozen times." He laughed. "And here we are—charter members of the same Alpine Club."

"Who is Mr. Stimson?" cried the girl.

"He seems to be a cautious kind of a guy," said Rochenet. "I don't know who he is; I know he's not a doctor."

"How do you know?"

"Because he puts such a big value on human life."

The girl laughed.

"That's not like us," she said.

"Exactly. We don't believe in valuing life. We believe in enjoying it."

"The great war has taught that it's infinitely more important to enjoy life than to value it. I'd like to be a man. Did you—"

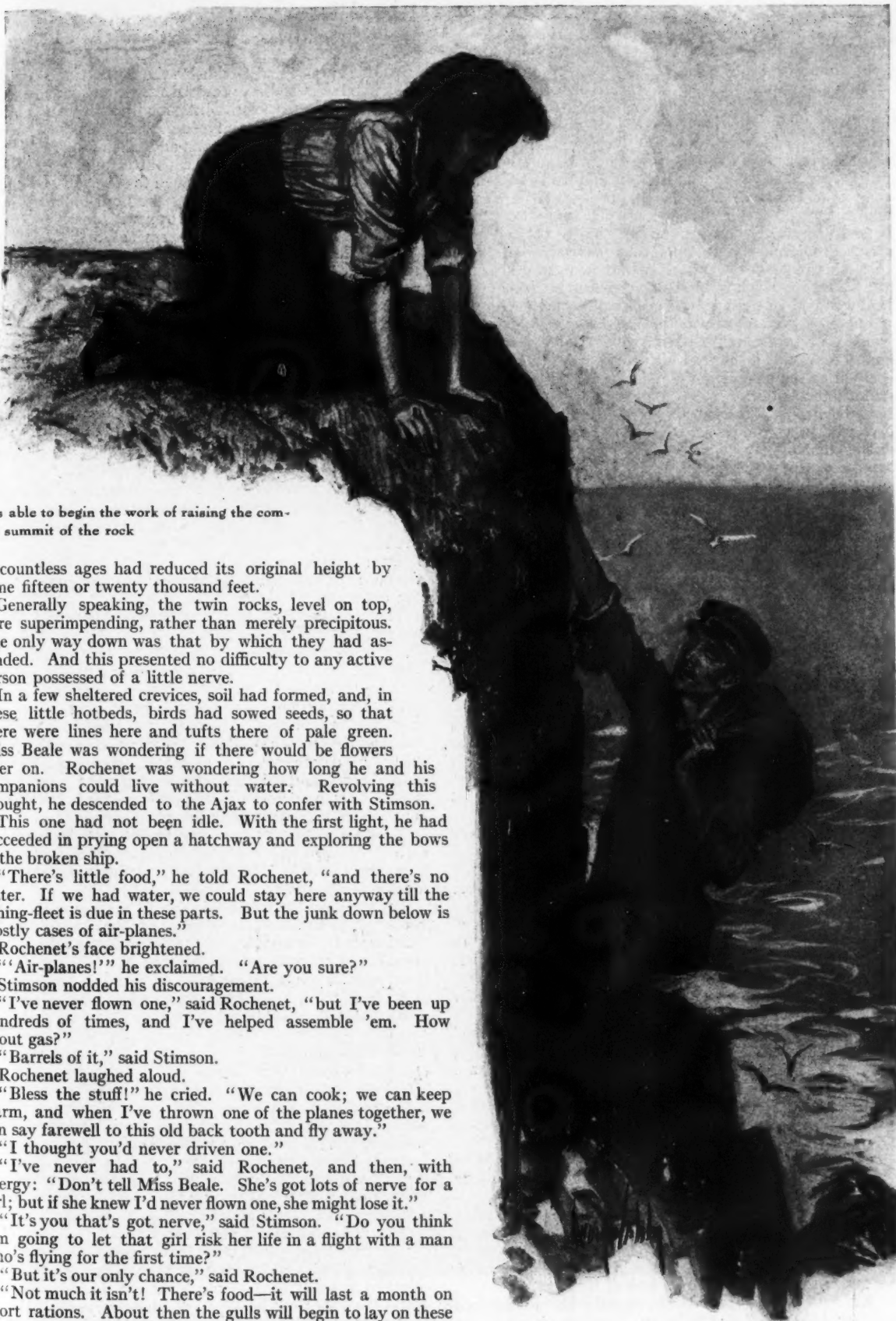
"Somebody found out that I was pretty good with a camera, and, from taking photographs for my weekly, I was promoted to riding round in an air-plane and taking them for the benefit of the general staff."

"How wonderful!" said the girl. "You helped."

"Look yonder," said Rochenet; "it's the dawn."

A narrow band of brightness edged the streaming, white-waved sea, and in a little while they were able to explore and appraise the summit to which they had climbed.

The crack into which the bows of the Ajax had been jammed divided the root of an old mountain into two nearly equal parts. That upon which Rochenet and Miss Beale stood was by a few yards the higher of the two. Lines of quartz of a peculiarly dense crystallization proved at once the fiery origin of the mass—and the fact that the weathering



was able to begin the work of raising the summit of the rock

of countless ages had reduced its original height by some fifteen or twenty thousand feet.

Generally speaking, the twin rocks, level on top, were superimpending, rather than merely precipitous. The only way down was that by which they had ascended. And this presented no difficulty to any active person possessed of a little nerve.

In a few sheltered crevices, soil had formed, and, in these little hotbeds, birds had sowed seeds, so that there were lines here and tufts there of pale green. Miss Beale was wondering if there would be flowers later on. Rochenet was wondering how long he and his companions could live without water. Revolving this thought, he descended to the Ajax to confer with Stimson.

This one had not been idle. With the first light, he had succeeded in prying open a hatchway and exploring the bows of the broken ship.

"There's little food," he told Rochenet, "and there's no water. If we had water, we could stay here anyway till the fishing-fleet is due in these parts. But the junk down below is mostly cases of air-planes."

Rochenet's face brightened.

"Air-planes!" he exclaimed. "Are you sure?"

Stimson nodded his discouragement.

"I've never flown one," said Rochenet, "but I've been up hundreds of times, and I've helped assemble 'em. How about gas?"

"Barrels of it," said Stimson.

Rochenet laughed aloud.

"Bless the stuff!" he cried. "We can cook; we can keep warm, and when I've thrown one of the planes together, we can say farewell to this old back tooth and fly away."

"I thought you'd never driven one."

"I've never had to," said Rochenet, and then, with energy: "Don't tell Miss Beale. She's got lots of nerve for a girl; but if she knew I'd never flown one, she might lose it."

"It's you that's got nerve," said Stimson. "Do you think I'm going to let that girl risk her life in a flight with a man who's flying for the first time?"

"But it's our only chance," said Rochenet.

"Not much it isn't! There's food—it will last a month on short rations. About then the gulls will begin to lay on these rocks and to raise families. The fishing-fleet will come, and we'll be taken off."

"Very pretty; but how about water?"



"This is a rainy latitude, especially in spring."  
 "You're just for waiting, then—sitting still and twiddling your thumbs?"

Although opposed to any adventure of his own seeking, Stimson proved ingenious and energetic in the business of salvage. An examination proved that an extremely high tide in conjunction with an easterly blow might very well tear the wreckage of the Ajax from the rock; and the instant necessity was to save such articles as might be of use and comfort to the castaways. Ropes and pulleys were found, and a powerful tackle rigged, by which heavy loads could be swung from the foreholds of the ship to the top of the rock. Provisions in a disappointing quantity went up first, then odds and ends of canvas and burlap, and various crates and cases, of which a kind of weather-proof shelter, too heavy to be blown away, was eventually constructed. Out of one great piece of canvas they made a watershed, which would concentrate rain scattering over a large area into an empty cask, and a shower which broke upon them immediately after the completion of this apparatus relieved their immediate anxieties.

It was not until the morning of the sixth day that Rochenet, chafing with impatience, was able to begin the work of raising the component parts of one of the air-planes to the summit of the rock. In this labor, Stimson refused his assistance.

"My morals," he said, "are neither better nor worse than another's. The most I can do is to withhold interference when another man is contemplating suicide. Help him I shouldn't—and won't."

"The first night," said Rochenet, "you were afraid to climb the rock; and yet, as we've since discovered, one extra big sea might have carried away the Ajax and you with it."

"And yet here I am," said Stimson, in a tone of voice that annoyed.

"Yes; here you are," Rochenet rejoined, "arguing like a woman. I bet"—he turned to Miss Beale—"that Stimson is a pacifist."

"Well, I'm not," said the girl. "And if you'll give the orders, I'll stand by to help get the plane up and to put it together."

"And then you'll take your chance in the passenger's seat?"

"I don't know," she said.

"Stimson has told you that I'm to drive for the first time?"

She nodded.

"I knew he would," exclaimed Rochenet, with impatience, "because I asked him not to!"

Stimson colored unpleasantly, but said nothing.

"He ought to have told you that I'm an expert," said Rochenet, "so that, when we had gone, he'd have had all the provisions and all the rain-water for himself."

"Yes," said Stimson; "I might have been born a liar, but I wasn't."

"You were born with the soul of a louse; that's sure," said Rochenet.

"He means," said Stimson to the girl, "that I'm a fatalist."

"I mean that you'd rather die a slow, moldering death of thirst, starvation, and scurvy than risk your highly valued bones in a bold act."

He turned, and, with the walk of an offended god, crossed the summit of the rock and descended to the deck of the Ajax.

"The way I look at it," said Stimson, "is this: While there's life there's hope. Isn't it finer to hold out to the last limit of endurance, in the hope of rescue, than to try such a darn-fool sure death as flying for the first time? Human life is a sacred thing. That's how I look at it."

"But," objected Miss Beale, "suppose he succeeds and you fail; how would you feel then?"

"The miracle of our being here at all," said Stimson, "proves that some Superpower has his eye on us."

"Don't you suppose the same power is watching Mr. Rochenet?"

"I don't think that God helps those who make rash fools of themselves. He has provided us with a sure rock set in the midst of the seas, with a little food, a little water now and then, and with the certainty—almost the certainty—that, if we are patient, we shall be seen and taken off. Perhaps the Lord intends Rochenet to make his attempt at flying, so that the provisions will last long enough to save you and me."

"Perhaps," said Miss Beale, "the Lord intends to send me up with Mr. Rochenet or down with him, so that the provisions may all be devoted to saving you."

She walked to the edge of the platform and looked down to where Rochenet was busily unpacking the component parts of an air-plane.

## II

For Stimson and the girl, time passed slowly; watching the optimistic activities of Rochenet was dull work. And although Miss Beale tried to help in them, she had no gift for mechanics. Rochenet was happy, because he was creatively employed. This two-seated biplane was a type with which he was not familiar; he had something of the sensation of the men who put together the first heavier-than-air machine which was actually to fly. Sometimes, lighted by a blaze of gasoline, he tinkered until late at night, and it was always the first rose of dawn that summoned him to his wrenches and his pliers.

Even for Miss Beale, whose eyes more and more showed the faith she had in him, he had few words. He was highly concentrated.

The air-plane took shape; it became a thing of sinister beauty. Often Rochenet talked to it as if it were alive. He had toward it something of the attitude of an ancient pagan who had made for himself an image of a god. It had a soul, he told Miss Beale.

The weather turned pleasantly warm, and for a week there had been no rain. The water in the reservoir was very low, and the only cheerful frame of mind belonged to Rochenet. All day the sound of his motor, started, stopped, and started again, had irritated Stimson, and when, toward midnight, it came on to blow heavily from the southwest, he found himself praying that the machine would be blown into the sea. But a morning gray and stormy disclosed that during the night only the wreckage of the old Ajax had been torn from the rock. The air-plane, cunningly anchored, was weathering the gale.

For two days the gale howled about them, and they kept pretty much to the shelter which they had built. But the third dawn broke as peacefully as a morning in Eden, and at breakfast Rochenet announced that the moment for his great adventure was at hand.

An hour later, Miss Beale came to him where he was at work with a sledge-hammer smoothing the broad descent of the rock platform from the cradle of the air-plane to the brink of the precipice.

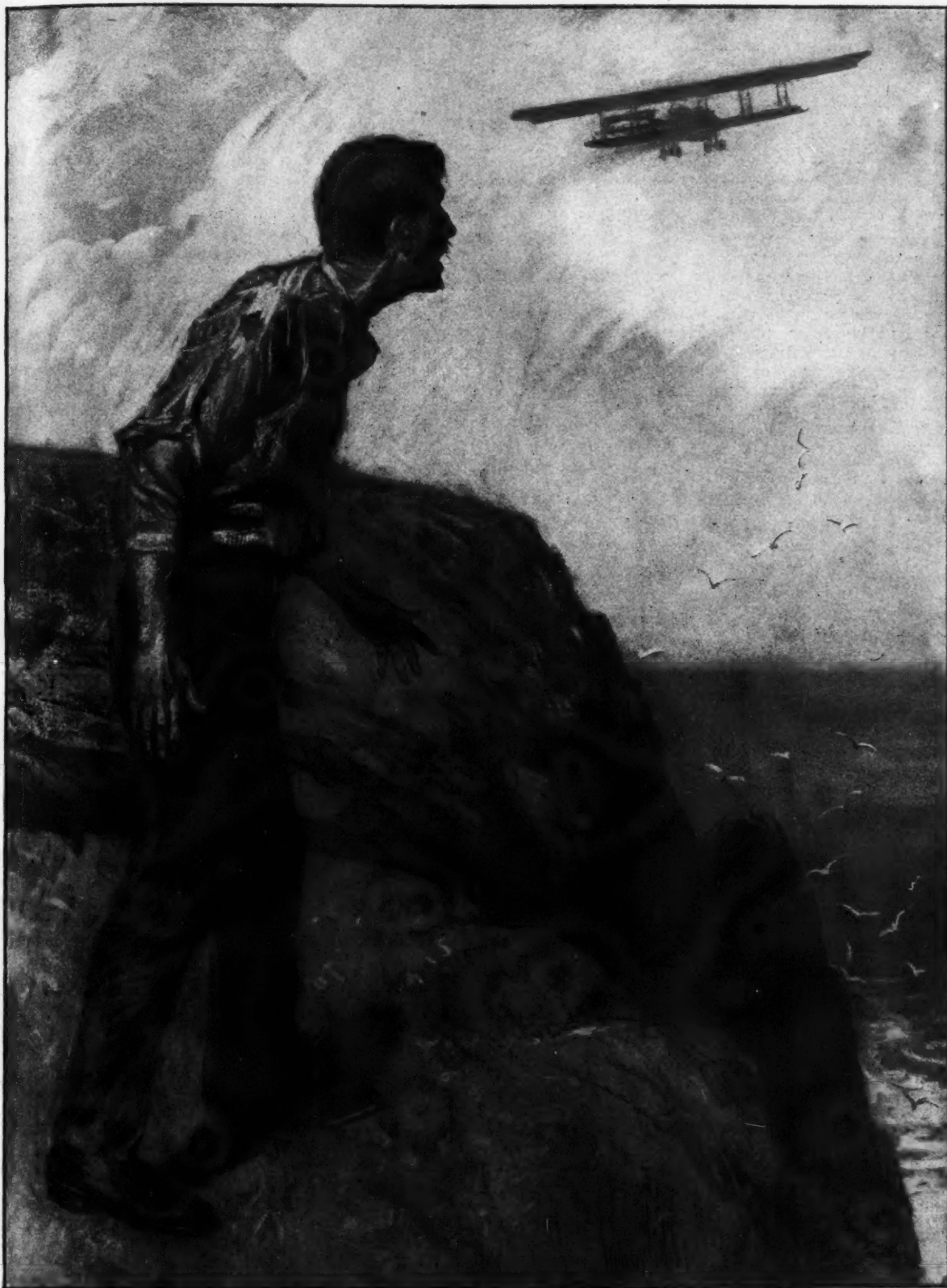
"Am I going alone?" he asked.

"What are the chances?" she asked.

"Good," said Rochenet. "They are better than Stimson's. Dry weather is coming, and the fishing-fleet, about which he talks so much—what does he really know about its habits? There's not enough food to keep one person decently for a month. Suppose it's a question of one of you holding out a little longer than the other—you don't think Stimson would select anyone but himself, do you?"

"But if you get away, you'll send help?"

"I'll try. Sure. But I don't know how to direct anybody to this particular rock. And another thing: Even in still weather, a small boat would have the devil's own time getting you aboard. Have you decided how you'd get down to the water's edge? You've got the tackle, of course, and it can be done. But it's a sight harder than flying. Upon my soul, I think you'd better trust yourselves to me—both of



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

Stimson became so dizzy with apprehension that he had to shut his eyes. When he opened them, the air-plane was in its element. It was clear of the rock and still rising

## The Sure-Thing Man

you. Wouldn't you rather be killed trying something bold and fine than by sitting still and rotting? You said you believed in trying things. I hate people who stand pat, but if I were to stay on this rock alone with Stimson, do you know what would happen to me? I wouldn't starve to death, and I wouldn't die of thirst. I'd be bored to death."

By the time Rothenet had his machine ready for flight, it came on to blow, and he was obliged to put off the great adventure until the next morning. He did not sleep a wink. Neither did the others. All night he argued with them, and begged them to be his companions. But they were afraid. Even if they had been sure that a lingering death awaited them, they would have preferred it to sudden dissolution. But they were not sure. They were in good health. They were young. It did not seem possible that they should die, except by some violence. Sometimes, though, it seemed as if Miss Beale were on the point of saying that she would go.

The sun was just showing above the horizon when Rothenet rose, stretched himself, and said that the time had come.

"I hate to go alone," he said. "For she'll carry three as easily as one. You'd have to sit in Stimson's lap, but you wouldn't mind under the circumstances. You've never flown—you don't know how wonderful it is."

While he made his final preparations, no word was spoken. He gave the motor a final trial, stopped it, and wiped the sweat from his brow.

"You don't even know where to find land," Stimson faltered. "You've never driven one of these things."

"I've a spirit in me that will tell me which way to steer," said Rothenet. "I can't keep away from people who are doing things."

He shook hands with Stimson.

"We haven't agreed," he said. "You're not my kind

of man. But good luck to you, and God bless you!" His voice sank to a whisper. "Be good to that poor kid," he said. Then he turned to the girl. "I like you fine," he said, "even if I am disappointed in you. Good-by." He held her hand tightly clasped for some moments. Then he smiled and said, "Please come."

After an interval, she said, "Please don't go."

They looked deeply into each other's eyes, and suddenly Rothenet caught her in his arms and kissed her. Stimson took a step forward as if to interfere. It seemed to him, ludicrously enough, as if the proprieties had been violated. Then he took a step backward, and another. The embraced couple were speaking both at once, swiftly and in low voices.

Their colloquy ended, both smiled at the gods smile. And the girl called to Stimson.

"Come and say good-by," she said. "I've made up what I'm pleased to call 'my mind.' I'm going!"

She did her best to persuade him to come, too. But he would not. He was deeply moved. He had wished to be alone with the girl on the rock. In his selfish, cold-blooded way, he was in love with her. Her decision was a blow in the face—a blow to his pride, a blow to all that was good in him and to much that was base—and yet he could not entirely free his mind from the thought that the provisions would last one person just twice as long as they would last two. By her departure with Rothenet, he felt that his own eventual escape became almost a certainty.

Rothenet kissed the girl again, deliberately and with authority. Then he helped her into the passenger's seat and adjusted the straps. Stimson was reminded of all that he had ever read of the electrocution of criminals.

The motor began to turn over with sudden jerks and sharp snaps of misexploded gas. Rothenet stepped lightly into the driver's seat, settled himself, and gave the motor more gas.

The propeller began to spin faster and faster; one cylinder missed fire half a dozen times, fell then into smooth coordination with the others; and, with a steady roaring, the air-plane moved forward toward the brink of the precipice.

Each swift moment, the speed of the air-plane increased and it began to spurn the rock. But, for a space of time, it looked as if it would topple over the cliff rather than fly from it.

Stimson became so dizzy with apprehension that he had to shut his eyes. When he opened them, the air-plane was in its element. It was clear of the rock and still rising.

It rose and rose and receded and receded, and became smaller and smaller. It looked as steady as the rock from which it had flown. As steady as faith—as steady as true love.

It vanished at last. But Stimson had not moved. So, indeed, but with very different feelings, the Disciples must have stood on the third day, looking upward.

## III

STIMSON'S mental state was peculiar. To learn the bold attempt of his recent companions had failed would have grieved him; and  
(Continued on page 131)



He had reached that stage of slow dissolution by hunger and thirst when men see visions and hear voices





**E**DNA HIBBARD, a great favorite in farce-comedies, with a distinguished record for her work in "Fair and Warmer," "Officer 666," and "Stop Thief!" has decided that musical plays are a better medium for the expression of her art. Her first venture in this new field has been that of leading woman in "Rock-a-bye Baby."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS



**E**LEANOR SINCLAIR is again in the chorus of the 1918 edition of Raymond Hitchcock's summer revue, "Hitchy Koo." This season, the brown-eyed beauty impersonates an Arabian maiden and also the "squaw-squaw" girl in a burlesque Wild West show. Miss Sinclair made her stage debut in "Betty," a musical comedy, three or four years ago.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL



*A Screen-land Beauty*

**M**ABEL JULIENE SCOTT has one of the principal rôles in the Graphic Film Corporation's latest production, "Ashes of Love." Her beauty and charm are not the sole factors of her photo-play success, for she possesses marked dramatic talent which was richly developed in that efficient school of acting—the stock companies of the stage.

STUDIOS, 535 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK





**F**RANCES PRITCHARD, the noted dancer, tickles the fancy—and the noses—of “The Midnight Revue” audience at the Century Grove, New York, when, leading a squad of stage beauties armed with powder-puffs, she and her companions circulate among the spectators of this entertainment, applying their weapons deftly to reachable nasal organs.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS

# The Moonlit Way

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

GARRET BARRES, a painter, lives in Dragon Court, a studio-building in New York city, attended by two servants—Aristocrates, a negro valet and butler, and Selinda, a Finnish maid. The superintendent of the building is Lawrence Soane, an irresponsible and dissipated Irishman, who has a charming daughter, Dulcie, still a schoolgirl. The child is on a plane of refinement far above that of her father, and Barres, taking pity on her loneliness (her only companions are three cats), makes a friend of her, for which she is profoundly grateful, and she becomes his model.

One day, early in 1916, Barres meets a girl whom he had encountered just once, under somewhat unusual circumstances, two years before in France. She was then a famous dancer, known as Nihla Quellen, but her real name is Thessalie Du-nois, and she is of Alsatian origin. She has risen to prominence under the patronage of Count d'Éblis, a senator of France who is involved in German plots against his country. D'Éblis wants to marry her, but she does not love him and will not do so. Finally, the traitor accuses her of betraying him, and, in fear, she escapes in disguise to New York. D'Éblis sends word to Max Freund, a German agent in America, to get rid of her at the first favorable opportunity, and she is closely watched by him.

Freund makes friends with Soane, a Sinn Feiner and rabid hater of England. They become associated in a German-Irish plot against England, in which Murtagh Skeel, a sensitive and refined type of Irishman, is one of the leaders. Freund enlists the services of Soane in watching for Thessalie's visits to Barres's studio. One night, the latter gives a dance in his studio in honor of Dulcie's graduation from high school. Thessalie is present, much worried because a letter she had written Barres had not reached him. Later, Dulcie receives the missive from the postman, but Freund is watching and snatches it away, knocking her down. But he gets possession of only half of it. It is about the German-Irish plot, which Thessalie has discovered. She is asking



He worked on in a sort of furious exaltation, reeking of ill-smelling wax

advice of Barres. Before leaving that night, Thessalie tells Barres something of her predicament. The Germans are afraid of her on account of some knowledge she possesses, but another European government believes her to be a German spy and wants to get hold of her. She denies vigorously that she is a spy. Barres promises her his protection. James Westmore, a sculptor who lives in Dragon Court, takes great interest in Thessalie, and she makes an engagement to meet him.

## XIV

### PROBLEMS

THE weather was turning hot in New York, and by the middle of the week the city sweltered.

Barres, dropping his brushes and laying aside a dozen pictures in all stages of incompleteness, and being otherwise deeply bitten by the dangerously enchanting art of Manishp—dangerous as inspiration but

enchanting to gaze upon—was very busy making out of wax a diminutive figure of the running Arethusa.

And Dulcie, poor child, what with being poised on the ball of one little foot and with the other leg slung up in a padded loop, almost perished. Perspiration spangled her body like dew powdering a rose; sweat glistened on the features and shoulder-bared arms of the impassioned sculptor, even blinding him at times; but he worked on in a sort of furious exaltation, reeking of ill-smelling wax. And Dulcie, perfectly willing to die at her post, thought she

was going to, and finally fainted away with an alarming thud. Which brought Barres to his senses, even before she had recovered hers; and he proclaimed a vacation for his overworked muse and his model, too.

"Do you feel better, sweetness?" he inquired, as she opened her eyes when Selinda exchanged a wet compress for an ice-bag.

Dulcie, flat on the lounge, swathed in a crash bath-robe, replied only by a slight but reassuring flutter of one hand.

Esmé Trenor sauntered in for a gossip, wearing his celebrated lilac-velvet jacket and Louis XV slippers.

"Oh, the devil!" he drawled, looking from Dulcie to the Arethusa. "She's worth more than your amateurish statuette, Garry."

"You bet she is! And here's where her vacation begins."

Esmé turned to Dulcie, lifting his eyebrows,

"You go away with him?"

The idea had never before entered Barres's head. But he said:

"Certainly; we both need the country for a few weeks."

"You'll go to one of those artists' colonies, I suppose," remarked Esmé; "otherwise, washed and unwashed would expel shrill cries."

"Probably not in my own home," returned Barres coolly. "I shall write my family about it to-day."

Corot Mandel dropped in, also, that morning—he and Esmé were ever prowling uneasily around Dulcie in these days—and he studied the Arethusa through a foggy monocle, and he loitered about Dulcie's couch.

"You know," he said to Barres, "there's nothing like dancing to recuperate from all this metropolitan pandemonium. If you like, I can let Dulcie in on that thing I'm putting on at Northbrook."

"That's up to her," said Barres. "It's her vacation, and she can do what she likes with it—"

Esmé interposed, with characteristic impudence:

"Barres imitates Manship with impunity; I'd like to have a plagiaristic try at Sorolla and Zuloaga, if Dulcie says the word. Very agreeable job for a girl in hot weather," he added, looking at Dulcie; "an easy swimming-pose in some nice cool little Adirondack lake—"

"Seriously," interrupted Mandel, twirling his monocle impatiently by its greasy string, "I mean it, Barres."

"You hear, Dulcie?" inquired Barres. "These two kind gentlemen have what they consider attractive jobs for you. All I can offer you is liberty to tumble around the hay-fields at Foreland Farms, with my sketching-easel in the middle distance. Now, choose your job, sweetness."

"The hay-fields and"—Dulcie's voice faded to a whisper; Barres, seated beside her, leaned nearer—"and you," she murmured again, "if you want me."

"I always want you," he whispered laughingly, in return.

Esmé regarded the scene with weariness and chagrin.

"Come on," he said languidly to Mandel; "we'll buy her some flowers for the evil she does us. She'll need 'em; she'll be finished before this amateur sculptor finishes his blooming Arethusa."

Mandel lingered.

"I'm going up to Northbrook in a day or two, Barres. If you change—change Dulcie's mind for her, just call me up at the Adolf Gerhardt's."

"Dulcie will call you up if she changes my mind."

Dulcie laughed.

When they had gone, Barres said:

"You know I haven't thought about the summer. What was your idea about it?"

"My—idea?"

"Yes. You'd want a couple of weeks in the country somewhere, wouldn't you?"

"I don't know. I never went away," she replied vaguely.

It occurred to him now, that, for all his pleasant toleration of Soane's little daughter during the two years and more of his residence in Dragon Court, he had never really interested himself in her well-being, never thought to inquire about

anything which might really concern her. He had taken it for granted that most people have some change from the stifling, grinding, endless routine of their lives—some respite, some quiet interval for recovery and rest.

And so, returning from his own vacations, it never occurred to him that the shy girl whom he permitted within his precincts when convenient never knew any other break in the gray monotony—never left the dusty, soiled, and superheated city from one year's summer to another. Now, for the first time, he realized it.

"We'll go up there," he said. "My family is accustomed to models I bring there for my summer work. You'll be very comfortable, and you'll feel quite at home. Will you come when I'm ready to go up?"

She gave him a sweet, confused glance from her gray eyes.

"Do you think your family would mind?"

"Mind?" He smiled. "We never interfere with one another's affairs. It's not like many families, I fancy. We take it for granted that nobody in the family could do anything not entirely right."

She turned her face on the pillow presently; the ice-bag slid off; she sat up in her bath-robe, stretched her arms, smiled faintly.

"Shall I try again?" she asked.

"O Lord!" he said. "Would you? Upon my word, I believe you would. I'm not a murderer. Lie there until you're ready to dress, and then ring for Selinda. I've got to talk to Westmore this morning; so you may be as lazy as you like—lounge about, read—" He went over to her, patted her cheek in the smiling, absent-minded way he had with her. "Tell me, ducky; how are you feeling, anyway?"

It confused her dreadfully to blush when he touched her, but she always did; and she turned her face away now, saying that she was quite all right again. Preoccupied with his own thoughts, he nodded.

"That's fine!" he said. "Now, trot along in to Selinda, and, when you're fixed up, you can have the run of the place to yourself."

"Could I have my slippers?" She was very shy about even her bare feet when she was not actually posing.

He found her slippers for her, laid them beside the lounge, and strolled away. Westmore rang a moment later, but when he blew in like a noisy breeze, Dulcie had disappeared.

"My little model toppled over," said Barres, taking his visitor's outstretched hand and wincing under the grip. "I shall cut out work while this weather lasts."

Westmore turned toward the Arethusa, laughed at the visible influence of Manship.

"All the same, Garry," he said, "there's a lot in your running nymph. It's nice; it's knowing."

"That is pleasant to hear from a sculptor."

"Sculptor?" Sometimes I feel like a sculpin—prickly heat, you know." He laughed heartily at his own witticism, slapped Barres on the shoulder, lighted a pipe, and flung himself on the couch recently vacated by Dulcie. "This war," he said, "takes the native gaiety out of a man—takes the laughter out of life. Over two years of it now, Garry; and it's as though the sun is slowly growing dimmer every day. And what a gigantic mess we've made of two years' inactivity!"

"It's a nightmare," said Barres. "Since Liège and the Lusitania, it's been a bad dream getting worse. We'll have to wake, you know. If we don't, we're of no more substance than the dream itself—we are the dream, and we'll end like one."

"I'm going to wait a bit longer," said Westmore restlessly, "and if there's nothing doing, it's me for the other side."

"For me, too, Jim."

"Is it a bargain?"

"Certainly. I'd rather go under my own flag, of course. We'll see how this *boche* backdown turns out. I don't think it will last. I believe the Huns have been stirring up the Mexicans—"



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DRAWN BY W. D. STETSON

She sat up in her bath-robe, smiled faintly. "Shall I try again?" she asked

The studio bell rang sharply. Barres, who stood near the door, opened it.

"Thessa!" he exclaimed, astonished and delighted.

## XV

## BLACKMAIL

SHE came in swiftly, stirring the sultry stillness of the studio with a little breeze from her gown, faintly fragrant.

"Garry dear!" She gave him both her hands and looked at him; and he saw the pink tint of excitement in her cheeks and her dark eyes brilliant.

"Thessa, this is charming of you——"

"No! I came——" She cast a swift glance round her, beheld Westmore, gave him one hand as he came forward. "How do you do?" she said almost breathlessly, plainly controlling some inward excitement. But Westmore retained her hand and laid the other over it.

"You said you'd meet me——"

"I'm sorry. I have been—bothered—with matters—affairs——"

"You are bothered now," he said. "If you have something to say to Garry, I'll go about my business."

He released her hand and reached for the door-knob; her dark eyes were resting on him with a strained, intent expression. On impulse, she thrust out her arm and closed the door, which he had begun to open.

"Please—Mr. Westmore—I'm trying to think clearly——" She turned and looked at Barres.

"Is it serious?" he said, in a low voice.

"I—suppose so. Garry, I wish to—to come here—and stay."

"What?"

She nodded.

"Is it all right?"

"All right," he replied pleasantly, bewildered and almost inclined to laugh.

She said, in a low, tense voice:

"I'm really in trouble, Garry. I told you once that the word was not in my vocabulary. I've had to include it."

"I'm so sorry. Tell me all about——"



The excited color began to dye her cheeks again:  
"Please believe me. I am

He checked himself. She turned to Westmore; a slight flush came into her cheeks. Then she said gravely,

"I scarcely know Mr. Westmore; but if he is like you, Garry—your sort—perhaps he——"

"He'd do anything for you, Thessa, if you'll let him. Have you confidence in me?"

"You know I have."

"Then you can have the same confidence in Jim. I suggest it because I have a hazy idea what your trouble is. And if you came to ask advice, then I think that you'll get double value if you include Jim Westmore in your confidence."



she stretched out one arm in appeal to Westmore.  
no spy. I never was"

She stood silent and with heightened color for a moment; then her expression became faintly humorous, and, partly turning, she put out her gloved hand behind her and took hold of Westmore's sleeve. It was at once an appeal and an impulsive admission of her confidence in this young man, whom she had liked from the beginning.

"I'm scared half to death," she remarked, without a quaver in her voice; but her smile had now become forced, and a quick, uneven little sigh escaped her as she passed her arms through Barres's and Westmore's, and, moving across the carpet between them, suffered herself to be installed

among the Chinese cushions upon the lounge by the open window.

In her distractingly pretty summer hat and gown, and with her white gloves and gold-mesh purse in her lap, her fresh, engaging face and daintily rounded figure, Thessalie Du-nois seemed no more mature, no more experienced in worldly wisdom than the charming young girls one passes on Fifth Avenue on a golden morning in early spring.

But Westmore, looking into her dark eyes, divined, perhaps, something less inexperienced, less happy in their lovely, haunted depths. And, troubled by he knew not what, he waited in silence for her to speak.

Barres said to her: "You are being annoyed, Thessa dear. I gather that much from what has already happened. Can Jim and I do anything?"

"I don't know. It's come to a point where I—I'm afraid—to be alone." Her gaze fell; she sat brooding for a few moments. Then, with a quick intake of breath: "It humiliates me to come to you. Would you believe that of me, Garry, that it has come to a point where I am actually afraid to be alone? I thought I had plenty of what the world calls courage."

"You have."

"I *had*. I don't know what's become of it—what has happened to me. I don't want to tell you more than I have to—"

"Tell us as much as you think necessary," said Barres.

"Thank you. Well then—some years ago I earned the enmity of a man. And, through him, a European government blacklisted me. It was a terrible thing. I did not fully appreciate what it meant at the time." She turned to Westmore in her pretty, impulsive way. "This European government of which I speak believes me to be the agent of another foreign government—believes that I betrayed its interests. This man whom I offended, to punish me and to cover his own treachery, furnished evidence which would have convicted me of treachery and espionage." The excited color began to dye her cheeks again; she stretched out one arm in appeal to Westmore. "Please believe me. I am



no spy. I never was. I was too young, too stupid, too innocent in such matters to know what this man was about—that he had very cleverly implicated me in this abhorrent matter. Do you believe me, Mr. Westmore?”

“Of course I do!” he said, with a fervor not, perhaps, necessary. “If you’ll be kind enough to point out that gentleman——”

“Wait, Jim!” interposed Barres, nodding to Thessalie to proceed.

She had been looking at Westmore, apparently much interested in his ardor, but she came to herself when Barres interrupted, and sat silent again as though searching her mind concerning what further she might say. Slowly the forced smile curved her lips again. She said:

“I don’t know just what that enraged European government might have done to me had I been arrested, because I ran away—and came here. But the man whom I offended discovered where I was, and never for a day, even, have his agents ceased to watch me, annoy me——” There was a quick break in her voice; she set her lips in silence until the moment’s emotion had passed. Then, turning to Westmore with winning dignity: “I am a dancer and singer—an entertainer of sorts, by profession. I——”

“Tell Westmore a little more, Thessa,” said Barres.

“If you think it necessary.”

“I’ll tell him. Miss Dunois was the most celebrated entertainer in Europe when this happened. Since she came here, the man she has mentioned has, somehow, managed to interfere and spoil every business arrangement which she has attempted.” He looked at Thessa. “I don’t know whether, if Thessalie had cared to use the name under which she was known all over Europe——”

“I didn’t dare, Garry. I thought that, if some manager would only give me a chance, I could make a new name for myself. But wherever I went I was dogged, and every arrangement was spoiled. I had my jewels—you remember some of them, Garry. Well, I sold them and invested the money. And my income is all I have—quite a tiny income, Mr. Westmore, but enough. Only, I could have done very well here, I think, if I had not been interfered with.”

“Thessa,” said Barres, “why not tell us both a little more? We’re devoted to you.”

The girl lifted her dark eyes, and unconsciously they were turned to Westmore. And in that young man’s vigorous, virile personality, perhaps she recognized something refreshing, subtly compelling, for, still looking at him, she began to speak quite naturally of things which had long been locked within her lonely heart.

“I was scarcely more than a child when General Count Kligenkampff killed my father. The Grand Duke Cyril hushed it up. I had several thousand rubles. I had—trouble with the grand duke. He annoyed me—as some men annoy a woman. And when I put him in his place, he insulted the memory of my mother because she was a Georgian. I slapped his face with a whip. And then I had to run away.”

She drew a quick, uneven breath, smiling at Westmore, from whose intent gaze her own dark eyes never wandered.

“My father had been a French officer before he took service in Russia,” she said. “I was educated in Alsace and then in England. Then my father sent for me, and I returned to St. Peters—I mean Petrograd. And because I loved dancing, my father obtained permission for me to study at the imperial school. Also, I had it in me to sing, and I had excellent instruction.

“And because I did such things in my own way, sometimes my father permitted me to entertain at the gay gatherings patronized by the Grand Duke Cyril.”

She smiled faintly in reminiscence, and her gaze became remote for a moment. Then, coming back, she lifted her eyes once more to Westmore’s.

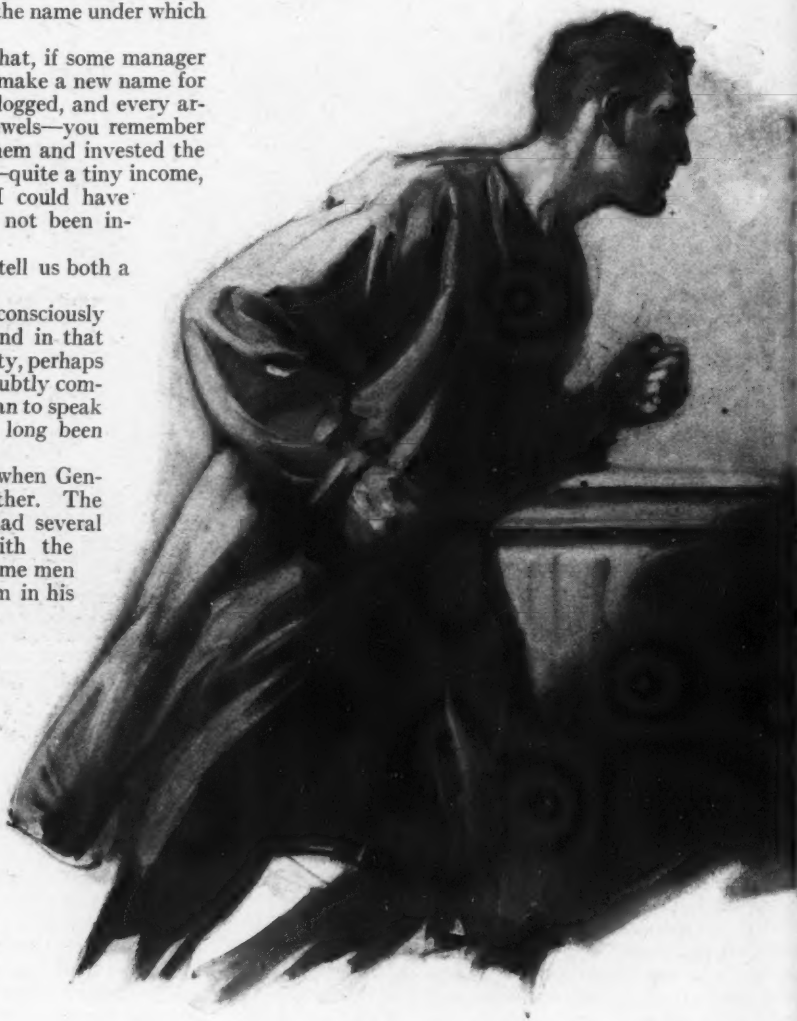
“I ran away from Cyril and went to Constantinople, where Von der Goltz Pasha and others whom I had met at the grand-duke’s parties, when little more than a child, were stationed. I entertained at the German embassy, and at the Yildiz Palace. I was successful. And my success brought me opportunities—of the wrong kind. Do you understand?” Westmore nodded. “So,” she continued, with a slight movement of disdain, “I didn’t quite see how I was to get to Paris all alone and begin a serious career. And, one evening, I entertained at the German embassy. Tell me; do you know Constantinople?”

“No.”

“Well, it is nothing except a vast mass of gossip and intrigue. One breakfasts on rumors, lunches on secrets, and dines on scandals. And my maid told me enough that day to make certain matters quite clear to me.

“And so I entertained at the embassy. Afterward, it was no surprise when his excellency whispered to me that an honest career was assured me if I chose, and that I might be honestly launched in Paris without paying the price which I would not pay.

“Later, I was not surprised, either, when Ferez Bey, a



friend of my father, and a man I had known since childhood, presented me to—to—" She glanced at Barres, he nodded; she concluded to name the man. "The Count d'Éblis, a senator of France and owner of the newspaper called *Le Mot d'Ordre*."

After a silence, she stole another glance at Barres; a faint smile hovered on her lips. He also smiled; for he, too, was thinking of that moonlit way they traveled together on a night in June so long ago.

"Well," she went on, her eyes reverting to Westmore, "the Count d'Éblis, it appeared, had fallen in love with me at first sight. In the beginning, he misunderstood me. When he realized that I would endure no nonsense from any man, he proved to be sufficiently infatuated with me to offer me marriage." She shrugged. "At that age, one man resembled another to me. Marriage was a convention, a desirable business arrangement. The count was in a position to launch me into a career.

"So I said that I would marry him if I came to care enough for him. Which merely meant that if he were ordinarily polite and considerate and companionable, I would ultimately become his wife.

"That was the arrangement. And it caused much trouble. Because I was a"—she smiled at Barres—"a success from the first moment. And d'Éblis immediately began to be abominably jealous and unreasonable. Again and again he broke his promise and tried to interfere with my career. He annoyed me constantly by coming to my *hôtel* at inopportune moments; he made silly scenes if I ventured to have any friends or if I spoke twice to the same man; he distrusted me—he and Ferez Bey, who had taken service with him. Together they humiliated me, made my life miserable by their distrust.

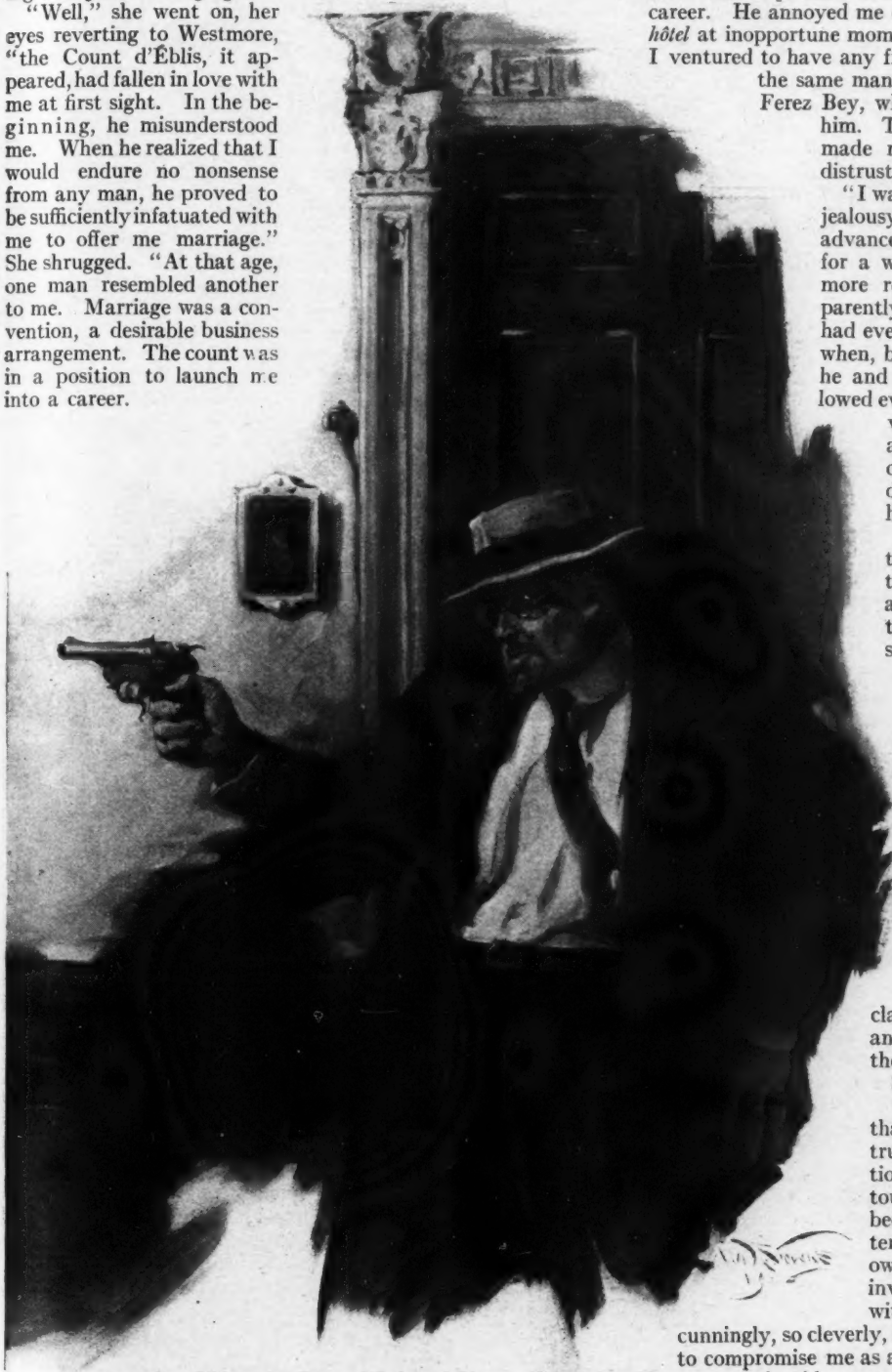
"I warned d'Éblis that his absurd jealousy and unkindness would not advance him in my interest. And, for a while, he seemed to become more reasonable. In fact, he apparently became sane again, and I had even consented to our betrothal when, by accident, I discovered that he and Ferez were having me followed everywhere I went. And that very night was to have been a gay one—a party in honor of our betrothal—the night I discovered what he and Ferez had been doing to me.

"I was so hurt, so incensed, that"—she cast an involuntary glance at Barres; he made a slight movement of negation, and she concluded her sentence calmly—"I quarreled with d'Éblis. There was a very dreadful scene. And it transpired that he had sold a preponderant interest in *Le Mot d'Ordre* to Ferez Bey, who was operating the paper in German interests through orders directly from Berlin. And d'Éblis thought I knew this and that I meant to threaten him, perhaps blackmail him, to shield some mythical lover with whom, he declared, I had become involved, and who was betraying him to the British ambassador."

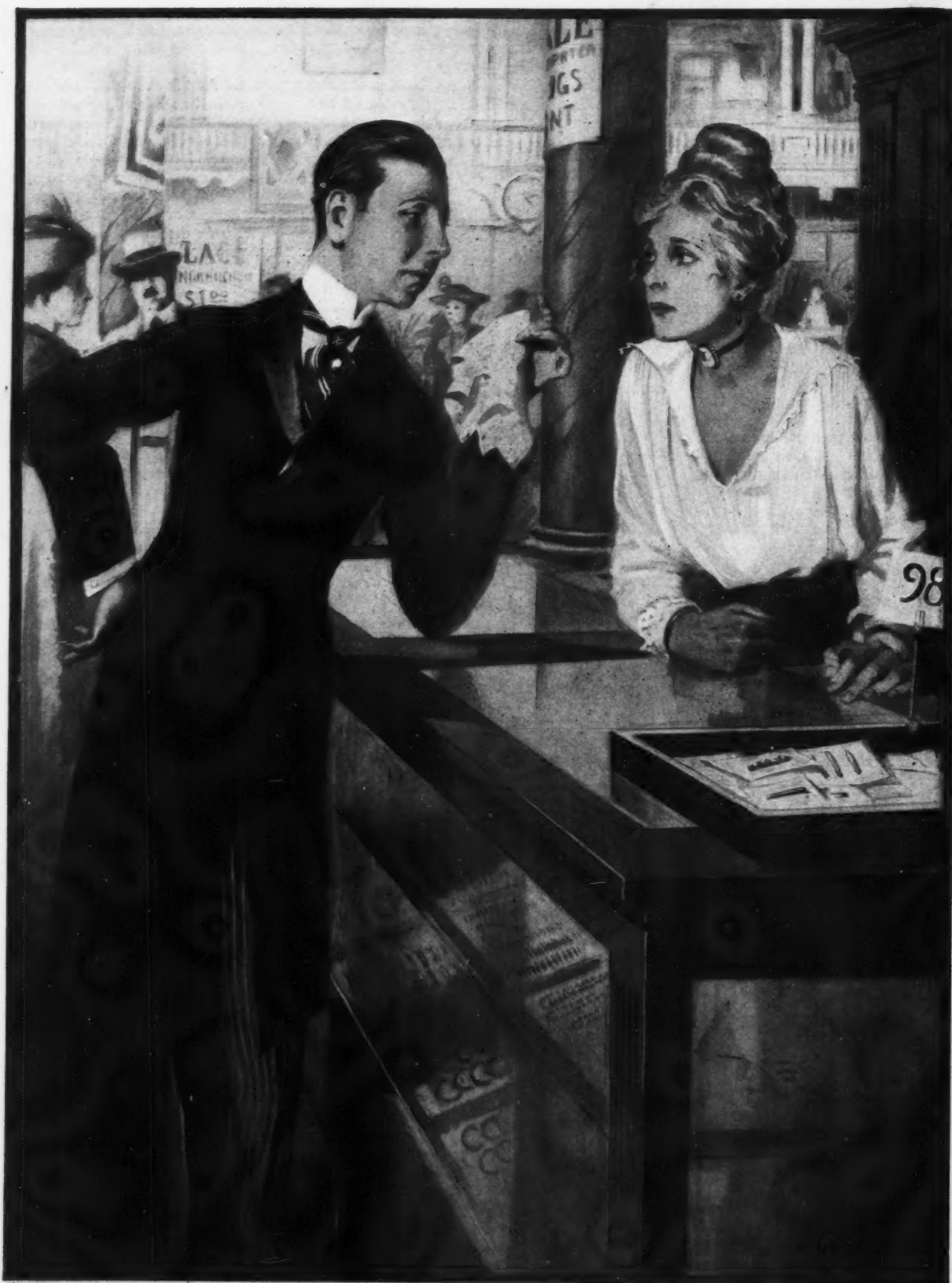
She drew a deep, long breath. "Is it necessary for me to say that there was not a particle of truth in his hysterical accusations—that I was utterly astounded? But my amazement became anger and then sheer terror when I learned from his own lips that he had cunningly involved me in his transactions with Ferez and with Berlin. So

cunningly, so cleverly, so seriously had he managed to compromise me as a German agent that he had a mass of evidence against me sufficient to have had me court-martialed and shot had it been in time of war.

"To me, the situation seemed hopeless. I never would be believed by the French government. Horror of arrest overwhelmed me. In a panic, I took my (Continued on page 95)



"I blow your face off!" whispered the stranger, beginning to back away now, and ghastly pale. "Keep out of this! I am not looking for you"



DRAWN BY T. D. SRIDHARA

"Yeh," he said; "Uncle Sam knocked at my door last night and invited me to training-camp." His voice was like the butler's-pantry epiphoneum of thin glass in the shattering, high, brittle, and, it must be owned, soprano



# She Also Serves

By Fannie Hurst

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

**W**HEN Eddie Snuggs was drafted, a titter rippled over the Main Floor.

Not but what The Parisian had already once, twice, even thrice been rudely jerked to the exigencies, the rather hurried expediencies of war; but there were limits to the quirks of fate and the rapid shunting of destinies into a world in maelstrom.

Denny Mac Ginn, erstwhile of the Silks and now an "ace" in France, was a stretch which tested the ductility of the imagination; Joe Viviano, so inalienable from the Sheet-Music Department, was not easy to visualize among the hero-survivors flung by a bone-cracking sea against the wildest coast of Scotland; or Morris Aaronson, shipping-clerk, of annual-outing tango fame, driving an ambulance into the intermittent blackness and white fury of a shell-shot road. Yet compared with the inconceivability of Eddie Snuggs in khaki—

"I could just as soon think of the 'Flora-dora' sextet doin' the gas-mask gavotte in No. Man's Land as Cissie Snuggs in patch-pockets and panier pants." This from Miss Elise Hite, of the Jewelry.

Miss MABEL DOBSCHUTZ (of the rhinestone hair-ornaments): I wonder if he could use a pair of pink-silk sleeve-garters.

Miss ESSIE WHITE (blond to the roots): You two stack up about as funny as a casualty list.

Miss Dobschutz lifted her gaze, then crinkled it to slits. "What have we here? What have we here?"—cried out in the key of off-C of a popular refrain. "Since when is the fatal blond beauty on twitterin' terms with Cissie Snuggs again?"

"I ain't; but that's no reason that I'm goin' to join in the haw-haw that this store ain't got the sense to keep bottled up. I don't feel no feather tickler on my funny-bone these war-days."

Miss Hite smoothed down her hipless hip-line. Her silhouette was like the quick stroke of a hard pencil.

"If I felt that way about my poor, ittsie-bittsie floor-walker that's been drafted by great big, bad government, I'd make it up with ittsie-bittsie perfect lady of a floor-walker, I would!"

"You let Eddie Snuggs alone! The fellows in this store can't all be class-beauties like Archie Tupp. The kind of hero-stuff you girls got on the brain only comes in five reels to soft music."

"What have we here? What have we here?" Say, dearie, if I felt that way and had had a row with my pittsie-ittsie floor-walker, just because he slapped me on the wrist-watch for gettin' fresh with a customer, I'd smile myself in with him again. I'd give him a flash of my ruby teeth and my pearly lips."

"You just bet your life I'll make it up to him! I had no right to sass that dame over the earrings, and you know it.



You bet your life I'll make it up to him! No boy I know is goin' into that mess over there with a mad from me hangin' on."

"Here he comes, dearie; let's see you get religion."

"You better watch out, darling"—moving down the counter—"it might be catchin'."

Late afternoon lay rather drowsily over The Parisian. A thin trickle percolated through the aisles, pausing to finger, to price, and, semi-occasionally, to purchase. There was a somnolence over the jewelry counter, a sort of afternoon apathy for the paste pearl and the gilt-back diamond. Miss White, her own ears depending long, slim stalactites of jet, leaned across the glass-topped counter. She was not unlike the Psyche of Apuleius in the lift of desire to her mouth-corners, the nose tip-tilting, eager, curious, the three-tier coiffure cascading curls that were so the color of sunlight.

"Eh-ud!"

Mr. Snuggs, turning the counter corner, paused as if, through the din of the workaday, he had heard a bird-note.

"Oh, Eh-ud!"

He shot his cuffs and reared his neck. A slow red began to creep out of his tight, high collar and up into a too smoothly pomaded pompadour that was high and thick of nap.

"Eh?"

Miss White leaned further. Her own face had pinkened, the color flowing down into the very V of her very sheer blouse.

"The colors are calling, tra-la, tra-la!" she paraphrased, hands on hips, head tilted to an angle of insouciance.

Mr. Snuggs drew up. He was hit at the knees by the kind of frock coat that convention reserves for her floor-walkers, undertakers, bankers, and park statues of patriots. A rose cravat stabbed with a freshwater pearl enhanced the rosiness of his state of unmistakable and growing

agitation. He drew from his cuff a kerchief, touching it ever so slightly to each of the rather finely etched nostrils.

"Yeh," he said; "Uncle Sam knocked at my door last night and invited me to training-camp." His voice was like the butler's-pantry epiphonem of thin glass in the shattering, high, brittle, and, it must be owned, soprano.

"The—the customer's always right, Ed. I oughtn't to given her sass about them green earrings."

"It was my fault, Essie. You gave her what was coming to her, trying to get credit for them when you sat right next to her at the movies with them in her ears."

"I sold 'em to her Ed—so help me!—Saturday morning; I'd have known her red hair anywheres, and that very same night didn't I find myself sittin' right next to her, wearin' them big as life and——"

"It was my fault, Essie; I apolo——"

"You mean it was mine, Ed. They're watchin' you anyways for showin' me partiality. You could 'a' been fired for not jerkin' me up when the customer is always right, and——"

"What's the difference whose fault it was, Essie—now?"

"That's just it, Ed. I—I didn't want you to go—off—with things this a-way—mixed—between us."

"I—that's fine of you, Ess—gee; that's mighty fine of you!"

"How you feelin' about things, Ed?"

"Me—oh, I—fine!"

"Don't let the goings-on in this cheap joint of a store get under your skin, Ed."

"Let 'em laugh. I guess, if the truth is known, I don't look so very long on the soldier-boy stuff; but I feel fine. Fine!"

"Every fellow that's drafted don't have to be a Archie Tupp or a rough-neck to make good."

"I'm going to give 'em the best I got in me. A fellow can't do more than that, can he?"

"You bet your life he can't!"

"The way I look at it, I'm darn lucky to even measure up to Uncle Sam's idea of a soldier. Lord, you could have knocked me down with a feather the way I passed muster."

"I'd like to stand up here on this counter and give this here store a piece of my mind, I would! I don't see no medals on nobody around here for hero-stuff. There's been some exemption goin' on in this shebang I wouldn't want a brother of mine to have on his head and not a dozen counters away from here, neither. Some girls, too, that helped the whole dirty business through."

"Now, I wouldn't let myself get worked up that way, Ess. I can see where I'd be a joke to some of 'em. I guess, if the truth was known, the Lord didn't exactly cut me out for a tin soldier. Not that I'm afraid. Lord, you only got one life to lose, and that's little enough for a fellow to hand over to his country if she happens to need it."

"Honest, Ed, when I hear you talk like that, I—I get sore. Why don't you say things like that out—to all of 'em when they kid you? Lots of times, when just a word from you would set things right with the—knockers—all you do is stand and not say a word."

"That's me every time, Ess. Lots of times, when just a word from me might square me, I—I can't—it just sticks—I can't say it."

"I never seen a fellow that wouldn't turn a finger to set himself right with people. 'Sissy!' I'd like to see a

gang of knockers call me a sissy if I was a fellow with as much——"

"It's my voice, Ess. All my life I been up against it with these second-story vocal cords of mine. A fellow can't



"Let's try a fresh dressing! There may be a surface-clot.

expect to make much of a hit anywheres, Ess, much less in the war-business, if he ain't what you call a 'man's man.' I'm not, and I know it. Put me with a bunch of fellows, and I'm a committee of one, off by myself. High C ain't a popular tone of voice among fellows."

"If you'd only listened to me, Ed! No girl on earth could have took more trouble to get you to train down your voice than I have."

"Didn't I buy some of them graphophone lessons to please you?"

"It's them little things, Ed. The yellow gloves and the pink ties and the wrist handkerchief. You—like I've told you a thousand times—you just can't expect regular fellows

like Viviano and Archie Tupp and MacGinn to fall for that kind of stuff. You—you'll last with the boys in the army about fifteen minutes, Ed, if you go in that a-way. I know you for what you are, really and truly, Ed, but the fellows in the army—they'll take you at your face value and—and make it hot for you if—"

"A fellow's got to be himself, Ess. You know there never was a leopard that was cured of his spots. I can't help what

to the smoke-stack of that Coney Island boat last August. Remember?"

"That old thing!"

"It's the sweetest little pose, Ess, like you was ready to tinkle right off the cardboard, curls and cuteness and all."

"That old thing!"

"There's just one other remembrance I'm going to carry over there, Ess. Guess?"

"What?"

"Gowann; guess."

"Can't."

"Try."

"Can't, I tell you."

"That little old snap-shot is one, and the smell of that there sweet cologne you always got so strong on you is the other. It's a grand smell, Ess. Saturday afternoon, me feeling rotten after our little row, I sat next to a girl in the subway with it on, and it just seemed like it was your little ghost sitting there. Honest, I can close my eyes any minute of the day or night and smell that perfume and see that yellow head of yours and them blue eyes as plain as day. Funny how a smell can get a fellow, ain't it?"

"It's my favorite perfume, Azelia is."

"And you're my favorite perfume."

"Sh-h-h-h!"

"We—we fuss a lot, Ess, like kids, but that's just what you are to me, like Azelia is to you. My favorite kind of perfume."

"Honest, Ed, you—you're the funniest fellow, kind of three-in-one sort of guy! Every once in a while I get to seein' a real man stickin' out all over you, and the very next you're a cissy talkin' Azelia perfume."

"That's one of my leopard's spots, I guess, Ess—it's just in me to like sweet smells and you."

"Honest, if a fellow like you can go dippy over cologne one minute and then lift his head and go to war without a whimper the next, I'm goin' to get in on this war-job, too, and get some education. If you and MacGinn and Viviano have got such kind of stuff bottled up in you, I'm goin' to show this old war where I come in."

"Say, Ess; wouldn't it be immense with you over there a Red Cross girlie? Why don't you try it again, honey, to get in—wouldn't you just make one immense Red Cross girlie?"

"I've had my little turn-down for foreign service, once. Shakespeare never repeats. They don't need my kind; what they need is brains. I've got about as much education and language and hoity-toity stuff for nursin' over there as a house-fly has."

"Why, Ess, it would be worth getting all kinds of a hole in the head to have you nurse it!"

"Well, about all they're goin' to let me do for any of you fellows with holes in your heads is make the bandages. You ought to see me Saturday afternoon, Ed, sittin' in a plate-glass window on Fifth Avenue, rolling gauze. Some class! If not for the green earrings and the row with you, I'd have made the speed-record that (Concluded on page 100)



"I saw a corporal yesterday come out of worse than this"

"I am no more than Archie Tupp over there can help his white forelock or old Mason his humpback."

"Say; if it suits you, it's got to suit me."

"It don't suit me, Ess. God knows I'd never win a popularity contest with myself!"

"I hate to see a fellow stand in his own light."

"I wonder, Ess if—if you'll hate to see me go—just a little bit."

"You bet your life I will, Ed! We've had our scraps and all, but I ain't worked on the floor with you fourteen months for—for nothin'."

"You'll never guess, Ess, the first thing I packed up to take to camp with me. That little snap-shot of you next





"Pardon me, Lieutenant"—turning to his orderly, a sturdy Irishman in American uniform, who now waited for orders at the foot of his cot. "Pack everything, Maguire, and tag each piece for the Hotel St. James"

# The Escapade

By Harris Dickson

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

SINCE March 21st, the frenzy of the Huns had battered at our lines in Picardy. Billow after billow dashed in long gray waves against the Franco-British rocks that spat their level fires and hurled their crackling death. Snarling and bristling, the Allies yielded ground toward Amiens, while smudgy-faced gunners exacted their toll for every inch. Then the Americans marched in with all their youthful might, hoisting a starry banner beside the Tricolor and the Union Jack. Old Britain's warriors grimly welcomed them, and France cheered madly to see their khaki columns go swinging into the battle-front.

From La Fère, the tiny river Oise meanders westward, skirting the greensward of a park whose ancient château had been converted into a hospital. Convalescents wandered beneath its shell-gashed trees or dozed to the lullaby of guns that roared beyond Montdidier.

Lieutenant Lucien Laroque entered at the fallen gate and hurried round the broken oval of a fish-pond, smiling and nodding toward his fellow *blessés*. Boyish as he appeared, the lieutenant's chevrons showed three years in the trenches, with a wound for each year. Now the beardless veteran carried his left arm in a sling from the fourth mishap. But Laroque carried no other troubles, for had

he not been invalided home to recover of his hurt in Paris? Lightly he bounded up the steps, saluting the wounded on the terrace and halting at the door to the chief surgeon's office.

Surgeon-Major de Lamarest seemed to be quelling the mutiny of a nurse who persisted in keeping her back toward Laroque.

"Miss Warburton"—he spoke decisively—"I shall be forced to send you away."

"Indeed you will *not*!" Her defiant little figure stiffened, and the lieutenant smiled to himself at her American independence.

"But," the surgeon argued, "you *must* go. Your health will break."

"I am perfectly well, thank you."

"Perhaps, perhaps"—he laughed—"but I can't drive away my convalescents until you are gone."

"Doctor, that's silly! Am I not attending to my duties?"

"Wonderfully, my dear. Hundreds of our men will live to bless your competent little hands."

"Very good. I shall remain."

"No; you depart for Paris to-morrow, on a week's leave."

Placing both hands upon her shoulders, the kind old surgeon turned the girl and steered her into the hallway.

Momentarily she confronted Laroque—a moment in which the boy lieutenant started and stared. When she had passed on, he slipped a mud-splashed photograph from his pocket and compared it with the nurse.

"The same woman! *C'est la guerre!*" he ejaculated, and hastily concealed the picture as de Lamarest returned.

"Major de Lamarest, I came to inquire of the American captain. He is my friend.

"A most gallant friend! And I have good news. Captain Hardaway will recover of the gas completely. Tomorrow morning we are sending him to Paris."

"*Bonne chance!* I, too, am journeying home. May I see him? He shall go with me. Say it is Lieutenant Laroque."

Noiselessly, Miss Warburton's white dress had disappeared into the ward and passed along a quadruple row of wounded men who followed her with their eyes. She went directly to the American captain at the cot with a *Croix de Guerre* pinned upon its pillow.

"Sit up, Captain, please."

"I am too weak"—faintly.

"You must take your medicine."

"Can't move unless you help me"—more faintly.

"You fraud!" She lifted him and held the spoon to his lips while her own lips scarcely moved in their whispering. "Listen: I am leaving for Paris in the morning."

The dose gurgled in his throat; he swallowed and gulped.

"Going with me?"

"No; it is safer for us to travel by separate trains."

"But you'll meet me?" He caught her hand and held it, then let go, in fear of the other patients.

"Yes," she bent low and promised; "at the St. James. Sh! Here comes the surgeon." The nurse discreetly moved to the next cot. The American sat up straight and strong as the young French lieutenant rushed to his side and knelt.

"My friend, my brave friend! I am so grateful! You saved our regiment. Ah, the *Croix de Guerre!* It should have been the *Légion.*"

"Never mind that. We beat 'em back. And I had rather get out alive than to get a monument."

"Alive! Alive!" Dear comrade, to-morrow we shall be alive in Paris together, you and I. Mother invites you to be our guest."

Miss Warburton need not turn her head to know that Captain Hardaway was shaking his.

"That's mighty good of her, Laroque, but I must stop at the hotel. A sick man gives too much trouble."

"Nonsense! Mother is accustomed to it."

The captain lifted his hand.

"Pardon me, Lieutenant"—turning to his orderly, a sturdy Irishman in American uniform, who now waited for orders

at the foot of his cot. "Pack everything, Maguire, and tag each piece for the Hotel St. James."

"But," Laroque protested, "you are going to our home, Avenue de la Grande Armée."

"Please don't consider me unappreciative, but I can't do it—not this time. Hotel St. James, Maguire."

Next morning, at the train, Laroque observed that Miss Warburton was also journeying to Paris.

"Smoker, Captain?" Barney Maguire asked, as he passed through the gate with Hardaway's satchel.

"If you please." The captain nodded and lagged behind until he saw the nurse arrive, then turned negligently and pretended not to see her. The French lieutenant chuckled as he watched their pretty game.

All the way from Amiens, the American captain did a lot of planning. Yet when they pulled into Paris, he had only settled upon a single detail—he must reach the St. James in advance of Miss Warburton, and reach the St. James *alone*.

With military promptitude, he got rid of Maguire by detailing him to bring the luggage, then pushed on through the crowd, anxious to hurry Laroque out of the station before he could see Miss Warburton. That's why it annoyed Hardaway to be halted by a private soldier, an American with the M.P. brassard on his arm.

"Pardon me, Captain, one moment. Would you mind giving your name and command and address in Paris?"

"That's a brand-new wrinkle. What's it for?"

"Information, sir, for headquarters."

When the first Americans came to France, their uniform had been misused by unauthorized persons, even spies, and extreme precautions were now being taken. Which met Captain Hardaway's approval, except he did not relish having his personal movements too closely shadowed.

Having dismissed his cocklebur orderly, and satisfied the inquisitive military policeman, he must now eliminate Laroque, which the subtlest finesse failed to accomplish until he stopped his taxi outside the courtyard of the hotel. There Hardaway sprang to the curb, slammed the door behind him, and extended his hand to Laroque.

"*Au revoir*, old chap! Don't bother about me. You must be eager to see your mother. Ring me up any time."

Thereupon Laroque—the boyishly innocent Laroque—lay back and laughed as the cab drove on.

Hardaway crossed the oval courtyard to the hotel. Two officious bell-boys held the door wide open; an ingratiating Swiss porter welcomed him.

"I am Captain Hardaway. Did you get my telegram for rooms?"

"*Oui—oui*. It is well the captain telegraphed. Not one room is left in this hotel except the suite which we have reserved for you."

"Not one? Not even a *single* room?" Which dampened Captain Hardaway's enthusiasm for the St. James. If Miss Warburton could get no accommodations, then he must seek other quarters. But Maguire was ordered here with his baggage, and he had certified



Again the man outside rapped, so near her face that the nurse shrank back and glanced behind to make sure that she was alone

this address to his commanding officer. It would be most inconvenient.

Driving directly into the courtyard, Miss Warburton entered the lobby with the same composure that had carried peace to many a wounded man. The clerk was desolated to inform her that all of his apartments were occupied. Even then she cast no questioning glance toward Hardaway. They arrived as strangers, and so remained.

"*Monsieur le capitaine.*" The porter took up Hardaway's hand-bag and started toward the elevator.

Hardaway hesitated. French and Belgians and Russians sitting round tables in the lobby began to look at him; and he could hear the clerk suggesting to Miss Warburton that some patron might leave during the day.

"*Madame* should at least remain for luncheon. We set a most excellent luncheon."

So Hardaway followed the porter while Miss Warburton sat down to wait for what might happen.

With the air of a showman, the porter exhibited his parlor, two bedrooms, and white, shiny bath.

"It is a larger suite than I need."

"But, *monsieur le capitaine*, nothing else is vacant in the hotel." Depositing Hardaway's bag upon a table, he drew aside the parlor curtains. "*Monsieur le capitaine* will observe the outlook"—a square courtyard, green turf, white tables and chairs.

For palpable reasons, Hardaway did not concern himself with the outlook from the inside. He considered only the inlook from the outside. But the curtains could be kept drawn.

"Very good; I will take the rooms."

Tingling with a new and brilliant idea, Hardaway hastened to the lobby, where Miss Warburton's big gray eyes were on the lookout. Without lifting his voice, the clever woman caught what he said to the clerk.

"I shall not require one of those bedrooms."

Then, having strolled beyond ear-shot, Hardaway trustfully committed his destiny into the palm of Providence—assisted by Miss Warburton.

She promptly arose and went to the clerk.

"If the gentleman is not pleased with his apartments, can you give them to me?"

"But, *madame*, there is only one small room, ah, so very tiny! Surely *madame* prefers a suite. Possibly before night—"

"No; I am very tired. Let me see the room."

The clerk had warned her truly. It was a wee bit of a room, but Miss Warburton saw Hardaway's well-tagged satchel lying on a table in the adjoining parlor.

"How stuffy!" she objected. "No bath. Yet one must make allowances for this war." The nurse resigned herself to narrow quarters and laid her Red Cross cap upon the dresser.

"Certainly, *madame*. This terrible, terrible war! *Madame's* luggage will be sent up at once."

Having shifted the key and locked the intervening door on her side—pocketing two francs by the transaction—the porter bowed himself out.

With beating heart and flushed cheeks, the nurse dropped into a chair. But she could not sit still. She sprang up, ran to the window, parted the curtains, looked down upon the courtyard, drew the curtains tight again, and paced back and forth. Presently she halted and stood rigid at the sound of a soldier's tread along the hallway. Unbreathingly the woman listened as Hardaway unlocked his parlor door. Now she could hear him walking about and guardedly approaching her own door. Through the thin panels, she felt his throbbing presence on the other side, standing like herself and listening. The knob began to turn, very cautiously. Swiftly she turned her key without a click, darted to the window, and pulled the curtains aside. Hardaway felt the door give and peeped in at the crack, then opened it wider and wider until he saw her figure outlined against a glare of light. Keeping in the shadow, he stretched out

his arms and beckoned. The pretty nurse shook her head teasingly.

"How dare you walk into my room?"

"Move over here—or I'll come to you."

"Where everybody can see you? How imprudent!"

"I am sick of prudence." He was advancing toward the window, and neither of them heard a footfall until the knock came sharply on her door. Hardaway stopped short.

"Is your door locked?"

"I don't know."

"Better go and see," he whispered.

"I can't. I'm frightened."

"But you must go; he might come in. Here—lock this one, too."

As Hardaway stepped backward out of her room, she locked one door in passing and stole over to the other. There she paused to listen. Again the man outside rapped, so near her face that the nurse shrank back and glanced behind to make sure that she was alone.

"Who—who is there?"

"Luggage, *madame*"—the porter's voice.

"Oh, yes, yes; bring it in."

The door was already open; she was lucky in not being caught. For an interminable time, the porter and maid fetched in trunks, bandboxes, suitcases, and packages. Miss Warburton eyed them keenly, but they betrayed no sign of suspicion.

"Here"—she spoke hurriedly, giving to each a two-franc piece—"I shall require nothing further."

Having once neglected to secure herself against intrusion, the nurse risked no other chance. She peered into the hallway behind the retiring porter and maid, listened after they were gone, and then made absolutely certain of a stout bolt slipping into its socket.

It was a humiliating sensation for the steady-handed Miss Warburton to feel nervous. Yet her fingers were cold and her cheeks pale as she stood gazing into the mirror. There was no vanity in the gaze, only that she had a clear head and preferred to come face to face with facts.

"Too much risk," she decided, and resumed her nurse's cap.

After another pause, to get a firmer hold of her own will, Miss Warburton calmly opened the connecting door.

"My soldier, I am leaving the hotel."

"Leaving?"

"Yes; at once."

"Marion, what's the matter?" He sprang toward her.

"Don't touch me! Please!"

"But you are white as a sheet. Has anything happened?"

"That porter—"

"Did he suspect?"

"No; but my door was unlocked. And do you realize that if we are found here together, both of us will be sent home?"

"Yes; I told you that. But there's not a chance."

"There is a chance, a terrible chance. I promised myself I would *not* be tempted. But you took me by storm, swept me off my feet—and here I am."

"And here you are going to stay."

The woman hesitated and was lost, lost in his big, strong arms, lost in the smothering intoxication of his kisses. Feebly she fought to push him away.

"But, Frank, we must think—"

"We did not come here to think; we came to be together."

Secure in his possession, he laid her cap upon the table so that he might gaze deeper into her eyes and thrill his fingers with the brownness of her hair. She flung back her head, surrendering cheeks and throat and lips until the hot blood bounded and the flushes came.

"Frank, you will be very prudent?"

"Of course—but not now—not now."

Momentarily she struggled apart from him, then closed her eyes and twined both arms tightly about his neck.

"Oh the wonder—the wonder of it!" he murmured. "To be here with you—*alone!*"





DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

She flung back her head, surrendering cheeks and throat and lips until the hot blood bounded and the flushes came

The curtains were drawn; the world outside lay very still, and silence went on tiptoe through the dim, deserted hallway.

The divan—broad, deep, and Orientally luxurious—welcomed them to a lover's opportunity. There could be no denying that divan, when his arms encircled her waist and his heart beat against hers.

"Come," he whispered; "sit here."

It was very soft and comfortable on the divan; they were together, and she rested her head contentedly upon his shoulder.

"Frank, that porter certainly gave me a fright."

"And me," he confessed.

Almost immediately there came a bumping and scraping along the hall. Miss Warburton sprang up.

"What's that? Somebody's coming."

Somebody was coming—somebody who made no secret of it. His big voice rumbled nearer and nearer:

"Hi there, Pollyvoo! Git a move on ye with that kit."

"It's Maguire," the captain exclaimed; "the meddlesome fool!"

"Coming here?"

"Sure he's coming here."

"What for?"

"Ordered to put my baggage in this room—and he'll put it here if he has to break down the door."

"Why *can't* people let us alone? Send him away."

"Send who away? You don't know Barney—I won't get rid of him for hours."

"What shall we do?"

Porters were dragging trunks to the door, and Private Maguire had already knocked.

"Hurry, Marion!"—she ran to her own door—"hurry, Marion; change to a street dress. Go out on the Rue St. Honoré, where you came in. Meet me at the next corner to the left."

Miss Warburton disappeared through the door, and Hardaway was already opening the other to admit his orderly when she darted back again. "Wait; wait!" and snatched up her Red Cross cap from the table.

"Yes"—he nodded and laughed—"you'd better take that."

"Oh, isn't this exciting?" Her usually serene eyes sparkled and danced. Noiselessly she locked her door just as Private Maguire, three porters, and a tangle of luggage came in at the captain's.

Having duly stood at salute and acknowledged his deference to regulations, Barney Maguire helped stow away luggage while keeping up a single-handed fire of comment.

"Cap, and did ye take a once-over at the town?"

Foine little burg, sorr; but 'tain't a patchin' to San Antone."

"Go slow, Barney." The captain buttoned his uniform.

"Paris is pretty swift, but you go slow. We've got a man's-size job over here, and orders are mighty strict against drinking."

"Sure, sorr, and I'm mighty strict meself."

"Remember, times have changed. Men are not fighting booze like they did in the old army."

Barney grinned.

"Sure, sorr, these Frenchies uses a lot o' water, sorr—they puts it under bridges."

The captain picked up his cap and halted as he went out of the door.

"I'll be here for a week and shall not need you."

Barney straightened up from unstrapping the surplus kit.

"Won't nade me, sorr?"

"No; you are free. Have a good time, but keep straight."

As all Parisians know, the Hotels St. James and d'Albany are connected through the rear, and guests may pass out on the Rue de Rivoli or the Rue St. Honoré, according to whim or necessity. Three different stairways in the St.



James, besides the *ascenseur*, afford convenient choice of entrance and exit. Miss Warburton having taken the elevator, Captain Hardaway patronized the staircase through the d'Albany, and joined her at the corner of the Rue 29 Juillet.

"Just think of it!" she murmured. "We are in Paris together! Paris! Paris!"

"Paris doesn't matter; it is only *you*!"

But Paris did matter, for no ancient or modern capital was ever more alluring. Rome in her rapacity, opulent Carthage in her decay, Babylon under Belshazzar, or Alexandria, rose-tinted by the versatile loves of Cleopatra—none could have presented the vivid colorings, the dashes of drama, and the human medley of Paris. It is the wonder-city of contrasts and contradictions, where scarlet women destroy the warrior from the trenches, while a royal princess and a baker's daughter toil side by side at their gauze and bandages.

Canadians and Cossacks promenade the boulevards. Australians, with uptilted hat-brims, stride past the little brown men from Annam. Brawny Highlanders swish their kilts against the blacks from Madagascar. And our own khaki lads of a new and husky nation glance curiously at gigantic Indian sikhs, who represent the Old World's most venerable civilization.

Contentedly, arm in arm, the nurse and the captain strolled together among the kaleidoscopic throngs, tread-

"Discharged?" Not from me!"

"Very well. If you command it, I'll go home."

"Home," she squeezed his arm; "back to our nest."

They took the shortest route, along the Rue St. Roche, and Hardaway found himself walking a bit rapidly. At the corner of Rue St. Honoré, he stopped, pointing out the hotel.

"You go this way and I'll go the other. We must never enter or leave together."

"Getting rid of me," she pouted, "just like a married man. Now, dearie, don't stay too long at the club."

"I shall not be ten minutes behind you."

Ten minutes was a liberal estimate. He lagged, held back, looked at his watch, and decided against walking round three sides of a block, just for camouflage. Less than five minutes after Miss Warburton, he entered the St. James, just in time to witness the calamity. Miss Warburton had intended to pass through the lobby without attracting attention. But a strong-featured young woman, uniformed in khaki, sprang out from ambush and grabbed a strangle-hold.

"Oh, Marion! Marion Warburton! Just to think of finding you here!"

Miss Warburton's daintily adjusted hat got mashed over one ear. She choked, and could only gasp:

"Why, Jennie! Where did you come from?"

"Just landed. War-work. See my uniform? Rebuilding devastated villages."

With unnecessary violence, Hardaway bit off the end of a cigar while Miss Warburton protested,

"But, Jennie, but——"

"I don't know a soul in Paris. Might have gone to another hotel and missed you."

"Yes; you might."

"But I didn't!" Jennie released her prisoner

and clinched again. "It's downright providential. Couldn't find a room anywhere. Now I'm fixed. Here, porter; bring my bags to Miss Warburton's room. Oh, I forgot to register." Jennie dragged Miss Warburton to the desk and filled out her police-slip. "Now, come along, Marion! Let's go up-stairs. I could talk for a whole week."

Stunned and bewildered, the Red Cross nurse flashed a distress-signal. Hardaway could think of nothing except his automatic, while porters, bell-boys, luggage, Jennie, and Miss Warburton got a simultaneous hoist in the elevator.

The brisk person's identification-slip lay on the desk. He read it shamelessly.

Name:	Miss Jane Barlow.
Nationality:	American.
From:	Bordeaux
To:	Paris.
Occupation:	Reclaiming devastated villages.
Passport or permit:	U. S. Passport for war-work.
Paris address:	With Miss Warburton at Hotel St. James.

"Now I'll have to wait until Marion (Continued on page 127)



The pretty nurse shook her head teasingly. "How dare you walk into my room?"

ing their primrose path of dalliance through the springtime of love and the springtime of the year. They loitered over their luncheon and lingered at their coffee until his nurse reminded him:

"Now you must be tired. You shall go home and have a nap."

"Do you order it?"

"Those are your instructions from the chief surgeon."

"But I have been discharged."



# Golden Days and Gray

*A Chapter of an Autobiography*

## *The World and I*

By Ella

Wheeler Wilcox

This instalment of Mrs. Wilcox's memoirs is devoted largely to travel-experiences, including those of her first visit to Europe, a winter journey made under the most unexpected circumstances.

**E**ACH year from the time of our marriage, my husband planned some trip which he thought would be a benefit and pleasure to me. We visited most of the States and Canada, and all the important seashore resorts.

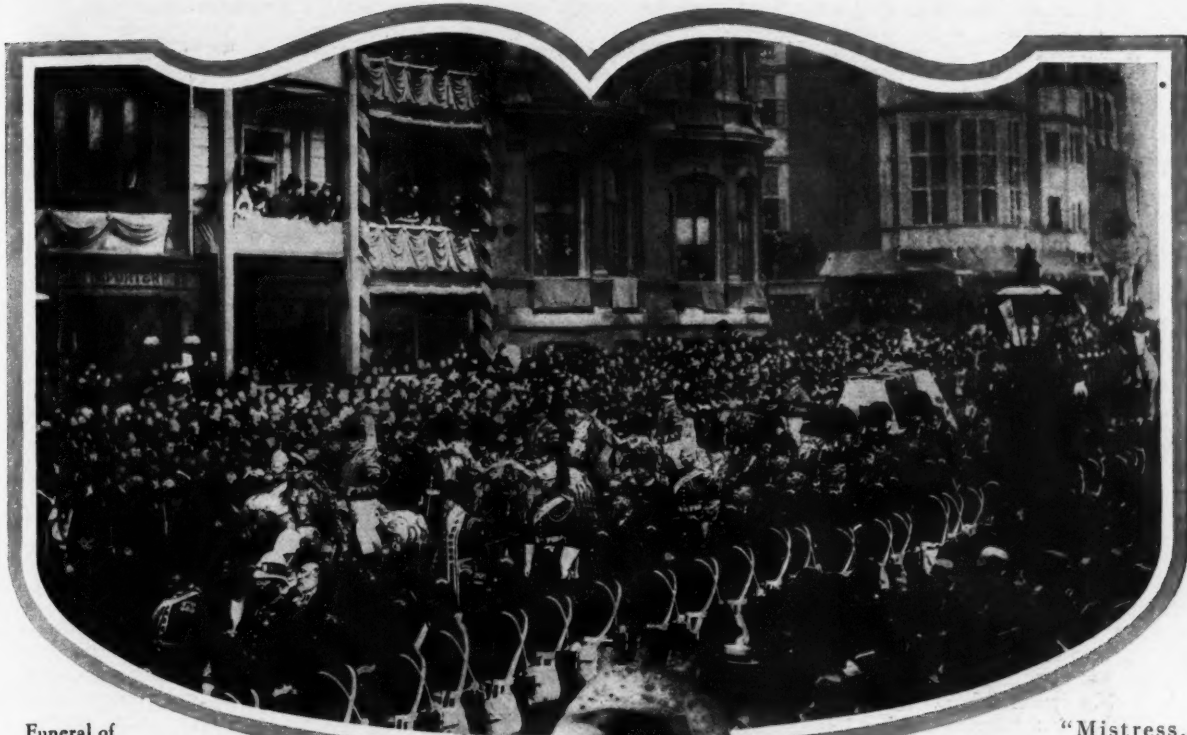
We went twice to Cuba, and spent three winters in other West Indian islands.

My first winter in Jamaica, I had caused myself much suffering and given annoyance to Robert and made myself unpopular with the native drivers by taking note of all the cruelty shown horses and mules in that

Mr. and Mrs.  
Wilcox in  
Jamaica



Mules of Jamaica, for whose more merciful treatment Mrs. Wilcox labored diligently



Funeral of  
Queen Victoria, the event  
which occasioned Mrs. Wilcox's first visit to Europe

land. I was constantly reprimanding these drivers and trying to make them more merciful, and while my husband was full of pity for the animals, he felt I had undertaken a large contract in trying to change their ways during our brief tour. The next winter, I decided to go about my humane work more systematically. I told each driver we engaged that I was taking notes of how they treated their animals, and, at the end of my stay in Jamaica, it was my intention to give a medal and five dollars to the most humane driver. This plan worked very well, and saved many a poor beast needless blows. The medal and prize were bestowed upon Toppins, who lived on the slopes of Mount Diablo in the Blue Mountains. The third winter, we were stopping some weeks at Port Antonio. My table where I wrote letters faced a scene of exquisite beauty, but just beyond the lawns and lovely trees there was a steep road, up which was being hauled by mule teams material for a new bungalow. The drivers were beating these mules one morning unmercifully; and after a half-hour I threw down my pen and declared I could endure it no longer.

"Why do you not go now and talk to the drivers?" my husband suggested. "Perhaps if they knew you were the medal-and-five-dollar lady, they would be more merciful, at least while you are here."

I acted on his suggestion, and sallied forth under my parasol to talk with the darkies. They listened respectfully, and then their spokesman answered:



© FROM THE RESERVE COLLECTION

Queen Victoria

"Mistress, yo' don't know the nature of de mule. Yo' can't make a mule go widout beatin' him."

"I know better," I replied wrathfully.

"That is just what the old slave-drivers used to say about your grand-fathers." This remark, I fear, lost its point with my audience.

Then I continued: "I have made a very tired and lazy and balky mule start his load by holding an apple in front of his nose. He got the apple and went on briskly. Try it."

The darky stared at me, and then burst into a loud guffaw, saying,

"Good Lord, mistress I hain't had a taste of apple in five years; can't get money enough to buy em for myself, much less for mules."

And the drivers went down the hill, shouting with laughter.

My husband delighted in telling this story all over Jamaica. The apple is, or was at that time, an expensive luxury in Jamaica.

Always I had said that I did not want to go to Europe until my husband

had time to remain there with me several months. We hoped to go sometime in the early summer and stay until late autumn. But Destiny had other plans for me.

From the hour of my marriage, my husband had wished me to write only verse. He felt it was a waste of my energies and talents to attempt prose. I had begun a novel before our marriage and completed it a year afterward; and this convinced me I had no real ability in prose and that I should keep to my gift of poetry and seek to develop it more fully.



The "Short Beach White-Wings," a unique organization for village-improvement work



Mrs. Wilcox, 1904



The Queen of the Netherlands and Prince Henry, Duke of Mecklenburg, her consort

Then, after a decade of years, I was confronted, one day, with a question of duty. I had made a habit of sending my mother a check every month, beside doing what I could toward the education of my nieces. Each year, on my visit back to the old home, I saw, with a catch in my heart, how my parents were aging, and how difficult were financial conditions. There were eleven in the family, and I realized that more money was needed to carry the family ship over the shoals.

My brothers and father were never intended for farmers. My older brother, then in Dakota, should have been in editorial work, and would have been but for his sacrifice to what he believed to be duty—the duty to stay at home and work at uncongenial labor. My other brother had a distinct mechanical gift. As a young lad, he had made, with a jack-knife, out of sticks no larger than knitting-needles, a little threshing-machine which, attached to a water-wheel, also of his own construction, actually threshed out wheat. I remember how I thrilled at the sight of it in action, and what dreams I had of his future greatness. Those dreams might have been realized had he been placed in a school for mechanics.

Meantime, while other neighbors and Norwegian immigrants all about us developed less valuable farms into profitable returns,

our farms steadily degenerated. I knew the fault lay at home. But I pitied, rather than blamed, our men. They were simply out of their orbit.



At the time of which I write, the early 'Nineties, there was a financial crisis in the land. I knew my husband was anxious and troubled. Through friends of mine in Milwaukee, who meant more than well and believed they were making him a millionaire, he had been induced, against his inner wish and will, to invest in Gogebic mines the first year of our marriage.

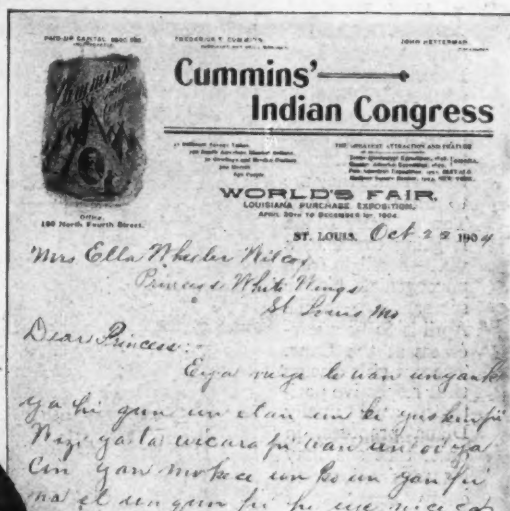
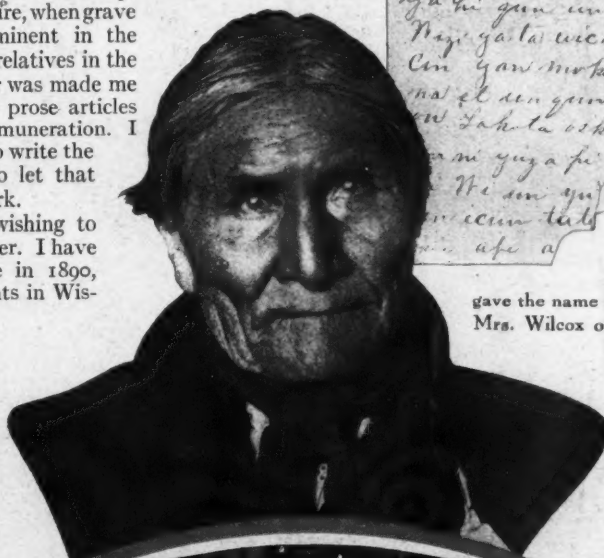
Had the money he used remained where formerly invested, it would have enabled him to retire with a competence in our early married life, as time proved. One of the most wonderful evidences to me of his beautiful nature and his sense of delicacy is the fact that never once did he, by word or act, make me feel that but for my friends he would have had no business worries. The one request he did make of me was that I should not ask him to meet or entertain those friends who had, by overpersuasion, induced him, against his inner feelings, to invest in these mines—a request I granted at the cost of being regarded by them ever after as unfeeling and ungrateful for their friendship.

Just at this particular juncture, when grave financial disasters were imminent in the country and the needs of my relatives in the West seemed pressing, an offer was made me by a syndicate for a series of prose articles at very excellent rates of remuneration. I accepted the offer, thinking to write the series of fifteen articles and to let that be the extent of my prose work.

My husband was always wishing to do something to help my mother. I have before me a letter he wrote in 1890, while I was visiting my parents in Wisconsin, which says:

I wish you could do more to make your mother's life happier. I would gladly contribute anything toward such a plan. I think we should pay more attention to those who are dear to us and nearing the end of life than to those who have the long road ahead of them. You must think up something I can do for the good mother who brought you into the world where I could find you.

Once, he insisted on sending my mother a substan-



tial check, because he said I had often bestowed gifts upon his relatives, paid for out of my own purse. But I did not like to have my husband add my family to his own long list of dear ones who still looked to him for help. Therefore, I accepted the editor's offer to write the prose series, and so  
(Continued on page 121)



A costume-ball at Short Beach, with Mrs. Wilcox (at right) as the adopted Sioux, Princess White Wings

LADY DIANA SANDILANDS, daughter of Lord Roscannon, travels with April Poole in the same compartment of the boat-train to Southampton, whence they are to sail for Cape Town. Lady Diana is going to make a visit—her flight from uncongenial home surroundings—while April is to be a governess at the Cape. The two girls discuss their respective positions, and finally Diana proposes, in order that she may have freedom to enjoy herself, that she and April exchange identities for the voyage. To this, April somewhat hesitatingly agrees—and she realizes her mistake in a short time, because Diana's conduct is so reckless and unconventional that she is soon the talk of the ship. She is dubbed the "April fool" by her fellow passengers, and the real April begins to tremble for her good name and reputation. She, meanwhile, becomes greatly interested in Major Vereker Sarle, the owner of a large ranch in Rhodesia, while Diana settles down to exclusive association with a Captain Bellew. April learns from one of her fellow voyagers that Captain Bellew is a married man.

The climax of Diana's indiscretions is reached one night when, being missed by her cabin-mate, the ship is searched and she is discovered in Bellew's cabin. The next day she is ostracized, and the following morning a stewardess brings April a letter from Diana saying that she is about to jump overboard and instructing her to take counsel with Bellew and be guided as to her future course by him. Thenceforth, the unlucky girl is seen no more.

Arriving at Cape Town, April is escorted to a hotel by Bellew, who makes no reference to the tragedy but is most anxious to see that all his luggage, which includes several large packing-cases, is taken to his rooms. April is glad to avoid Sarle, although she knows now that she is in love with him, and has no doubt as to his feelings. But while she is alone in the lounge that afternoon, he comes up with Sir Roland Kenna, his ranching-partner, saying that he brings an old friend. In this desperate situation, April resolves to die fighting rather than make an ignominious surrender before the man she loves.

### PART III

THEY sat talking for close on two hours, and at the end of that time April rose with a laugh on her lips and many a light and airy reason why she could not stay. It was too hot; she must rest a little; she had unpacking to do. Even after rising from her chair, she lingered, as if regretful to go, but they



"My darling! My darling! I have waited for you because I knew you were

# April

By Cynthia

Author of "Blue Aloes,"

Photographic Illustrations

could not persuade her to stay and have tea with them. Presently she sauntered off slowly, leaving a promise that she would dine with them that evening. She did not know why she promised. As she walked away, sauntering, because her feet seemed as lead-laden as her heart, she told herself that it would be better to go and dine with the sharks in Table Bay than sit down again with Ronald Kenna. In her room she lay exhausted and very still for a long time, with the feeling that she had escaped from a red-hot gridiron. She looked in her mirror on entering, expecting to see a vision of Medusa, hair hanging in streaks, eyes distraught, and deep ruts in her cheeks; but her face was charming and composed, and a fixed smile curved her mouth. She shuddered at her own image.

"Lies deform and obscure the soul," she thought; "yet my face bears no mark of the lies I have told this afternoon or of the hell my spirit has passed through."

Only, when she removed her hat, something strange arrested her attention—something that might have been a feather or a flake of snow lying on her luminous black hair,



all my life! Women have been nothing to me  
somewhere in the world"

# Folly

Stockley

"The Leopard," etc.

by Lejaren A. Hiller

had not killed her or (which would have been the same thing) exposed her mercilessly before Vereker Sarle's eyes. But he had made her pay for his clemency. Probably the cleverness with which she slipped out of the corners into which she was hedged, her skill in darting from under his menacing paw roused his admiration as well as his sporting-instinct. It must have been a great game for him, but hers were the breathless emotions of the helpless mouse whose heart goes pitapat in the fear of being gobbled up the next moment.

It was all very subtle. Sarle never suspected what was going on, so cool and sweet she looked under her shady hat, so unflinching was her composure. He was accustomed to the dry and biting flavor of Kenna's speech, and paid no great heed to it, naturally supposing April to be the same, since they knew each other so well. He believed himself

just where it grew low in a widow's peak at the center of her forehead. She made to brush it lightly away, but it stayed—for it was not a feather at all but a lock of her own hair that had turned white. A little gift from Ronald Kenna!

He had played with her as a cat plays with a mouse before killing it. True, he

fully for dinner. There was no mistaking Kenna's pressing request that they should be allowed to come to her table. Sarle had not had time to ask for himself alone. Kenna had forestalled him, and there was double craft in the action; he meant to keep his eye, or, rather, his claw, on her, while preventing her from being alone with Sarle. If she was in the fray to protect Sarle from the pain of finding her out, he was in it to protect Sarle from her. The situation might have been funny if it had not been grim. She could have laughed at it but for her fear of Kenna, but that the whole miserable structure of deceit rested on a girl's drowned body.

She put on a black gown. It seemed only fitting to absent herself awhile from the felicity of color. Besides, all her joy in clothes had gone. How gladly would she now have donned her own shabby garments, if with them could have returned the old peace of mind! But even the plain little *demi-toilette* of black chiffon was peerlessly cut, and her whiteness glowed like a pearl through its filmy darkness. There was no way of dressing her hair that would hide the white feather on her forehead, and, after trying once or twice, she left it. It looked very remarkable, that touch of age above her young, flowerlike face. She could not altogether hate it, for it was a scar won bravely enough and in desperate battle. Africa had not taken long to put its mark on her!

The men were waiting for her in the lounge, Sarle looking radiantly happy because he was sure of the society of the two people he cared for most in the world, Kenna with a fresh device to try her composure.

"I want to see if you can remember the ingredients of

listening to the witty reminiscences of two people with many friends and interests in common, and nothing in the girl's manner, as she lied and fenced and swiftly covered up mistakes with jest and laughter, betrayed the agony of baiting she was enduring.

Kenna was a friend he would have trusted with everything he had in the world, but he was aware of a twist in that friend's nature which made him look at women with sardonic eyes. It had not always been so. Some woman had given that cruel twist to a loyal and trusting nature; some loved hand had dealt the wound that festered in Ronald Kenna's heart, and Sarle, because he guessed this, forgave his friend much. But he would never have forgiven had he known what was passing there under his very eyes. The woman he loved was on the rack, and he never guessed it, because she smiled instead of crying out.

And it was all to suffer again that evening—April knew that as she dressed herself care-



that cocktail I introduced to you at the Carlton on a certain memorable evening when we escaped from aunt Grizel," he said gaily. She looked at him reflectively. "As I've just been telling Sarle, you learned the recipe by heart, and swore that thenceforth you would use no other."

"Ah, yes," she drawled slowly; "but you take no account of time and my 'winter-garment of repentance.' I am a very different girl from the one you knew two years ago."

"I realize that, of course." He grinned with delight at her point. It seemed possible that the evening might be even more entertaining than the afternoon.

"This girl never drinks cocktails," she finished quaintly, and he liked her more and more.

Many glances followed them as they passed down the long room full of rose-shaded candles and the heavy scent of flowers. Pretty women are not scarce in Cape Town, especially at the season when all Johannesburg crowds to the sea, but there was a haunting, almost tragic loveliness about April that night that set her apart from the other women and drew every eye. Sarle felt his pulses thrill with the pride that stirs every man when the seal of public admiration is set upon the woman he loves.

As he looked at her across the table, he suddenly recalled some little verses he had found scrawled in Kenna's writing on an old book once, when they were away together on the veld.

My love she is a ladye fair,  
A ladye fair and fine.  
She is to eat the rarest meat  
And drink the reddest wine.

Her jeweled foot shall tread the ground  
Like a feather on the air.  
Oh! And brighter than the sunset,  
The frocks my love shall wear!

If she be loyal, men shall know  
What beauty gilds my pride.  
If she be false, the more glad I  
For the world is always wide.

Poor Kenna! She had been false; that was why he had sought the wide world of the veld and renounced women.

Sarle, certain of the innate truth and loyalty of the girl opposite him as of her pearl-like outer beauty, could pity his friend's fate from the bottom of his soul. But, being a man, he did not

and, looking at the curve of her lips, his eyes darkened and strange bells rang in his ears. She had eluded him for many nights, although she knew he loved her. He had kissed her fingers and the palm of her hand, but to-night, out in the starlit garden, he meant to kiss her lips. The resolve was iron in him. He hardly heard what the other two were saying. He was living in a world of his own.

April, weary of Kenna's cruel heckling, turned to him for a moment's relief, and what she saw in his eyes was wine and oil for her weariness; but it made her afraid, not only because of the perilous longing in her to give him all he asked but because Kenna sat alert as a lynx for even a smile she might cast that way.

However, even the careful plans of first-class lynxes go awry sometimes. A waiter came to the table to say that Kenna was wanted on the telephone.

"Tell them I'm engaged," was the curt answer.

"It's his honor, Judge Byng, sir," said the waiter, in an awed manner, "and I have already told him you were at dinner. He says it is most important."

Kenna glared at the man, then at his companions. They appeared placidly indifferent. April sipped her wine, and her eyes roamed round the room while she exchanged idle talk with Sarle. But the moment Kenna's back was turned, indifference fell from them. They looked at each other eagerly, like two school-children in a hurry to take advantage of the teacher's absence.

"Darn him!" muttered Sarle. "I wish Byng would keep him all night. I want you to myself."

"He will be back directly," she said almost breathlessly.

Sarle glanced at the plates. They were only at the fish. "He's got to finish his dinner, I suppose," he said grudgingly. "But can't we escape afterward? I want to show you the garden."

"He's sure to stay with us," she answered tragically.



linger too long with pity. Hope is always a pleasanter companion, and hope was burning in him like a blue flame—the hope that within an hour or two he would hold this radiant girl in his arms and touch her lips. He thought of the garden outside, full of shadows and scented starlight,

"Oh—but to Halifax with him—" began Sarle.

"I know; but we mustn't offend him," she implored hastily. "He—he's such a good fellow."

"Of course I realize he is an old friend of yours, and likes to be with you and all that," Sarle conceded. "But so do I. I want to show you the garden—by myself." He looked pleadingly and intently into her eyes until her lids fell and a soft flush suffused her cheeks. His glance drank in every detail of her fresh, sweet beauty. "What's that funny little patch of white on your hair?" he asked suddenly. "I have been puzzling about it all the evening. Is it a new fashion?"

She shook her head.

"He's coming back." From where she sat, she could see Kenna the moment he entered the room.

"Promise you will come to the garden," he urged.

"Yes," she said softly.

"Even if we have to pretend to say good-night? I shall be waiting for you—you'll come?"

She nodded; there was no time for more. Kenna was upon them, very cross at having his dinner interrupted and with an eye cocked searchingly upon April. But neither she nor Sarle gave any sign of what had passed.

Later, when they were round their coffee in the lounge, the hall-porter brought her some letters on a salver.

"I shall try not to do anything to interfere with your amusement," she remarked, after a pause.

"That will be kind. The situation piques me. I should like to watch it to a finish without contributing to the dénouement—unless"—he looked at her significantly—"I am obliged to."

"I cannot believe anything or anyone could oblige you to be disagreeable, Sir Ronald," she jeered softly.

He meditated with an air of gravity.

"There are one or two things, though—friendship, for instance. I would do quite disagreeable things for the sake of a friend." She was silent. "I might even vex a woman I admire as much as I do you to save a friend from disaster."

Thus they sparred, the attention of each fixed on Sarle so gay and debonair, buying his cigars within a stone's throw of them. Having finished with this, he attempted to rejoin them, but the lounge was crowded, and at every few steps some old friend entangled him.

"There is nothing much to admire about me." In spite of herself, a note of desolation crept into her voice. Kenna looked at her in surprise. This was a new side to the adventurer!

"*Au contraire.* Apart from the inestimable gifts of youth and beauty the



She bought a pot of green paint, and spent days of sheer forgetfulness smartening up rusty paraffin-tins and barrels

She saw Kenna looking at her satirically as she examined the superscriptions. All were addressed to Lady Diana Sandilands, and the problem of what she was to do about letters was one not yet considered.

"Don't let me keep you from your interesting correspondence," he remarked, and April started to find they were alone. Sarle had gone across to get some cigars.

"Oh, there's nothing that can't wait," she said hastily, and pushed them into her hand-bag.

"I agree"—he assumed a bright, conversational air—"that some things are even more interesting for being waited for—the explanation of your conduct, for instance."

"You appear to suffer from curiosity?"

"Don't call it suffering"—his tone was suave—"I am enjoying myself immensely."

gods have bestowed, you possess a quality that would draw admiration from the most unwilling—courage." She bowed mockingly. Sarle was escaping from his many friends at last and returning. Kenna rapped out what he had to say sharply, though his voice was low. "He is a good fellow, and I do not care to give him pain—unless you force me to."

He searched her face keenly, but found no trace there of anything except a courteous interest in his conversation. She did not mean him to guess how much Vereker Sarle's happiness meant to her.

"Anything else?" she dared him.

"Well, of course I should like to know where the real Lady Diana is," he added carelessly.

That gave her a bad moment. Mercifully the waiter created a diversion by knocking a coffee-cup over as he removed the tray, and Sarle, returning, had some news for Kenna of a mutual friend's success in some political cam-

paign. This gave her a short space in which to recover. But she was badly shaken, and wondered desperately how she was going to get through the rest of the evening if Kenna clung.

They sat talking in a desultory fashion, each restlessly watching the others. There was a clatter of conversation about them, and in the adjoining drawing-room a piano and violins had begun to play. The air was warm and heavy. For some reason April could not fathom, the French windows had been closed, and there was a swishing, seething sound outside, as though the sea were rushing in tides through the garden. She felt curiously unstrung. It was not only the nervous effect of having these two men so intent upon her every word and movement but there was something extraordinarily disturbing in the atmospheric conditions that made the palms of her hands ache and her scalp prickle as from a thousand tiny thorns.

"I don't think I can bear this place much longer," she said suddenly, even to herself unexpectedly. "Wouldn't it be cooler out where we were sitting this afternoon?"

"I think so," said Sarle briskly. "Besides, I want to show you the garden." He rose; but Kenna rose, too.

"My dear fellow," he expostulated gently, "don't you realize there is a southeaster blowing. We can't subject Lady D. to the curse of the Cape to-night. It always affects newcomers most disagreeably. In fact, I think she is suffering from it already."

"Is that what is making me prickle all over and feel as though I want to commit murder?" she inquired, with a rather tremulous smile. "What is this new African horror?"

"Only our Cape mistral." Sarle looked at her anxiously. "It's blowing a bit hard in the trees outside, but—"

"I thought that was the sea. If it's only the wind, I don't mind." She rose, half hesitating. "I love wind."

"I think it would be very unwise of you to go," said Kenna quietly. Sarle thought him infernally interfering, though he heard nothing in the words but friendly counsel. To April, the remark contained a threat, and she gave way with as good a grace as she might, holding out her hand to say good-night to him.

"Perhaps I had better postpone acquaintance with your curse as long as possible." The words were for Kenna, her smile for Sarle.

"I will see you to the lift," the latter said. Kenna could hardly offer to come, too, but as it was only just across the lounge to the hall, and within range of his eye,

perhaps he thought it did not matter. He could not know that Sarle sauntering with a careless air beside her was saying very softly and only for her ear:

"It is quite early. If, instead of taking the lift again, you came down the main staircase, you would find a door almost opposite, leading into the garden. I think you promised?" His voice was very pleading.

She did not answer or even turn his way. But once safely in the lift, out of the range of Kenna's gimlet eyes, over the shoulders of the stunted brown lift-boy she let her glance rest in his, and it told him that he would have his wish.

There must have been some witchery in that southeast wind. She knew it was madness to go, that she was only entangling herself more closely in a mesh which could not be unraveled for many days. Yet within half an hour she was out there in the darkness, with the wind tearing at her hair and flicking her cloak about her like a silken sail. When she closed the door behind her and went forward, it was like plunging into an unknown purple pool full of dark objects swaying and swimming beside her in the fleeting darkness. Tendrils of flowering plants caught at her with twining fingers. A heavily scented waxen flower, pallid as the face of a lost soul, stooped and kissed her from a balcony as she passed. The young trees were like slim



In the evenings, when work was put away.



girls bowing to each other with fantastic grace; the big trees stood together, "terrible as an army with banners," raging furiously in an uproar like the banging of a thousand breakers upon a brazen beach. The sky was full of wrack—with a snatch of moon flying across it and a scattering of lost stars.

She felt more alive and vital than ever in her life before. The clamor of the storm seemed to be in her veins as well as in her ears. She was glad with a wild, exultant happiness of which she had never dreamed when she found herself snatched by strong arms and held close, close. The maelstrom whirled about her, but she was clasped safe in a sheltered place. Sarle kissed her with long, silent kisses. There was no need for words; their lips told the tale to each other. It seemed to her that her nature expanded into the vastness of the sea and the wind and the stars, and became part with them. But all the while she was conscious of being just a slight, trembling girl, held close against a man's heart—the right man and the right heart! She had come across the sea to find him, and Africa had given them to each other. She lost count of time and place and terror. The burden of her trouble mercifully left her; she remembered only that she and Vereker Sarle loved each other, and were here alone together in this wind-racked wilderness of perfumed darkness and mystery. Her ears and mind were closed to everything but his whispering words:

"My darling! My darling! I have waited for you all my life! Women have been nothing to me because I knew you were somewhere in the world. I have crossed the veld and the seas a thousand times looking for you and have found you at last. I will never let you go." He kissed her throat and her eyes. More than ever her whiteness shone in the gloom with the luminousness of a pearl. "Your beauty makes me tremble," he whispered in her hair. "Darling, say that you love me and will give yourself to me forever!"

"I love you, Vereker."

"Call me 'Kerry.'"

"I love you, Kerry. I give myself to you."

She rejoiced in her beauty, because it was a precious gift to him.

"You don't know what you mean to me Diana—a star dropped out of heaven, the pure air of the veld I love, white lilies growing on a mountain-top. Thank God you are all these things without any darkness in you anywhere! It is the crown of a man's life to love a woman like you."

A chill wind blew across her soul, and exultation passed from her.

"Let me go, Kerry," she said. "It is late. I must go."

He did not notice that her voice was broken with tears, for the wind swept her words up to the trees and the boiling

wrack of clouds beyond. But he knew that it was time for her to go. That wild pool of love and wind and stars was too sweet and dangerous a place for lovers to linger in. Hewrapped her cloak about her and sheltered her back to the door from which she had emerged.

"To-morrow morning. I shall be waiting for you in the lounge. We will settle then how soon you will give yourself to me—it must be very soon, darling. I am forty-four and can't wait a moment."

The light from the door fell on his face and showed it happy and gay as a boy's. Her face was hidden, or he must have recognized the misery stamped upon it.

In the morning light, it seemed to her that the finger of snow on her hair had broadened a little. It was five o'clock of an ice-green dawn, with the mountain like an ashen wraith outside and the wind still raging. South-easters last for three days, Kenna had said, and she shuddered to look at that unseen power whipping the leaves from the trees, beating down the beauty of the garden, tearing the mists from the mountain's sides only to pile them higher upon the summit. It took courage to go out into that wind, but it took greater cour-



Clive played to them on the 'cello

## April Folly

age to stay and meet Vereker Sarle. So she was dressed and hatted with a small suitcase in her hand, and starting on a journey to the Paarl. She did not know what the Paarl was, or where. Her first introduction to that strange name was at midnight, when she had found it in one of the letters addressed to Diana. All the other letters were of no consequence, but the Paarl letter seemed to solve for her the pressing and immediate problem of how to escape from the terror of exposure by Kenna before the loved eyes of Sarle. It was from the parson's daughter, that eccentric painter who lived somewhere on the veld and whose home was to have been Diana's destination. "Clive Connal," she signed herself, and said she hoped Diana would take the early-morning train, as it was the coolest one to travel by, and arrive at the Paarl by eight-twenty, where a mule-cart would be waiting to take her to Ho-la-le-la.\* So April

meant to follow instructions and trust to luck to see her through. Whatever happened, it could not be more terrible than to read disgust and disillusion in Vereker Sarle's eyes.

She stole down the stairs like a shadow, and found a sleepy clerk in the booking-office. It was simple to explain to him that she was going away for a few days, but wished her room kept on and everything left as it was. She would send a wire to say at what date she would be returning. There was no difficulty about the bill, for, fortunately, Bellew had supplied her with plenty of money, saying it was Diana's and that she would have wished it to be used. It was too early for a taxi to be got, even by telephoning, but the porter caught a stray rickshaw that chanced to be passing, and April had her first experience of flying down-hill behind a muscular black man with feathers in his hair and bangles on his feet. Before she reached the station, her veil and hair were in streamers and her scalp was almost torn from her head, but the *serpente jaune* which had gnawed her vitals all night had ceased from troubling, and joy of living glowed in her once more. She could not help it; there was something in the air and the wind and the blaze of Africa that made for life and thrust out despair. It swept away misery as the southeaster had swept the skies, leaving them blue and clean as a flawless turquoise.

She caught her train, and in Fate's good hour reached the Paarl, which proved to be a town of one long street decked with stately oaks and mellowed old Dutch homes. The mule-cart was waiting for her, and on

the driver's seat a woman with the austere features and blue, pure visionary eyes of Galahad, the stainless knight. She was dressed in breeches and a slouch hat; a cigarette hung from the corner of her mouth, and she beckoned April gladsomely with an immense cow-thong whip.

"Come on! I was afraid you'd shirk the early train, but I see you're the stuff. Hop in!"

April did her best, but hopping into a Cape cart that has both steps missing takes some practise. The mules did most of the hopping; she scrambled, climbed, sprawled, and sprained herself all over before she reached the vacant seat already encumbered with many parcels. With a blithe crack of the whip and a string of strange words flung like a challenge at her mules, Miss Connal got under way.

The farm was six miles off, but ere they had gone two, April knew the painter as well as if they had been twin sisters. Clive Connal hadn't a secret or a shilling she would not share with the whole world. She used the vocabulary of a horse-dealer and the slang of a schoolboy, but her mind was as fragrant as a field that the Lord hath blessed, and her heart was the heart of a child. It was shameful to deceive such a creature, and April's nature revolted from the act. Before they reached the farm, she had confessed her identity—explaining how the change had come about, and why it was important to go on with the deception. Too much explanation was not necessary with a person of Clive's wide understanding. No vagaries of behavior seemed to shock or astonish her large, human soul. She merely, during the relation of Diana's tragedy, muttered once or twice to herself: "The poor thing! Oh, the poor thing!" and looked at April as though she, too, were "a poor thing," instead of a fraud and an adventuress to be objured and cast out. For the first time since her mother's death, the girl felt herself sheltering in the warmth of womanly sympathy, and the comfort of it was very sweet.

"Don't worry too much," said Clive cheerfully. "'T'ut s'arrange:' that's my motto. Everything comes straight if you leave it alone."

A cheerful motto indeed, and one seeming to fit well with the picture of the old farmhouse lying in the morning sunshine. Low-roofed and white-walled, it was tucked under the shelter of the Ququa Mountains, with apricot orchards stretching away on either

\*Basuto for "Far away over there."

They paused to take counsel of each other





Then Clive sprang full-armed to the fray. "And will you allow a natural curiosity in me to demand why you should harry my friend like this?"

side. Six immense oaks spread their untrimmed branches above the high stoep and before the house, where patches of yellow-green grass grew ragged as a vagabond's hair; a Kerry cow was pegged out, and half a dozen black babies disported themselves among the acorns. Dozens of old paraffin-tins, stained with rust, and sawed-off barrels, bulging asunder, lined the edge of the stoep, all filled with geraniums, begonias, cacti, red lilies, and feathery bamboos. Every plant had a flower, and every flower was a brilliant, vital thing. Other decorations were a chopping-block, an oak chest blistered and curled by the sun, several wooden beds with the bedding rolled up on them, and two women who smiled a welcome. These were Ghostie and Belle Hélène—the only names April ever knew them by.

"Welcome to the home for derelicts, broken china, and old crocks," they said. "You may think you are none of these things, but there must be something the matter with you or you wouldn't be here."

"Too true!" thought April, but smilingly answered,

"There doesn't seem much wrong with you."

"Oh, there is, though! Ghostie is a journalist recovering from having the soul trampled out of her by Johannesburg Jews. I am a singer with a sore throat and a chronic pain in my right kidney that I am trying to wash away with the juice of Clive's apricots and the milk from Clive's cows."

"Nuff sed," interposed Clive. "Let's think about some grub. I've brought back sausages for breakfast."

Meekie, the mother of the black babies, had fetched in the parcels from the cart, and already there was a fizzling sound in the kitchen. The rest of the household proudly conducted April to the guest-chamber. There was nothing in it except a packing-case and a bed, but the walls were

covered with noble studies of mountains. Clive pointed out some large holes in the floor, warning April not to get her foot twisted in them.

"I don't think there are any snakes here," she said carelessly. "There is an old cobra under the dining-room floor, and we often hear her hissing to herself, but she never does any harm."

"It is better to sleep on the stoep at night," Ghostie recommended. "We all do."

Before the afternoon, April had settled down among them as if she had lived there always. Sarle and his kisses seemed like a lost dream; the menace of Kenna was forgotten. For the first time in her existence, she let herself drift with the tide, taking no thought for the morrow or the ultimate port at which her boat would "swing to." It was lotus-eating in a sense; yet none of the dwellers at Ho-la-le-la idled. It is true that Ghostie and Belle Hélène were crocks, but they worked at the business of repairing their bodies to tackle the battle of life once more.

April soon discovered that they were only two of the many of Clive's comrades who came broken to the farm and went away healed. Clive was a theosophist. All men were her brothers, and all women her sisters; but those especially among art-workers who fell by the wayside might share her bread and blanket. They called her "Old Mother Sphinx," because of her inscrutable eyes and the tenderness of her mothering.

She herself never stopped working, and her body was hard as iron from long discipline. She rose in the dawn to work on her lands, hoeing, digging her orchards, and tending her cattle in company with her colored laborers. It was only at odd moments or during the heat of (Continued on page 112)



WHEN Michael Daragh left the sweltering, breathless little parlor of the settlement-house, his face was troubled, but he came back beaming.

"She'll come," he said gladly. "I've had her on the telephone. Rehearsal's just done, and she'll be stepping round directly."

Emma Ellis looked up at him, and her pale eyes narrowed swiftly.

"Of whom are you speaking?" she asked sharply, though she knew quite well. The glow in the big Irishman's spare face was answer enough.

"Jane Vail!" It was a triumphant announcement, rather than a mere statement. "Tired as she is, and destroyed with the heat and all the madness of the opening in two days, I had only to be saying that we needed her."

"But—do we need her?" She couldn't help saying it, but she amended quickly: "I mean, isn't it distinctly our problem—a Hope House problem? I don't see how Miss Vail, in the midst of putting on a play, can possibly be interested in Broona DouL."

"Woman dear," he said proudly, "she's interested in every living thing that's hurt and wants helping."

She tried again.

"Still, is it fair or—or considerate, when she's so brilliant and wonderful, to drag her into this sort of thing?"

"Oh, I wouldn't be taking up her time more than the handful of minutes she'll be passing with us here."

A swift wistfulness went over him and was gone again. "But Jane Vail's the wonder of the world for finding a way out of black bogs and making a person see the light at the end of a crooked tunnel." His eyes grew deep with reminiscence. "There was a girl, once, wouldn't tell the truth for the fear of breaking her heart, and there was a man, once, wouldn't tell a lie for the fear of staining his soul; but she brought the two of them round."

Emma Ellis leaned back in her uncomfortable chair and fanned her damp face with one of the settlement's folders. She might have known, she told herself, just how it would be. She could work and slave beside Mr. Daragh for weeks and months and years, in the bitter winter cold and the simmering summer heat; she could give herself, body and brain, to the grinding toil of Hope House, and then, when she couldn't agree with him on a matter of conscience, he would call in an outsider (that was all his marvelous Miss Vail was, just an *outsider*) and listen to her as to an oracle. And he'd expect *her* to listen, too. She had seen them together before, and she had watched Mr. Daragh's eyes and listened to his voice. Miss Vail was the sort of girl who was warm and glowing in December, when normal people were pinched and blue, and cool and crisp in August, when those who had to keep right on working, no matter what the weather was, had pools of perspiration in the weary hollows



Jane wheeled on her, her eyes blazing. "Do you mean you won't help her?"

under their eyes, and shirt-waists adhering gummily to their backs.

Miss Vail would be "stepping round directly," and she was sure to be clad in something which miraculously hadn't melted, something which gave out a cunning suggestion of a shady brookside, and somehow, ridiculous as it sounded, she would manage, in that theatrical way of hers, the effect of bringing a breeze in with her.

She looked over at Mr. Daragh. He was leaning forward in his chair and listening, and she had the feeling that, as far as she was concerned, the case of Broona DouL was closed. She tucked in the corners of her lips and thrust her strong chin forward. They would see. She might be only an overburdened settlement-worker without the time—or the frivolous inclination—to make herself attractive, but she had a conscience, and right was right.

There was the harsh purring of a machine in the street, and the Irishman sprang up.

"Will you look at the way she comes to us? On the wings of the wind!" He hurried out to meet her.

Emma Ellis rose and waited for them. She felt alone and forsaken and combated, but she wasn't beaten yet. Right was right, and the truth was the truth. In her resentful eyes, Miss Vail did not merely come into the little parlor fresh from the rehearsal and in her heat-defying smart-

# Jane Sees It Through

By Ruth Comfort Mitchell

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams



ness; she "made an entrance."

"It's a bit thick, isn't it?"

she said. "Don't you pity

the people who aren't busy—who haven't anything to do but consider how hot it is? I've brought you some ice-cream. I'm afraid I left a trail all the way from Forty-first Street. Eat it quickly. What you can't consume you can bind on your burning brows."

Emma Ellis bore the ice-cream away to the kitchen, and the Irishman came close to Jane and sank his voice to an anxious undertone.

"It's the terrible aching conscience on that woman," he said. "She has a heart of gold, but her creed is iron itself; and fearing she'll bring shipwreck this night to Broona Dou, I've sent for you."

The gladness of the girl's eyes deepened.

"That's good hearing, Michael Daragh dear, but—we must be very careful. You see, she rather resents my being brought into it."

"Resents you?" He stared incredulously. "Why will you be speaking foolishness? She couldn't—"

"But she does," said Jane swiftly, "and I quite understand. I am an outsider. This is the evening when you must be nicer to her than ever before in your life."

"When I could be shaking her with my two hands, the way her teeth would rattle and her hairpins fly out seven ways for Sunday?"

"Saint Michael, that's the peevishest thing I ever heard you say."

"More shame to me, then; but I'm perished with the obstinacy of her, and Broona Dou standing at the crossways."

"Sh-h."

Emma Ellis came back, three heaping saucers on a tray. One held noticeably less, and to this one she addressed herself with reluctant relish.

"People," said Jane, "if I scream at you and try to pound home my points, put it down to rehearsal. I'm not keyed down to real life yet. Miss Ellis, have I taken your chair?"

"It doesn't matter at all, Miss Vail; I can sit anywhere." She was taking her ice-cream in small, patient sips.

"I will be telling you the tale of this girl at once," said the Irishman, "for she'll be walking in on us before we have made up all our minds on the way to do. Well, they lived hard by my home, the Douls, eight girls of them and never a boy, pretty as peaches and poor as rats. When—"

"What were their names?" asked Jane cosily.

"There was Moira, the eldest, and Ellen, and Broona, and Oonah, her twin—"

"How nice!" breathed Jane, and Emma Ellis's brows contracted sharply.

"And then came Bridgit, and Bess, and Kathleen, and little Mary. Anthony Dou was a hard man, none harder, and the wife a weak, pitiful thing—God help her!—the way she'd never dare to call her soul her own.

With every new daughter he grew blacker and more bitter, and before they were fairly out of the schoolroom, he began marrying them off to the highest bidder. Being gentry, you see, he would never hear to their earning their own livings—save in the one way," he interpolated grimly. "Poor, lovely Moira was handed over to a neighbor near his own age, and when Ellen was eighteen, he dragged the length of the land to find her a husband older and uglier still. When the time for the twins came, there was a battle. Firmer stuff, they were—bits of himself. Well, they settled it in their own two fashions. Oonah went into a convent, the way she'd be safe and saved forever, and Broona went into the world, to save herself and save her young sisters as well."

"Save herself?" Emma Ellis pushed back her saucer and laid down the spoon with emphasis.

"I loaned her the passage-money. In six months, she sent it back to me. In three more, she brought Bridgit over here. The father was willing enough. Take them off his hands and out of his ken, it was all he asked, but only I, of all the neighbors, knew she was manuring in the barber shop of a big hotel. Well, presently I came over myself, and I found her directly. I saw her before she saw me. I watched her a bit. I asked one of the barbers about her. When she saw me, the color rose clear to her hair and drained out again, leaving her face pinched and white beyond the two pink dabs on her cheeks and the red lips she was wearing."

"Broona Dou, I said, 'what are you doing?'"

"Michael Daragh," she said, giving me back my look, 'I'm bringing my young sisters over here one by one till I have the whole of them saved.'"

"Oh!" said Jane softly.

"Yes, she went on to tell me; they were all to be nurses. Bridgit would be done in a year. Then she would bring Bess. When she was on her two feet, taking care of herself, Kathleen should come, and, finally, Mary, the littlest. Well, I thought I ought to talk to her. I tried to. I tried to make her realize that —"

"That she was leading a life of sin," said Emma Ellis clearly. She wanted to puncture the rapt mood into which Miss Vail had begun to sink.

## Jane Sees It Through

"That she was throwing her life away," said Michael Daragh; "but she said, 'And what are Moira and Ellen doing, and what has my mother done all her life, and what will Bridgit and Bess and Kathleen and Mary do if I don't do this?' I never saw any creature with so small a sense of self. *She* didn't matter. *She* didn't even exist."

Jane was leaning forward now, her eyes shining, her lips parted. Emma Ellis braced herself to hear something sentimental.

"When I think of my foolish little play, with its paper people and its calculated, well-aimed lines—and *this*!"

"Wait!" said Michael. "That was seven years ago. Bridgit and Bess are earning fine livings, and Kathleen is graduated. Little Mary was to come over this month, but she's married instead—a runaway love-match—praises be!—a fine, upstanding lad of the neighborhood. So, far sooner than she'd looked for it, Broona's task is over. There's no one to think of now or to fend for but herself."

"Oh!" said Jane. "What will become of her now?"

"Well," said the Irishman levelly, "there is a man, a decent sort indeed, according to his lights, who will take her away. There'll be a yacht and the cool seas, and the big stillness, and fine food, and soft days forever. But"—he drew a deep breath, and the gladness in his voice and eyes brimmed over—"in spite of the years that the locusts have eaten, in spite of the dark ways she has been walking, it's herself will be down on her two knees scrubbing floors, doing heavy jobs with a light heart, toiling—"

"Oh—*what*?" cried Jane.

"Broona Doull that stood so deep in the mire will be going her ways into a white world at the last. This day week, in Cleveland, she starts training. Broona Doull herself will be a nurse."

Emma Ellis thought Miss Vail was going to cry. She was making all possible preparations for crying. Her bright, dark eyes were liquid with tears; her lips quivered. She locked her slim hands together till the knuckles whitened, and drew a long, unsteady breath, but she did not become unpicturesque. It was stage crying. When she spoke, it was brokenly.

"Oh," she said, "isn't it *glorious*? There wouldn't be one woman in a thousand who would win through. To put on that—that *horribleness* over her real self as you'd put on a coarse, ugly apron for a soiling piece of work—and then to take it off again, and to be clean and fine beneath it all the time—" She broke off suddenly. "But—what is the problem? What was your deadlock? How can there possibly be two ways of thinking of her?"

Emma Ellis stiffened in her chair.

"There is a small matter of the truth or a lie," she said coolly. Michael interposed.

"Broona wanted to go away from here, of course. In some way, she hit upon Cleveland. She went last week to make arrangements. She goes by the midnight train to-night, and she'll stop by for a letter Emma Ellis will be writing."

"I will *not*, Mr. Daragh."

"You see, Broona's always kept in touch with me, and we've had the girls here at the house when they first came over, and at the hospital she mentioned Hope House. It happens that the head of the training-school, or whatever she is, should be Miss Ellis's long friend, and she's written to her about Broona. And—Miss Ellis doesn't see her way to giving the girl a recommendation."

"A recommendation," Mr. Daragh? Be reasonable, please! You know what hospital rules are. You know how utterly impossible it is for me to falsify on a matter like that. I'm sorry for the girl. No one could be sorer. But—it is a matter of conscience with me. I should think it would be with you. The wages of sin are—"

Jane wheeled on her, her eyes blazing.

"Do you mean you *won't* help her?"

"I mean I can't, Miss Vail. Her motives may have been good—let us admit that her motives *were* good; but nothing

can possibly justify the method she took. Suppose her sisters had made unhappy marriages? Happiness"—she set her firm jaw—"happiness isn't meant for all of us. But goodness is." She looked defiantly from one eager face to the other. She was on solid ground now. They could not budge her.

Mr. Daragh pulled a battered little book out of his pocket and spun the pages.

"Our own goodness, yes," he said. "You marked this for me, Jane:

"There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good—myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may."

"Mr. Daragh," said Miss Ellis hotly, "Stevenson didn't have to run Hope House."

Jane bit her lips.

"Suppose Miss Ellis simply doesn't answer the letter. We can send Broona to another hospital—to another city."

Michael shook his head.

"You don't understand. You cannot—till you've seen her. The singleness of purpose that she has! It has not entered her head that there'd be any obstacle. She's moving like a creature in a dream. One word—one rebuff—and she'll wake. I'm doubting she'd ever try at another hospital. If she's dashed with cold water—there's the man, you see, waiting—and the yacht—and the end of the struggle."

Emma Ellis leaned forward angrily, her blouse pulling loose from the damp varnish on the back of her chair.

"Mr. Daragh, you speak as if there were not dozens of decent things open to her where this sort of recommendation would not be necessary. You're not"—she choked, suddenly—"you're not *fair*!"

"And you're not—merciful." There were rare times when Michael's Irish temper set fire to the house of patience he had built about it. "This is a time for laying by your creeds and codes, the way you'd not be wearing your furs in summer." He turned the leaves of his little shabby book again. "Listen here to me now, Emma Ellis, and let you think twice before you shipwreck that girl with the scratch of your pen." He read aloud, with tense feeling and a rich purling of brogue:

"Gentleness and cheerfulness—these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties. If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say give them up, for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people."

Miss Ellis rose, her face flooded with dull-crimson rage, her eyes smarting with tears held sternly back.

"This, from you, Mr. Daragh!" she said heavily. "Well—I sometimes think the *more* you do for people, the *less* it's appreciated. The years we've worked together here—and now—you can say a thing like that—to *me*!"

"Hush—I think she's coming." Jane was at the window. Michael joined her.

"Yes; that's Broona. God help her! Emma Ellis won't."

Broona Doull came swiftly into the stifling room. She was a small woman, and there was a tired sag to her shoulders. Her face, with oddly modeled features and an Irish length of upper lip, was quaint and very quiet. She greeted Michael with steady old-friendliness, Miss Ellis civilly, and Jane with quick cordiality. She said she had seen some of her sketches in vaudeville.

"Let me take your bag," said Michael, keeping an anxious eye on Emma Ellis. "Isn't it—isn't it the murdering night for heat?"

"Is it?" She yielded her valise to him. "D'you know, I believe I've been too busy to notice."

She had moved into the circle of the light now, and Jane saw the utter impregnable serenity of her eyes.

"Broona," said Michael, "you're fine and early."

"I know. I'll leave my luggage here and step round to





DRAWN BY JOHN ALFORD WILLIAMS

"Let me take your bag," said Michael. "Isn't it— isn't it the murdering night for heat?"

see Bridgit. She's on a case in Grand Street. I'll be back in twenty minutes. Don't let me forget that letter, will you?" At the door she halted, and turned to Jane with her oddly engaging, long-lipped smile. "Good-by, Miss Vail. I won't be seeing you again."

"Oh, yes, you will!" said Jane warmly, her chin lifted very slightly in the direction of Emma Ellis. "Indeed you will! I'm going to the train with you. I'm going to see you off for Cleveland."

"Well, now," said Broona, her smile widening happily, "that's nice! It'll be fine, the three of you seeing me off!"

When the sharp footfalls died away in the street, Jane gave a little gasp.

"I never saw anyone so absorbed, so—*aloof*. Why—we don't exist for her. She hardly sees us or hears us. I thought it was rather beautiful of me to trot to her train with her—I got a real thrill of self-satisfaction while I did it—and she was sweet about it—but it didn't matter. Except with the top surface of her mind, she didn't notice it. She—I never saw anything just like it."

"She's like a sleep-walker—just," Michael nodded. "And sleep-walkers—"

"Mustn't be wakened roughly," said Jane.

Emma Ellis sat twisting in her damp fingers a letter with a Cleveland postmark.

"I don't see why," she said resentfully, "you are both so sure what losing this particular position would mean. The man—why—goodness knows, he may have given her up and lost interest already. There are plenty of her sort."

Jane stared at her for a long moment.

"If you believed that it would mean the man, and the end of everything, Miss Ellis, then, what would you do?"

Emma Ellis moved uncomfortably in her uncomfortable chair.

"Why, what's the use of supposing that, Miss Vail? I—if I knew for a certainty that one rebuff would send her—" Her thin voice trailed away miserably and then she caught herself angrily erect. "But life isn't *like* that, Miss Vail. Things don't happen that way. You—you've got such a *stagey* idea about it."

The big Irishman's brows contracted crossly, but Jane stayed his speech.

"And that's just the word I needed to remind me that I must telephone—if you don't mind. I'd completely forgotten a most important message I have for my beautiful leading man. My brain jellies, this weather. No; never mind, Michael. I know where it is—thank you."

She went swiftly away, and the two who were left could hear the faint sound of her fresh voice down the long hall. Emma Ellis considered that rising inflections over telephones in such weather were pure affectation. She tried to think of something to say to Mr. Daragh, but the look he flung at her on the first word was as harsh as a blow. She had never made him so angry before; she had never even seen him so angry before. Things would never be quite the same between them again; even after he had come to see the justice and the wisdom of her stand in the matter of Broona Dougl, as he inevitably must. He would admit, one day, that she had been right; but he would hate her for being right, just as he liked Miss Vail now for being wrong. He would treat her kindly again; but she would remember, just the same—you can tie a broken string, but the knot is there.

She sat looking down at the twisted letter in her hot hands, and she did not look up when she heard Miss Vail return to the room. They could be chatty if they wanted to, and she would be civil—but that was all. She remembered something she had learned long ago, Martin Luther's speech, she believed, and she translated it literally and clumsily. "Here stand I. I can do no more. God help me! Amen." She said it over twice to herself and found a degree of comfort.

Jane stood still in the doorway, her bright, rebellious eyes on the other woman's bent head. Then they traveled

over the whole of her—her shabby hair, her steaming face, her moist and agitated fingers, the cruel ugliness of her blouse and skirt and shoes; then they went, arrow-swift, to Michael Daragh's lean face, grim in its bridled anger, and back to his fellow worker again.

"Miss Ellis," said Jane, coming close to her, "I want you to take your own comfortable chair again."

"This does very well for me, Miss Vail."

"Oh, but it doesn't! Please take this one. We've bullied you and harried you enough for one night. At least you may have your own chair." Her voice was sweeter than honey in the comb. "Not that you'll find any cloying luxury, even there. Is it a by-law for Hope House to have hideous, uncompromising furniture?"

Michael was not to be teased into talk, but Miss Ellis murmured something grudging about money. Jane slipped to



the floor by the window and leaned her hot cheek against the sill.

"I wonder—if my silly little paper people keep moving, if my play goes over, and I have riotous royalties, couldn't I do something here?"

"You could *that*!" cried Michael Daragh warmly. "You could be buying us two more bathtubs, if your play will run to it, for we need—"

"And the linoleum in the kitchen," Emma Ellis broke in eagerly, "is simply——"

"I will *not*!" said Jane, crisply. "Bathtubs and linoleums indeed! Wring them from your board. I shall give you a

Emma Ellis pulled herself up the stairs with a hand on the black banister.

"I don't know where you'd begin, Miss Vail. *Everything's* threadbare."

"Well, I'd be guided by your judgment, of course. What room is that?"

"That's mine," said Miss Ellis, stepping past the closed door.

"Oh, please," said Jane, "mayn't I see?"

"I don't suppose you'd want to fix it up," said the other patiently, turning the knob.

"But of course I would!" She stepped into the tiny interior and surveyed it. "I might have known."

"What?" It came sharply and defensively.

"That you'd take the smallest and shabbiest and darkest."

"Oh, well——" She went over to the bleak bureau and straightened the metal button-hook into line with the whisk-broom, but she was almost smiling. Besides these two articles, there were a small pincushion made from a piece of California redwood bark, and a widowed saucer enrolled as a pin-tray, and into the frame of the mirror was stuck a snapshot of an unnecessarily plain young nephew.

"That's my sister Bertha's boy."

"He looks bright, doesn't he?" said Jane cordially.

"You know, I'm going to do this room in warm, creamy yellow. That'll make it lighter, and it will be nice with your hair."

"Oh—my—hair!" said Miss Ellis limply.

"I wish you'd do it differently," said Jane, with anxious friendliness. "You've got such tons of it."

"I *used* to have thick hair. I wish you'd seen it three years ago. It's come out something terrible. Well—I don't fuss with it."

"Let me play with it for a minute, will you? I adore doing hair. Please! I know just how I'd like it."

Emma Ellis produced a comb from a meager and orderly top drawer and sat stiffly before the mirror.

"And the brush," said Jane briskly. "A hundred and twenty strokes a night for a month, and it would look like patent leather!" Her fingers flew. "There! Do you see? Haven't you a hand-glass? I wanted you to see what a different line it gives your whole head. It won't take a bit more time. Try this way for a few days, won't you?"

"Well——" said Emma Ellis. She couldn't seem to say anything else, and she had a ridiculous feeling that she might be going to cry.

(Continued on page 111)

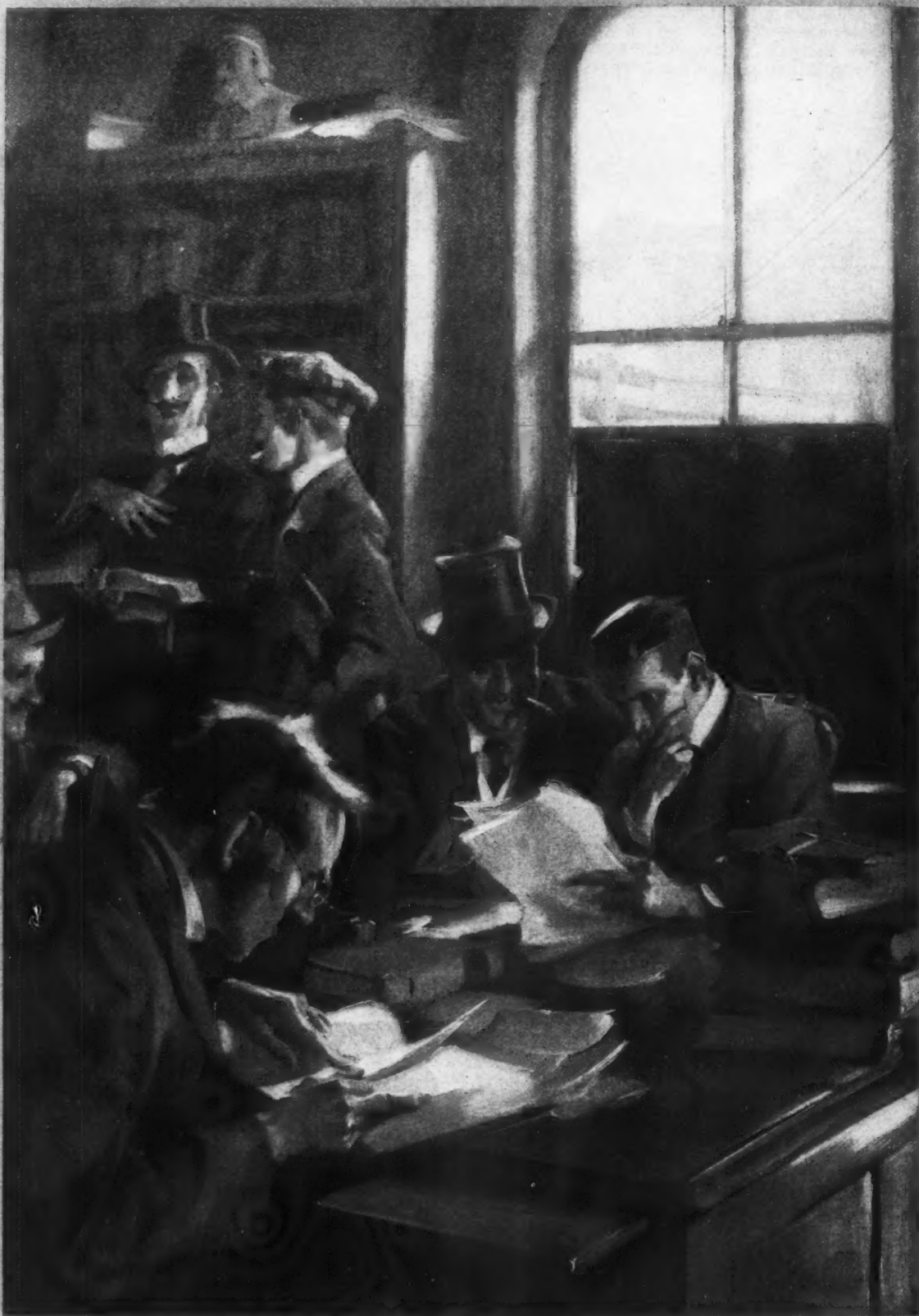


He made to move her aside, but she persisted. "Oh, let me try, please! If—if he's uncivil, I'll call you"

Sleepy Hollow couch and cuddley chairs and bide-a-wee cushions and a lamp with a shade as mellow as an autumn wood, and some perfectly frivolous pictures which aren't in the least inspiring or helpful, and every girl's room shall have a *pink pincushion*!" Then, at their look, she softened. "Oh, very well then; you shall have them, if you'll let me humanize the rest of the house. Will you? Of course, this is enumerating juvenile poultry before the process of incubation has taken place. But if I go over——" She came to her feet again with a spring of incredible energy. "Come along, Miss Ellis; let's look things over. I want to get an idea."

The Irishman stared gloomily after them. It seemed to be growing hotter and more breathless, but in the sultry street a handful of children were dancing languidly to the inevitable hurdy-gurdy.





DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

Harry had studied for the law, and he examined all the papers. They were perfectly proper papers

# After the Assets

By George Randolph Chester

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

THERE were only two pulsingly wakeful things in Runkley at the noon-hour of this placid autumn day. The whole city, as it lay contentedly amid its three hills and faced the pleasant river, was like a retired banker taking his after-dinner drowse before the fireplace. Most placid of all was Chalking Avenue from end to end, beginning with the fine, substantial, four-cornered brick residence of old Absalom Runk, great-grandson of the original Runk; passing, by an easy gradation of smaller lawns and closer houses to the substantial business district, where every brick and stone building had a thickness of wall capable of sustaining at least four more stories; running on by an easy gradation of houses further apart and consequent larger lawns, and ending with the fine, substantial, four-cornered brick residence of old John Chalking, great-grandson of the partner and brother-in-law of the original Runk. The most restful building in Chalking Avenue, the one with the thickest walls, was the Chamber of Commerce, where, on the third floor, the staid and substantial members of the Runkley Dividend Club, surrounded by particularly oily gilt-framed portraits of bygone Runks and Chalkings and Spidwells and Hoskens and Duvermores, sought great, deep leather chairs and just sat. At this placid noontime hour, however, the members—sleek, well fed, heavy-faced—were tranquilly seated at a long table in the dim, high-ceilinged dining-room; and here were the only two pulsingly wakeful things in Runkley. Strangers! One of these was long and lean and lank, and wore a glove-fitting black frock coat; the other was huge and broad-chested, and wore an enormous diamond in his richly hued cravat. The lean one sat nervously twirling at his pointed black mustaches, while the huge one, perspiration beading on his round pink face, stood making an enthusiastic speech; and the keen eyes of both roved with much concern from heavy face to heavy face.

"And so, gentlemen," at last concluded the orator, with an extra spurt of fervor but with a baffling feeling of having sunk his magnet into mush, "we have come to solid and substantial Runkley, prepared to cast our lot with yours, prepared to infuse our corpuscular force into your civic veins, to pour our own energy and our own capital into the channels of your commerce, and to quicken whatever we may undertake to a ten- and a twelve-per-cent. basis. Gentlemen, we ask your cooperation in our enterprises, and we promise to give as much as we receive!"

So saying, the gifted orator and commercial quickener, J. Rufus Wallingford, sat down, and exchanged with the lean and lank Blackie Daw the glance of chill depression. Missed fire! True, some of the youngest of the younger men—those who were not yet quite sleek and well fed and heavy-faced—had listened eagerly to the thrilling voice of enterprise and adventure and had applauded mildly, and young Charlie Runk, grandson of Absalom, the great-grandson of the original Runk, even leaned forward and cried: "Hear! Hear!" but Absalom the grave, who was more sleek and more well fed and more heavy-faced than anybody, and whose somber eyes displayed no emotion, raised his voice in a rumble which commanded attention.

A New Adventure  
of  
Get-Rich-Quick  
Wallingford



He twisted violently  
at his fuzzy little  
mustaches, to point them like Blackie's

"There is always room in Runkley," said he, turning his somberness for an instant on young Charlie and shriveling that exuberant youth, "for substantial capital conservatively employed; but you will find, Mr. Wallingford—and Mr. Daw—that in careful Runkley nothing will be found of interest which promises more than four per cent."

Nineteen sleek, well-fed, heavy faces reflected that cold conclusion; eleven of the younger faces looked placidly resigned about it; eight of the faces which still retained either the oval of youth or its lean elongation looked wistful, and the man next to Wallingford observed,

"Have you seen our new waterworks?"

No thoroughfare! Street blocked! Trespassers warned off! Dumping not allowed! Beware of the dog! A trace of a grin beneath the pointed mustaches of Blackie Daw answered the trace of a sheepish smile beneath the stubby mustache of J. Rufus Wallingford. Neighbor fell into comfortable conversation with neighbor about the price of the new traction bonds, or the extension of the Hawberry Avenue car-line, or the increase in the local tax. The strangers had been received in the staid old Dividend Club as was due visiting men of means, and had had their say, and Runkley had been swerved neither to the right nor to the left. Runkley was impervious, immune, safeguarded against commercial adventurers, financial strategists, or strangers of any degree and kind, and the safeguard was the impregnable sixteen-foot stone wall of four per cent. And there were seven banks in Runkley bulging with money!

"You want to eat a little bird-seed, you big ostrich!" charitably remarked Mr. Daw, as they stood for a moment in the corner by a stuffed crane during the confusion of



"Take your hand off your motor-horn, you boob, and laugh when they look this way," husked J. Rufus, his round pink face radiating joviality

breaking up the luncheon-party; and Mr. Daw spoke without moving his lips. "You don't warble well any more!"

"How can I pull anything with a partner that looks like a tin-horn craps-shooter?" growled J. Rufus, without moving his lips. "The clam next to you took one good peek at your hungry eye and shifted his watch to his other pocket."

"Old stuff!" retorted Blackie. "Do we wait for our host or do we make a run for the train?"

"Not on your life the train!" And J. Rufus, humiliated by his conspicuous failure, was savage about it. "Look honest, quick! Here comes Chattering Charlie!"

Young Charlie Runk was still larger round the chest than round his middle, and a pin-feather mustache, together with a lavender-hemmed handkerchief which protruded from his vest pocket, marked him as one whose footsteps still hesitated where forked the paths of dull certainty and the glittering unknown. And both his eyes and his voice were eager as he shook hands with the inspired orator, and said:

"That was a great speech, Mr. Wallingford. I wish we had more like you in Runkley." After which, he twisted violently at his fuzzy little mustaches, to point them like Blackie's.

J. Rufus studied the specimen with profound interest, for a keen hound sniffs at every bush. Why, here was hope!

## II

How delightful is youth! Laying aside all thoughts of infusing new corpuscles into the life-stream of Runkley, J.

Rufus Wallingford and Blackie Daw tarried in that town of the after-dinner drowse to dally with its youth. There was a party every night, gay suppers at the substantially gilded hotels, where wine flowed free and song was on every lip.

It took but a little over a week to impress Charlie Runk and Harry Spidwell and Arthur and Ellis Chalking and Glen Hosken and Rodney Duvermore and the other slashing young blades of the town with the idea that it was about time for them to run things, to take the lead in public affairs, for, after all, they were men, and full of life and energy and pep.

"But even so," quoth Blackie Daw, as he watched Charlie

Runk absorbedly total and retotal a supper-check, "now that you have your kindergarten so that it can walk alone and make its gay festoons of paper chains, what do you propose to take—their candy or their

marbles? You know, Jim, they have plenty of nickels, and can ride in a taxi without asking pa; but, just the same, pa sits on the money-chest and never gets up."

"Take your hand off your motor-horn, you boob, and laugh when they look this way," husked J. Rufus, his round pink face radiating joviality. "I just got the steer to-night. We're to break and enter the gas company!"

"The which? Good boy, Harry!" Harry Spidwell, across the room, was balancing two champagne-bottles, neck to neck, on his forehead. "Why the gas company, Jim? Don't you know that's a dead one? The stockholders hate the gas company. It only pays two per cent."

"Assets," returned J. Rufus hastily. "The gas company owns that sarcophagus they call the Monument Building—half a million; it owns— Say, Charlie, how about a little fresh air? A spin out to the Grove Arms for a nightcap?"

"Fine!" agreed Charlie Runk. His face was pink and his eye was bright, and there was an eager response in him to any suggestion of Wallingford's. He looked at his watch, however, as he came over. "I have to be down at the gas-office at nine to-morrow morning—but what's another hour; eh, Jim?"

"Oh, you young fellows!" envied J. Rufus, passing Blackie the swift sign to walk away. "If I had your strength, Charlie, and your youth and your ability, I'd make a dent in this town."

"I'll bet you would!" agreed Charlie admiringly.

"You don't need to be me to do it," chuckled Wallingford, his broad shoulders heaving and his eyes half closing. "I'm on to you, you sly dog! If I can read the hints you've dropped, I'll bet you have it under your bonnet right now to make a fight for the presidency of the gas company at your annual stockholders' meeting on the twenty-second."

The change in Charlie's countenance told that no such stinging bee had been buzzing under his bonnet. His pink paled and his eyes widened.

"My grandfather's been president of the gas company for twenty-five years," he stated, as if that were sufficient.

"You can't fool me," laughed Wallingford. "I can tell an ambitious young fellow when I meet one. When I dropped into the gas-office this afternoon, to get you, Charlie,



and when I saw the complete control you had of the business, when I realized what study and effort you've put in to get a grasp of the concern, I said to myself, 'There's a young man of executive ability who can't be kept down.'"

If Charlie Runk had been possessed of a long bushy tail, he would have wagged it, he was so pleased.

"I'm afraid you overestimate," he said, turning a deaf ear to Ellis Chalking, who was calling him from the cloak-room. He waited for more, while Blackie rushed over to tell Ellis a funny story.

"Tut!" Wallingford's laugh was big and round and full. "You want to appear modest, but you know I'm telling the truth. And you know I've penetrated your secret about that presidency—now, haven't I?" And, with a big fat forefinger, he poked Charlie in the ribs.

"Well, I wouldn't say," replied Charlie evasively.

"Oh, I know!" And Wallingford, with a hand on Charlie's shoulder, began to walk him toward the cloak-room, talking confidentially. "You don't want to reflect on your grandfather and the other directors of the gas company for letting the earning capacity of the stock run down to two per cent., and I honor you for it; but I don't blame you for planning to take advantage of the circumstance. It's public-spirited in you. Moreover, you've probably considered in your active minds, you sly young devils, that after you've won your bitter battle and elected these other live young fellows on your directorate, the old fellows will be proud of you."

The effect of that shot was instantaneous on Charlie Runk. He stopped right in the middle of the floor.

"What a row, though!" he laughed. "You know it is true that the stockholders have a legitimate complaint. The directors hold only enough stock to be eligible to office. They have their money in the four-per-cent. bonds. Own all of them."

"What a cinch for campaign purposes!" breathed Wallingford. "Well, I do admire a young man who appreciates his opportunities and seizes them. By George, Charlie, if you young fellows are going to do that, I'll buy some stock and help you; for I'm with young blood every time!"

That was the magic bean which grew its stalk so fast that it reached the sky by morning. J. Rufus discreetly snaked Blackie away from there on the sudden pretext of telegrams, and left Charlie Runk and the Chalking boys, Harry Spid-

well, Glen Hosken, and Rodney Duvermore to their agitated selves. Of course, having been headed in that direction, they took the spin out to the Grove Arms, and before they sought their staid and respectable beds, they had formed the opposition ticket to the gas-company directorate of grandfathers, fathers, and uncles.

A terrific battle that—a battle which upset every precedent of drowsing Runkley, which disarranged every jot and tittle of its civic writ. Only the least touch of publicity needed be given to the fact that the poor stockholders were only receiving two per cent. on their stock while the rich directors were gobbling four per cent. on their bonds! All this would be changed! Who was behind the publicity campaign, with a friendly hand on the shoulder of Charlie and Harry and Ellis and Arthur and Glen and Rodney and the other young blades? Who but that sterling friend of youth, J. Rufus Wallingford! His was the steadfast encouragement, his the clever suggestions that they could advertise, increase gas-consumption, shift their funds from the unprofitable Monument Building—a scant three per cent.—to more profitable investment, and make the stock more valuable than the bonds! When the public got that, they ate it. Who was behind the personal whoop-em-up to preserve the occasional faltering spirit of youth when its elders frowned black and thundered loud and raged and rampaged? Who but that sterling friend of youth, Blackie Daw!

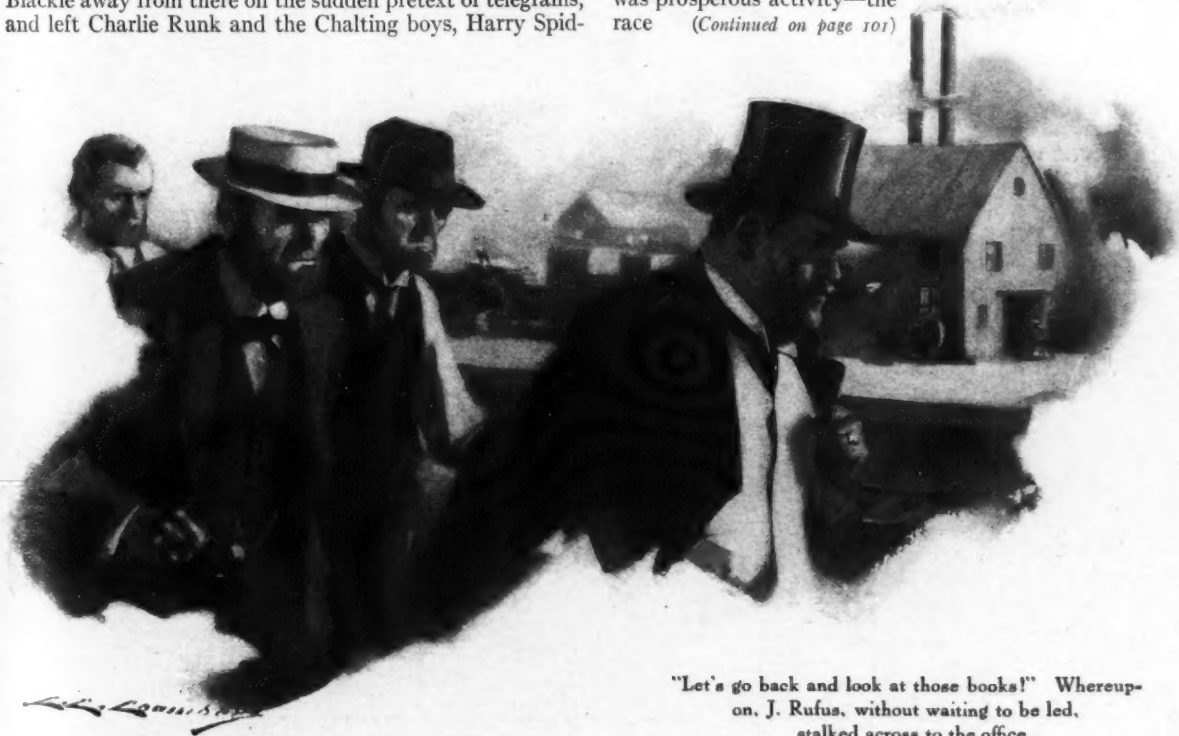
On the day of the sizzling election, while Blackie and J. Rufus were dressing for the celebration-dinner, Blackie stopped in the process of buttoning a tall collar, and said he:

"Oh, fine, Jimmy! I'm a boob, and you're a boob. We've been so crazy about the game that we forgot the stakes. Where do we go from here?"

"After it," exulted big Jim, his round pink face turning red. "We have those gas-company assets shifted to where they can be reached, haven't we? Well, the next thing is to hunt a pole."

### III

A WEARY and cinder-stained traveler, almost discouraged by a week of futile pole-hunting, walked into the grounds of the Spangleburg Farm Implement Company and shook his head dubiously. All here was prosperous activity—the race (Continued on page 101)

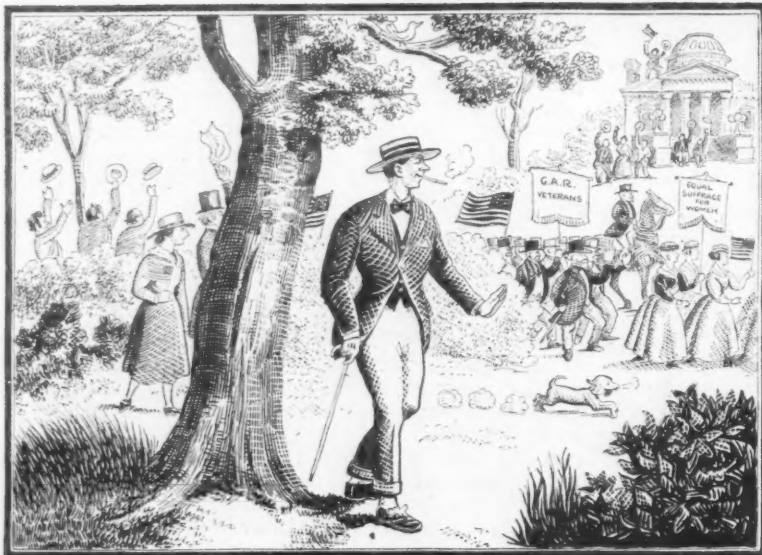


"Let's go back and look at those books!" Whereupon, J. Rufus, without waiting to be led, stalked across to the office

# New Fables

By George Ade

## The Fable of What Showed



It has not been so long since a Parade of G. A. R. Veterans would have handed Wendell a real hearty Laugh

ONCE there was a world-weary Cynic who had come to be 24 years of Age, and who, looking back over the Years and checking up his multifarious Experiences, was ready to make Affidavit that nothing whatsoever was on the Level.

You know—the Kind who smokes his Cigarette in a long Holder and knows Woman.

The characteristic Specimen we are picking onto was named Wendell.

There is no first-class Reason why we should hop him, because all the Rough Stuff could just as well be hung on Davy or Oliver or Bertrand or any one of a million of the well-groomed Products of refined Homes and Higher Institutions of Learning.

Wen was not a Wrong Indian, mind you.

No; his only Wobble was that, having got beyond Growing Pains and a Change of Voice and arrived at the Molting Period, he thought he had seen the Works and that the busy World ought to pause from its Labors and put one Hand behind the Ear and Listen every time he got tuned up.

He was along just far enough to be very Severe in his Judgments and darned Caustic.

When the Intellectual Fodder is half digested, various Toxins may develop and Visions probably will float before the Eyes.

If the Highbrow happens to be in a Lodging-House Cubby-Hole during the time of Dis-temper, he is apt to break out in spots with Socialism and

Person past the age of 40 who cannot keep step with a Talking Machine is a fuzzy old Yap.

Whatever happened in the World previous to 1910 doesn't count.

A man who wears Detachable Cuffs cannot square himself by practising Domestic Virtues.

The supplanting of the Cottage Organ by the Jazz Band proves that the World is advancing.

An Ounce of Complexion is worth a Ton of Tact.

It is better to run down 15 Balls than to know the Names of the Presidents.

A Chap's real Worth is determined by the name on the Package in the Side Pocket of the Coat with the Belt.

Give the Flappers a Treat every Day, even if you wear out the Mirror.

And so on.

Now, Wendell was one of the Above.

He mistook his Pin-Feathers for Plumage.

Being roughly constructed up to about the First Story, he thought the Roof had been added and all the Electric Lights turned on.

Never did he suspect that he had a loose Rattle some 18 inches above the Watch-Chain.

When a man gets to be 55, he will not lay 4 to 3 that Friday comes after Thursday, but the Squab can tell you anything you want to know—quick, off the reel, just like that!

He is Infallible and has Second Sight and can analyze Motives with one Hand while adjusting his Cravat with the other.



It was his Lay to rope in Juveniles who had Weak Natures and would stand for the Rollo Stuff

# in Slang

Illustrated by  
John T. McCutcheon

## Up in the Red Glare

The devices which fool the Old Folks cannot put anything over on Charley Wiseman.

It has not been so long since a Parade of G. A. R. Veterans would have handed Wendell a real hearty Laugh.

In fact, he joshed all of the low-comedy Misfits who flaunted their phony Initials, such as I. O. O. F. and W. C. T. U. and K. P., not overlooking the Prize Butt of all, the Y. M. C. A.

In fact, the only Initials he used in his Business were C. O. D. and I. O. U.

He never could understand why People had to get out in the Street and Parade, just to advertise their Convictions.

He spanned all Reformers and Up-lifters.

The scathing Comments he made when he saw those resolute Women marching for Equal Suffrage!

He said the Settlement Workers were Boobs.

Any Guy running for office was a Stick-up, either now or as soon as he got a Chance. Why take him seriously?

Anyone who became feverish in support of a Cause was probably a little bit crossways under the Bonnet.

The easiest trick in the World is to dismiss with a Wave of the Hand the Appeals of those who have been classified conveniently as Not Worth While.

Take the case of the Y. M. C. A.

Wendell had lined up with a considerable Faction which looked upon this widely touted organization as a Joke.

He knew that Easy Marks had come across in large Chunks to boost the Game and that each Building was a kind of denatured Club, without any Slaking Department or a Slot for the Kitty.

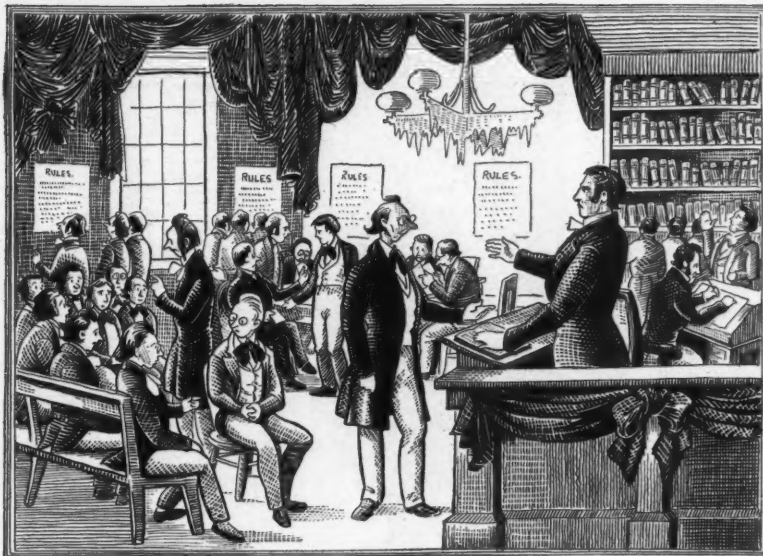
He had heard that the main Hand-Shaker at each of these Salvation Factories was called the Secretary, and it was his Lay to rope in Juveniles who had Weak Natures and would stand for the Rollo Stuff.

Even as the tall unmarried Lady with Specs herds the helpless Infant Class, so was the godly Sec supposed to round up and control the Pale Faces who were shy on Rational Instincts.

Wendell and a good many other Men about Town between the ages of 18 and 80 couldn't have been dragged into one of these Asylums with a Chain and Windlass.

When they were all set to Jollify, they didn't hunt up a Morgue.

No Investigation was



No Investigation was needed to convince them that the main Grotto of the Y. M. C. A. was draped in Black and had Icicles hanging from the Chandeliers

needed to convince them that the main Grotto of the Y. M. C. A. was draped in Black and had Icicles hanging from the Chandeliers.

Probably the Walls were covered with Verbotens about Breathing out loud or bursting into a Smile.

They could not understand why anyone should voluntarily register at a Penal Institution.

Seated in the jovial Cabaret, with the Air full of Syncopation and Sachet, the Bucks and Blades thought of the Y. M. C. A. as something remote and terrible, the same as Siberia.

They were off of it, the same as they were off of many antiseptic Institutions devoted to putting the Lid on instead of taking it off.

Let us give the Once-Over to Wen and his Cronies as we find them in an after-the-play Madhouse on a certain Midnight early in 1917.

If the Bunch had been turned upside down suddenly, the only Assets falling to the Floor would have been those provided by Fond Parents.

The Boys were exceeding pleased with themselves while hitting it up, for they had a Hunch that they had rubbed against all the Experiences that make Life Real.

They had been through the Mill and acquired a certain Line of Wise Dope beyond the reach of the Mutts and the Muckers.

They thought they had Arrived, whereas they were just getting ready to Start.

Life seemed to be all Plush and Perfumery, and



He began to acknowledge that possibly he had failed to call the Turn on the Y. M. C. A.



they had no Intimation that it might soon become Hell and Repeat.

They did not know that down the Road a piece they were going to get chummy with a lot of Strangers, among them the following:

Draft  
Non-Exemption  
Reveille  
Hikes  
Gas-Masks  
Transports  
Front Line  
Shell-Holes  
Shrapnel  
Water-Wagon  
Khaki  
Mess-Kits  
Rifle-Pits  
Trenches  
France  
Ambulances  
Base-Hospitals  
Y. M. C. A.

When a clean Haymow begins to look like the Imperial Suite at the Ritz, and Mamma's Pet, accustomed to making a complete change every A.M.,

becomes merely a swell Summer Resort for Cooties, a good many Opinions become reversed and previous Misconceptions are knocked Galley-West.

Borrowing, for a Moment, the chaste Vocabulary of the Book Reviewer, it is a Far Cry from an overheated Lobster-Parlor in the Home Town to a lonesome Roadway in persecuted France.

There are no White Lights to guide the Night-Hawk and no Slave in Button-tons to summon a Taxi.

Let us take a hard Look at the Sergeant who is dragging his way into a battered Village, carrying 1½ Tons of Equipment.

The entire German Army has been blazing away at him for three Days, but that is all in the Past Tense.

He has only one large Thought pulsating in the Bean at present, and that is to follow a Trail leading to a Warm Fire and a scuttle of United States Coffee.

Scrape away the Mud and you will find underneath our old friend Wendell.

He has shed the pale Silk Hose with the Clocks on the Ankles, and the glove-fitting Coat with only one Button, and the dinky little Butterfly Bow.

Also, he has shaken off the binding Shackles of Error and

Prejudice and probably is one of the most fair-minded Young Fellows to be found anywhere.

Here is a trampish-looking Bo who is all through having fun with the G. A. R.



He and the other Buddies are painfully plodding toward the Hut

smeared-up condition, he looked more of a Man.

Likewise, since having the cock-sure Opinions kicked out of him, he had stored the Cavity with a lot of hard and useful Facts.

He could not remember just how or when he got shut of his enormous Reserve Supply of Snobbishness, but he always suspected that he sweat it out on the first Forced March.

He is now a Regular Cink, even if he isn't Much to look at.

Ahead of him in the smudgy Gloom is a dull glow.

He and the other Buddies are painfully plodding toward the Hut.

What do you mean—Hut?

Why, the "Y," to be sure. In other words, the improvised hang-out of the Y. M. C. A.

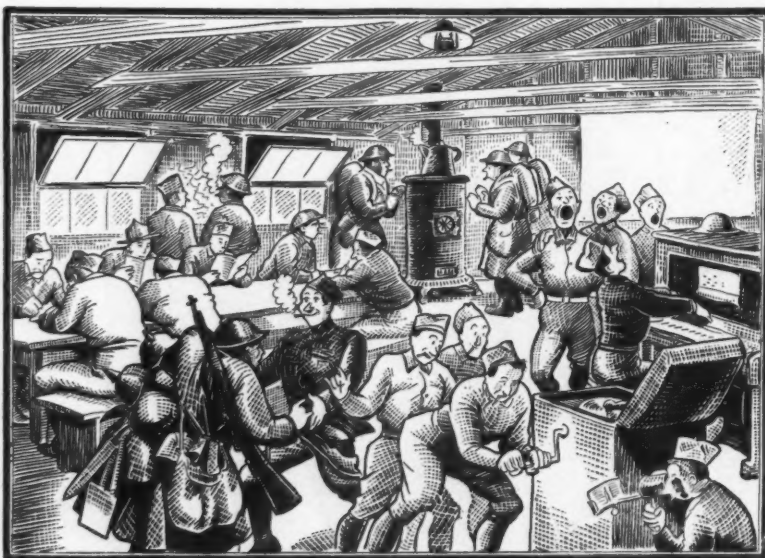
Is it possible that our young Patrician, commonly known as the Proud Prince of the Brownstone Section, has forgotten so soon that only the Swobs and Lizzies go in for Early Piety.

Yes; they got

the poor Lad at a disadvantage and trapped him.

They pushed him away out toward the Front among the barbed-wire Entanglements and the ruined Villages and the Gas Attacks and other non-attractive Incidentals.

They worked on him until he was (Concluded on page 96)



The whole Arrangement was simply the American Spirit of Friendliness crystallized and organized

"Some say it's a pity to live in the city—  
But here is a farm of your own.  
The red-and-white label will bring to your table  
The finest of all that is grown."



**"Here is your garden!"**

*No matter where you live*

Your home may be in the busiest, sultriest, brick-and-mortar-est town on the map, yet you have all the advantage of fresh green fields and fertile gardens as truly as if they were your own when it comes to eating

## Campbell's Tomato Soup

You could have nothing better.

We use selected tomatoes grown from special seed and matured completely on the vine. We make them into soup the day we receive them from the nearby farms—solid, juicy, red-ripe. And the Campbell method retains completely their appetizing flavor, their natural color and valuable tonic properties.

We blend the pure juice with fine herbs, creamery butter and other nourishing materials. Simply by adding milk you have as tempting a Cream of Tomato as you ever tasted.

And this inviting soup is more economical for you than if you made it at home.

You have the benefit not only of the Campbell farms, but of the immaculate Campbell kitchens with their skilled chefs, their expert soup-makers, their modern labor-saving equipment. All this means high quality and wholesale economy—combined.

Good digestion, and healthy clear-headed efficiency are distinctly promoted by this wholesome soup. Order it by the dozen and have it handy.

**21 kinds**

**12c a can**

# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



## New Fables in Slang

(Concluded from page 94)

Blue and Homesick and possibly a little cold below the Knees.

They waited until he was simply honing and yearning for Warmth and Light and Cheer and Music and Companionship and Entertainment and something different in the way of Chow.

Then, having him on the Hip, as it were, they let him know that he could not get the Things he craved except by compromising all of his sturdy Convictions and going back to Slavery Days, when he attended Sunday School.

He was having a lot of New Ones handed to him—but of all the Jolts!

A real High-Roller doing a sneak entrance into the Y. M. C. A.!

He couldn't stand outside when the whole Gang was inside, showing the Piano how to take a Joke.

Two things he dreaded when he nerved himself and walked through the Doorway.

One was meeting the Secretary and the other was Leading in Prayer.

But he would have preached a short Sermon in order to get a Plate of Ham and Eggs.

To his intense Relief, he was not called upon to Invoke.

He and the Secretary had been Pals for 20 minutes and were Ragtiming together and everything was Jake before he identified the Live Wire as the Main Squeeze.

It took a World War to get Wendell acquainted with the "Y."

As soon as he found out that the Sec had no Spanish Moss on the Jowls and did not address him as "Brother," he began to acknowledge that possibly he had failed to call the Turn on the Y. M. C. A.

He always had supposed that one would wait in the Anteroom to be Baptized before entering the dimly lighted Sanctuary.

He expected to be loaded up with Religion, but instead he received merely Kindness, and, after he was outside, he began to wonder if there was much difference between the two after all.

He decided that a Good Man is not one who goes around assuring People that he is Good, but rather it is the Scout who gives Gloom a kick on the Shins and holds out a Welcome to Happiness, and orders

old Pessimism to go 'way back and sit down while Courage is delivering a Recitation, and slips the weary Sojourner a quart of Coffee instead of a bushel of Spiritual Advice, and is not afraid of a Noise, and likes little Children, whether he knows their Parents or not.

He began to find out why the Y. M. C. A. had a million Prominent Men and Influential Women plugging for it.

The whole Arrangement was simply the American Spirit of Friendliness crystallized and organized.

It was the old "Love thy Neighbor" Injunction, modernized, incorporated, and extended to gigantic Proportions, the same as U. S. Steel or American Tobacco.

So, instead of kidding the Y. M. C. A., he took off his Hat to it.

And now, coming out of the Trenches, dog-tired, he was heading for the Hut, because he could see above it, in letters of Incandescence, the word "Home."

It wasn't there, but he could see it.

*Moral: Sometimes we have to take a chance on getting Killed in order to get Acquainted.*

The next *New Fable in Slang*, that of *The Things We can't Get Along without, unless*—, will appear in *November Cosmopolitan*.

## The Moonlit Way

(Continued from page 59)

jewels and fled to Belgium. And then I came here." She paused, trembling a little at the memory of it all. Then: "The agents of d'Eblis and Ferez discovered me and have given me no peace. I do not appeal to the police because that would stir up secret agents of the French government. But it has come now to a place where—where I don't know what to do. And so—being afraid at last—I am here to—to ask—advice."

She waited to control her voice, then opened her gold-mesh bag and drew from it a letter.

"Three weeks ago I received this" she said. "I ignored it. Two weeks ago, as I opened the door of my room to go out, a shot was fired at me, and I heard somebody running down-stairs. I was badly scared. But I went out and did my shopping, and then I went to the writing-room of a hotel and wrote to Garry. Somebody watching me must have seen me write it, because an attempt was made to steal the letter. A man wearing a handkerchief over his face tried to snatch it out of the hands of Dulcie Soane. But he got only half of the letter. And when I got home that same evening, I found that my room had been ransacked. That was why I did not go to meet you; I was too upset. Besides, I was busy moving my quarters. But it was no use. Last night, I was awakened by hearing somebody working at the lock of my bedroom. And I sat up till morning with a pistol in my hand. And—I don't think I had better live entirely alone—until it is safer; do you, Garry?"

"I should think not!" said Westmore, turning red with anger.

"Did you wish us to see that letter?" asked Barres.

She handed it to him. It was typewrit-

ten, and he read it aloud, slowly and very distinctly, pausing now and then to give full weight to some particularly significant and sinister sentence.

### MADemoisELLE:

For two years and more it has been repeatedly intimated to you that your presence in America is not desirable to certain people except under certain conditions, which conditions you refuse to consider. You have impudently ignored these intimations.

Now you are beginning to meddle. Therefore, this warning is sent to you: *Mind your business and cease your meddling.*

Moreover, you are invited to leave the United States at your early convenience.

France, England, Russia, and Italy are closed to you. Without doubt, you understand that. Also, you doubtless have no desire to venture into Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, or Turkey. Scandinavia remains open to you, and practically no other country except Spain, because we do not permit you to go to Mexico or to Central or South America. Do you comprehend? We do not permit it.

Therefore, hold your tongue and control your *furor scribendi* while in New York. And make arrangements to take the next Danish steamer for Christiania.

This is a friendly warning. For if you are still here in the United States two weeks after you have received this letter, other measures will be taken in your regard which will effectually dispose of your troublesome presence.

The necessity which forces us to radical action in this affair is regrettable, but entirely your own fault.

You have, from time to time, during the last two years, received from us overtures of an amicable nature. You have been approached with discretion and have been offered every necessary guarantee to cover an understanding with us.

You have treated our advances with frivolity and contempt. And what have you gained by your defiance?

Our patience and good nature have reached

their limits. We shall ask nothing further of you; we deliver you our orders hereafter. And our orders are to leave New York immediately.

Yet, even now, at the eleventh hour, it may not be too late for us to come to some understanding if you change your attitude entirely and show a proper willingness to negotiate with us in all good faith.

But that must be accomplished within the two weeks' grace given you before you depart.

You know how to proceed. If you try to play us false, you had better not have been born. If you deal honestly with us, your troubles are over. This is final.

THE WATCHER.

XVI

THE WATCHER

"THE WATCHER," repeated Barres, studying the typewritten signature for a moment longer. Then he looked at Westmore. "What do you think of that?"

Westmore, naturally short-tempered, became very red, got to his feet, and began striding about the studio.

"The thing to do," he said, "is to catch this 'Watcher' fellow and beat him up. That's the way to deal with blackmailers—catch 'em and beat 'em up—vermin of this sort! I haven't anything to do; I'll take the job."

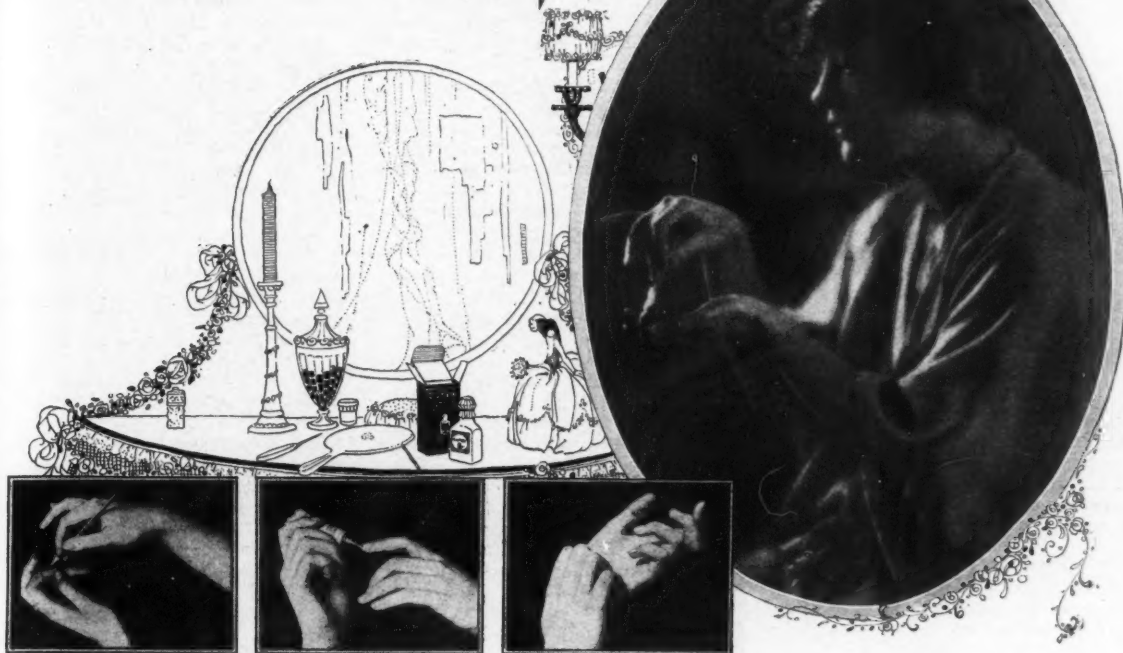
"We'd better talk it over first," suggested Barres. "There seem to be several ways of going about it. One way, of course, is to turn detective and follow Thessa around town, and, as you say, spot any man who dogs her, and beat him up very thoroughly. That's your way, Jim. But Thessa, unfortunately, doesn't desire to be featured, and you can't go about beating up people in the streets of New York without inviting publicity."

Westmore came back and stood near



"Cutex gives me the perfect manicure. I wouldn't think of going back to the barbarous cutting of the cuticle I once thought necessary."

Clara Joel



To make your cuticle smooth and firm, use Cutex

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**W**HEN you cut the cuticle, you ruin the appearance of your whole nail.

It was to meet the need for a harmless cuticle remover that the formula for Cutex was prepared. Cutex completely does away with all need for cutting or trimming, and gives a smooth, shapely outline to the nail.

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In the Cutex package you will find an orange stick and some absorbent cotton. Wrap some of the cotton around the end of the stick, dip it into the bottle and work around the base of the nail, gently pushing back

the cuticle. Then carefully rinse the fingers with clear water, taking care to push back the softened cuticle when drying the hands.

If the skin around the base of your nail dries easily at certain seasons of the year, as that of many women does, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort. This Cream will help to keep your cuticle always soft and pliant.

After your first Cutex manicure, examine your nails! You will be amazed at the improvement just one application makes.

You can secure Cutex in any drug and department store. The Cuticle Remover comes in 30c, 60c and \$1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 30c. Cutex

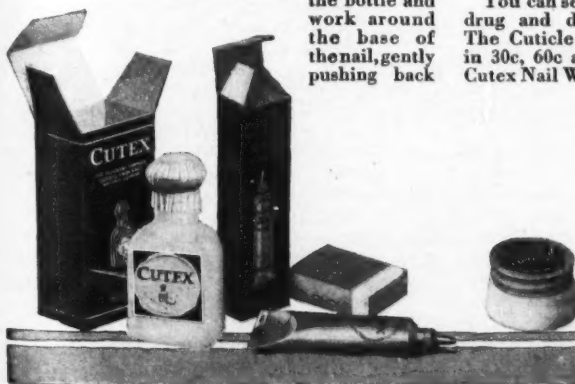
Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 30c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is also 30c.

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Mail the coupon today with 15c and we will send you this complete Midget Manicure Set. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 510, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

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Dept. 510, 114 West 17th Street, N. Y. C.

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City ..... State .....

Thessalie, who looked up at him from her seat on the couch with visible interest.

"Mr. Westmore?"

"Yes?"

"Garry is quite right about the way I feel. I don't want notoriety. I can't afford it. It would mean stirring up every French-government agent here in New York. And if America should ever declare war on Germany and become an ally of France, then your own secret service here would instantly arrest me and probably send me to France to stand trial." She bent her pretty head, adding in a quiet voice: "Extradition would bring a very swift end to my career. With the lying evidence against me and a senator of France to corroborate it by perjury, ask yourselves, gentlemen, how long it would take a military court to send me to the parade in the nearest *caserne*?"

"Do you mean they'd shoot you?" demanded Westmore, aghast.

"Any court martial to-day would turn me over to a firing squad."

"You see," said Barres, turning to Westmore, "this is a much more serious matter than a case of ordinary blackmail."

"Why not go to our own secret-service authorities and lay the entire business before them?" asked Westmore excitedly.

But Thessalie shook her head.

"The evidence against me in Paris is overwhelming. My *dossier* alone, as it now stands, would surely condemn me without corroborative evidence. Your people here would never believe in me if the French government forwarded to them a copy of my *dossier* from the secret archives in Paris."

Barres, much troubled, glanced from Thessalie to Westmore.

"It's rather a rotten situation," he said. "There must be, of course, some sensible way to tackle it, though I don't quite see it yet. But one thing is very plain to me: Thessa ought to remain here with us for the present. Don't you think so, Jim?"

"How can I, Garry?" she asked. "You have only one room, and I couldn't turn you out."

"I can arrange that," interposed Westmore, turning eagerly to Barres, with a significant gesture toward the door at the end of the studio. "There's the solution, isn't it?"

"Certainly," agreed Barres; and to Thessalie, in explanation: "Westmore's two bedrooms adjoin my studio—beyond that wall. We have merely to unlock those folding doors and throw his apartment into mine, making one long suite of rooms. Then you may have my room, and I'll take his spare room."

She still hesitated.

"I am very grateful, Garry, and I admit that I am becoming almost afraid to remain entirely alone, but—"

"Send for your effects," he insisted cheerfully. "Aristocrates will move my stuff into Westmore's spare room. Then you shall take my quarters and be comfortable, and well guarded with Aristocrates and Selinda on one side of you and Jim and myself just across the studio." He cast a somber glance at Westmore. "I suppose those rats will ultimately trail her to this place."

Westmore turned to Thessalie.

"Where are your effects?" he asked.

She smiled forlornly.

"I gave up my lodgings this morning,

packed everything, and came here, rather scared." A little flush came over her face, and she lifted her dark eyes and met Westmore's intent gaze. "You are very kind," she said. "My trunks are at the Grand Central Station—if you desire to make up my disconcerted mind for me. Do you really want me to come here and stay a few days?"

Westmore suppressed himself no longer.

"I won't let you go!" he said. "I'm worried sick about you." And, to Barres, who sat slightly amazed at his friend's warmth, "Do you suppose any of those dirty dogs have traced the trunks?"

"I've never yet been able to conceal anything from them," Thessalie said.

"Probably, then," said Barres, "they have traced your luggage and are watching it."

"Give me your checks, anyway," said Westmore. "I'll go at once and get your baggage and bring it here. If they're watching for you, it will jolt them to see a man on the job."

Barres nodded approval; Thessalie opened her purse and handed Westmore the checks.

"You both are so kind," she murmured. "I have not felt so sheltered, so secure in many, many months."

Westmore, extremely red again, controlled his emotions—whatever they were—with a visible effort.

"Don't worry for one moment," he said. "Garry and I are going to settle this outrageous business for you. Now I'm off to find your trunks. And if you could give me a description of any of these fellows who follow you about—"

"Please—you are not to beat up anybody," she reminded him, with a faint smile.

"I'll remember. I promise you not to."

Barres said:

"I think one of them is a tall, bony, one-eyed man who has been hanging round here pretending to peddle artists' materials."

Thessalie made a quick gesture of assent and of caution.

"Yes. His name is Max Freund. I have found it impossible to conceal my whereabouts from him. This man with only one eye appears to be a friend of the superintendent, Soane. I am not certain that Soane himself is employed by this gang of blackmailers, but I believe that his one-eyed friend may pay him for any scraps of information concerning me."

"Then we had better keep an eye on Soane," growled Westmore. "He's no good; he'll take graft from anybody."

"Where is his daughter Dulcie?" asked Thessalie. "Is she not your model, Garry?"

"Yes. She's in my room now, lying down. This morning, it was pretty hot in here, and Dulcie fainted on the model-stand."

"The poor child!" exclaimed Thessalie impulsively. "Could I go in and see her?"

"Why, yes—if you like," he replied, surprised at her warm-hearted interest. He added, as Thessalie rose: "She is really all right again. But go in if you like. And you might tell Dulcie she can have her lunch in there if she wants it; but if she's going to dress, she ought to be about it, because it's getting on toward the luncheon-hour."

So Thessalie went swiftly away down the corridor to knock at the door of the bed-

room, and Barres walked out with Westmore as far as the stairs.

"Jim," he said very soberly, "this whole business looks ugly to me. Thessa seems to be seriously entangled in the meshes of some blackmailing spider who is sewing her up tight."

"It's probably a tighter web than we realize," growled Westmore. "It looks to me as though Miss Dunois had been caught in the main net of German intrigue. And that the big spider in Berlin did the spinning."

"That's certainly what it looks like," admitted the other, in a grave voice. "I don't believe that this is merely a local matter—an affair of petty, personal vengeance. I believe that the Hun is actually afraid of her—afraid of the evidence she might be able to furnish against certain traitors in Paris."

Westmore nodded gloomily.

"I'm pretty sure of it, too. They've tried, apparently, to win her over. They've tried, also, to drive her out of this country. Now they mean to force her out, or perhaps kill her. Good God, Garry, did you ever hear of such filthy impudence as this entire German propaganda in America?" "Go and get her trunks," said Barres, deeply worried. "By the time you fetch 'em back here, lunch will be ready. Afterward, we'd all better get together and talk over this unpleasant situation."

Westmore glanced at his watch, turned, and went swinging away in his quick, energetic stride. Barres walked slowly back to the studio. There was nobody there. Thessalie had not yet returned from her visit to Dulcie Soane.

For half an hour or more, Barres fussed and potted about. He was already frankly concerned about Thessalie, and the more he considered her situation, the keener grew his apprehension.

Of course, he read about spies and their machinations in the daily papers; the spy-scare was already well developed in New York. Yet, to him and to the great majority of his fellow countrymen, people who made a profession of such a dramatic business seemed unreal—abstract types, not concrete examples of the human race—and he could not believe in them, could neither visualize such people nor realize that they existed outside melodrama or the covers of a best-seller.

There is an incredulity which knows yet refuses to believe in its own knowledge. It is very American, and it represented the paradoxical state of mind of this deeply worried young man as he stood there in the studio, scraping away mechanically at a crusted palette. Then, as he turned to lay it aside, through the open studio door he saw a strange, bespectacled man looking in at him intently.

An unpleasant shock passed through him, and his instinct started him toward the open door to close it.

"Excuse," said he of the thick spectacles, and Barres stopped short:

"Well, what is it?" he asked sharply.

The man, who was well dressed and powerfully built, squinted through his spectacles out of little, inflamed, and pig-like eyes.

"Miss Dunois iss here?" he inquired politely. "I haff a message—"

"What is your name?"

"Excuse, please. My name iss not personally known to Miss Dunois—"

**"You Can Mend Almost Anything With This."**



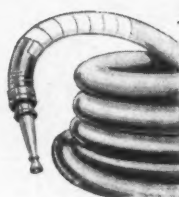
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*The Handy Mender*

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Patching with B&B Adhesive often doubles the life of lawn hose. Apply when hose is dry.

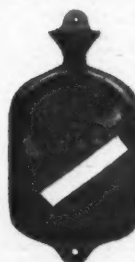
Even tires and tubes can be patched with it to last at least a while.

It clings to metal, glass, wood, china—anything. So it is used to stop leaks, to seal fruit jars and make labels for them, to mend broken things of any sort.



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Being rubber coated, B&B Adhesive is an excellent insulator. Wrap wire connections with it.

Apply it on articles of any material which you want fastened together. Use in mending dolls and toys.



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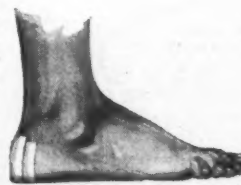
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"Then what is your business with Miss Dunois?"

"Excuse, please. It iss of a delicacy—of a nature quite private, iff you please."

Barres came to a swift conclusion.

"Very well. Step inside," he said briefly.

"I thank you. I will wait here——"

"Step inside," snapped Barres.

Startled into silence, the man only blinked at him. Under the other's searching, suspicious gaze, the small, piglike eyes were now shifting uneasily; then, as Barres took an abrupt step forward, the man shrank away and stammered out something about a letter which he was to deliver to Miss Dunois in private.

"You say you have a letter for Miss Dunois?" demanded Barres.

"I am instructed to giff it myself to her in private, all alone——"

"Give it to me."

"I am instruc——"

"Give it to me, I tell you—and come inside. Do you hear what I'm saying?"

The spectacled man lost most of his color as Barres started toward him.

"Excuse," he faltered, backing off down the corridor. "I giff you the letter." And he hastily thrust his hand into the side pocket of his coat. But it was a pistol he poked under the other's nose—a shiny, lumpy weapon, clutched most unsteadily.

"Hands up and turn me once around your back!" whispered the man hoarsely. "Quick—or I shoot you!"—as the other, astounded, merely stared at him.

The man had already begun to back away again, but, as Barres moved, he stopped and cursed him.

"Put them up, your hands!" snarled the spectacled man, with a final oath. "Keep your distance, or I kill you!"

Barres heard himself saying, in a voice not much like his own:

"You can't do this to me and get away with it. It's nonsense! This sort of thing doesn't go in New York!" Suddenly his mind grew coldly, terribly clear: "No; you *can't* get away with it," he concluded aloud, in the calm, natural voice of conviction. "Your stunt is scaring women. You try to keep clear of men—you dirty, blackmailing German crook! I've got your number. You're The Watcher—you murderous little rat! And you're afraid to shoot."

It was plain that the spectacled man had not discounted anything of this sort—plain now, to Barres, that if, indeed, murder actually had been meant, it was not his own murder that had been planned with that big, blunt, silver-plated pistol.

"I blow your face off!" whispered the stranger, beginning to back away again now, and ghastly pale. "Keep out of this! I am not looking for you. Get you back; step once again inside that door away!"

But Barres had already jumped for him, had almost caught him, was reaching for him, when the man hurled the pistol straight at his face. The terrific impact of the heavy weapon striking him between the eyes dazed him; he stumbled sideways, colliding with the wall, and reeled around there a second.

But that second's leeway was enough for the bespectacled stranger. He turned and ran like a deer. And when Barres reached the staircase, the whitewashed hall below was still echoing with the slam of the street grille.

Nevertheless, he hurried down, but found the desk-chair empty and Soane

nowhere visible, and continued on to the outer door, more or less confused by the terrific blow on the head.

Of course the bespectacled man had disappeared amid the noonday pedestrians now crowding both sidewalks east and west on their way to lunch.

Barres walked slowly back to the desk, still dazed, but now thoroughly enraged and painfully conscious of a heavy swelling where the blow had fallen on his forehead.

In the superintendent's quarters he found Soane, evidently just awakened after a sodden night at Grogan's, trying to dress. Barres said:

"There is nobody at the desk. Either you or Miss Kurtz should be on duty. That is the rule. Now, I'm going to tell you something: If I ever again find that desk without anybody behind it, I shall go to the owners of this building and tell them what sort of superintendent you are. And maybe I'll tell the police, also."

"Ailah, then, Misther Barres——"

"That's all!" said Barres, turning on his heel. "Anything more from you, and you'll find yourself in trouble." And he went up-stairs.

The lumpy pistol still lay there in the corridor; he picked it up and took it into the studio. The weapon was fully loaded. It seemed to be of some foreign make—German or Austrian, he judged by the marking, which had been almost erased—deliberately obliterated, it appeared to him.

He placed it in his desk, seated himself, explored his bruises gingerly with cautious finger-tips, concluded that the bridge of his nose was not broken, then threw himself back in his armchair for some grim and concentrated thinking.

The next instalment of *The Moonlit Way* will appear in *November Cosmopolitan*.

## She Also Serves

(Concluded from page 63)

afternoon—my first try at it, too. I'm goin' to give all my Saturday afternoons and——"

"Is—is that why you sassed the dame, Ess—because she was making you late for—for there?"

"What did you think I was afraid of being late for—Lady Aubrey's garden-party?"

"Why, you—you wonderful little Essie, you! You wonderful little—you—you—a little kitten like you giving your Saturday afternoons on top of that twenty dollars you just gave to the Red Cross. A little kitten like you, sweating them twenty dollars out of her nine a week, and now, on top of it—her Saturday afternoons—you—little——"

"What's twenty bucks? What's anything to show how us stay-at-homes are back of the fellows over there that are dyin' in the mud for us while we sleep. If I had a thousand times twenty dollars in my pocket this minute, I'd want each one of them dollars to say for me, 'Boys, I'm with you!'"

"Why—why there's just no fellow in the draft is going away with more than I'm going. I don't care who he is. A little Azelia back here bucking him up with every

kind of sacrifice a girl can make for him. I—I am going with you in back of me, Ess, ain't I? You back here, caring if—if I come back? Ess? Essie?"

"You bet your life you goin' thataway, Eddie Snuggs—Charles Edward Snuggs," said Miss White, placing her hand over his, her eyes widening, filling.

In a hastily improvised hospital-ward—somewhere in France—a nurse, not quite so white as she might have been, bent over a cot, the mud-drenched edges of her sleeves rolled back. Stenches rose there—stenches so overwhelming that the senses sickened, then reeled at the shrieks of the ether-imprisoned, the not-to-be-endured agonies beneath the knife, the sobbings of men too delirious to bite back the groans, the tear of blood-soaked linen that had stuck fast to living flesh.

"I doubt if he will come out of it," said the nurse not so white as she might have been to her newly appointed aide. "It's not the hip that bothers us, it's the hole in his head. We've been hoping it didn't touch the brain. They'd better decorate the poor brave boy before he——"

Cried the aide:

"Let's try a fresh dressing! There may

be a surface-clot. I saw a corporal yesterday come out of worse than this."

"Hurry, then. There's that poor fellow three cots down, the one with the white forelock that this poor child here dragged in from No Man's Land—he's coming out of ether."

"Quick!"

There was a shifting, a swabbing, a sobbing through blue lips, and then a fresh swathing of bandage that was merciful to the dented brow.

A scent rose up, even through that stench insidious and insinuating.

THE NURSE: This is the third bandage I've used to-night that has smelled of cheap perfume. We'd better not use the rest of that carton.

The whiff of Azelia rose higher and with each winding of the gauze more and more insistent.

The rather finely etched nostrils on the pillow quivered, then lifted ever so lightly.

The eyes opened, the glaze seeming to fade before a smile.

"I told you I've seen them come out of worse!" cried the newly apprenticed aide, trembling a little, crying a little, smiling a little.

The next *Fannie Hurst* story, "*Heads!*" will appear in *November Cosmopolitan*.

## After the Assets

(Continued from page 91)

and tear and bustle of joyously triumphant commerce! Another disappointment. The factories he had so far investigated had been of no good, but this one seemed too good. Nevertheless, now that he had come this distance, the hunter for the pole which should knock down those high per-  
 simmons in Runkley walked into the office, where all the windows rattled from the vibration of whirring machinery, sent in his card, and asked for the manager.

A square-set man, with sawdust on his coat and in his short beard, and iron-dust ground into his hands, came out of the private office and asked pleasantly what he could do for his caller.

"I understand your factory is for sale?" said Mr. Wallingford.

"Well, yes," admitted the square-built manufacturer slowly, and some of this open cordiality seemed to disappear; "we've been considering it. Suppose we step into the office."

In the office was another square-built man, just like the first one, except that he was younger, slighter, and had shorter whiskers.

"This is my brother, Hershey Oakes, Mr. Wallingford. I'm Edward Oakes. Mr. Wallingford has come to talk about buying our factory, Hershey." And Hershey Oakes immediately lost some of his smiling cordiality.

"Well," said he, his brown eyes dulling, "we have talked about it now and then." He went to the rear door and called "Hey, Arnold!" A square-built man, younger and slighter than Hershey, but with extremely short whiskers, came in immediately and glanced at the caller with a swift appraisal. "Mr. Wallingford, Arnold. The gentleman has come to talk about buying the factory."

"Oh!" And Arnold sewed up. "Well, do we still think we want to do it?"

A grin spread beneath the stubby mustache of Wallingford. He was being seated in the boob chair by rank amateurs!

"We've been promising for years to retire when we had a certain pile, and go on our ranch out West to enjoy life," explained Edward; "but we're doing so good we hate to quit."

"I don't blame you," heartily agreed Mr. Wallingford, his shoulders heaving slightly. "Now that we're through with that, what's your price?"

"Well, three hundred thousand, if we decide to sell." Edward was the spokesman.

"Invoice handy?" requested Mr. Wallingford.

The invoice was handy, and was brought in. A perfectly good invoice—ground, buildings, and machinery, so much; stock in hand, so much; good-will, so much, and a reasonable figure for the latter.

Perplexity began to creep on Wallingford's brow.

"Trial-balance handy?" he suggested.

Trial-balance was handy, and was brought in. It was an excellent trial-balance, but as Wallingford went over it, with the Oakes so painfully intent on him, he pursed his lips and almost whistled.

"Nineteen per cent.!" he said incredulously.

"Nineteen per cent. net!" came the immediate Oakes chorus.



"Did you put in Grape-Nuts, Harry?"  
 "Yes, sir."  
 "Plenty of it?"  
 "I think so, sir. I remember your saying how compact and nourishing it is, and that a small quantity is worth more than a great amount of some bulky foods."  
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"Free of all overhead," added Edward. "And exclusive of our salaries," added Hershey.

"And we're working to capacity," added Arnold. "Working overtime; turning down orders every day!"

The perplexity deepened in Wallingford. A nineteen-per-cent. net profit, exclusive of their own salaries and all other overhead, working extra hours, turning down orders, and still willing to sell at only a reasonable advance on the actual value of their plant! Oh, yes; they intended to retire and enjoy life on their ranch!

"Would you like to look at the plant?" And the three brothers rose.

J. Rufus followed them with a frown of deep concentration on his brow. A wonderful plant! The buildings were small, but they were scattered about with a reckless disregard of acreage which made the Spangleburg Farm Implement Company look twice its value; and, on narrow-gauge tramways, gaudy, big, red farm-machines were being pushed about rapidly in every direction; more of them were being loaded on long strings of freight-cars, and everywhere there was that unmistakable hum of prosperous activity. No chance here for sleight of hand! The factory *was* working overtime; it *was* turning out the goods, and it *was* making a very probable nineteen per cent. net. Still, the business was for sale. Plenty of material, too—only, as they were going through, every time they passed a pile of iron, Arnold Oakes looked. If the pile was low, he stopped and looked, and made such a sharp estimate that he seemed to be counting. At the end of the yards, where the loading-platform let them view the whole gay panorama, they stopped, and J. Rufus, with the corrugations still on his brow, heaved a mighty sigh.

"I'll have to pass the buck," he said to Edward. "There's a worm in the core of this apple somewhere, but I can't find it. Why do you want to sell this plant?"

"We're not so sure that we do want to," Edward informed him hastily. "As I told you, we've promised ourselves for years that, after we'd made a certain pile, we'd quit and —"

"I know! Go on your ranch and enjoy life," interrupted Wallingford.

"But I say stick!" Young Arnold urged this so hastily that it was like retort. Just then, a workman went by with a barrow-load of three-eighths-inch bolts, and one dropped to the ground. All three brothers saw it, and Arnold jumped down and got it, raced after the man, and threw it in the barrow. Edward Oakes and Hershey Oakes concernedly watched the procedure until this moment, when they turned again to Wallingford.

"Say, is the price of iron going up?" suddenly blurted J. Rufus; then, as he saw their faces, "That's why you're turning down orders!"

There was a moment of hesitation, in which the brothers Oakes looked at each other disgustedly.

Edward answered,

"Oh, the price of material is always fluctuating."

"Let's go back and look at those books!" Whereupon, J. Rufus, without waiting to be led, stalked across to the office.

Ten minutes after he'd started to investigate, the brothers Oakes ceased to be ferret-eyed. They simply waited resignedly. Twenty minutes after Wallingford

had started the investigation, he turned to them with a chuckle.

"Luck's like lightning. It never strikes twice in the same place. You've been hunting a feeble-minded simp who would buy your nineteen-per-cent. good-will and the plucked carcass of the goose that laid the golden egg; but you can't sell those to anyone who has ever been near enough to iron to take a tonic. All you have to offer is your ground and buildings and things. Now listen: Wasn't it just dumb luck that you made an open contract, two years ago, with a substantial iron company?" The brothers Oakes kept glumly silent. "Then the price of iron jumped double; didn't it? And that let you make farm-machinery at about half the price of your competitors; didn't it?" Silence once more gave assent. "Then you figured a cute idea. You had barely made a living out of the plant, and when this cinch contract would be over, you felt that you might fliv again; so you planned to make five years' profits in two and sell out."

Edward Oakes looked at Hershey and Arnold, and all three grinned slightly.

"Well, you did it. You cut the throats of your competitors, offered farm-machinery to the jobbers at such low prices that, for three years to come, there won't be another machine of your type sold—because they're stocked. In a short time, there won't be a wheel turning in your factory nor a car on your siding; so you have to find your boob quick!"

#### IV

THERE was great agitation in staid and respectable Runkley, for the life-blood of its commerce had assuredly quickened, and it seemed to go through the veins in lumps and jerks. Sleek and well-fed and heavy-faced men of substantiality walked beneath the whispering maples with a fevered air, and when they sank into their huge leather chairs in the walnut heaviness of the Runkley Dividend Club, they sat more or less squirming. There was no telling what might happen next. The younger element had broken loose—grandsons, sons, and nephews, even sons-in-law; and solid business was being torn up by the roots. First of all, the infantile new directors of the gas company, having installed themselves in office, had firmly refused any and all advice from their elders, and, shielded by the law, which allowed them to use their own judgment, had committed the colossal crime of turning the assets into cash. They had sold the Monument Building. More than one placid family, dwelling heretofore in amity within its four-cornered house, had been well-nigh disrupted by that calamity. For this is true: Cash is a constant temptation to youthful financiers, while a well-tenanted building is not.

But no grandfather, father, uncle, or father-in-law in Runkley, however, had so much worry about that available cash as did Blackie Daw. He had a new job now, in Wallingford's absence—watch-dog of the assets; and he all but barked in his sleep! For why? President Charlie Runk, and Secretary Glen Hosken, and Treasurer Arthur Chalking, and First, Second, and Third Vice-Presidents Harry Spidwell and Rodney Duvermore and Ellis Chalking, and the other young blades of the directorate had been galvanized by

the galvanic Wallingford into the belief that they should put that money immediately where it would earn five or six per cent.—or more! So, day by day and night by night, Blackie Daw's long, lean, lank frame was hastily interposed between that half-million and the ravenous beasts which devour such. To-day it was a gilt-edge gold mine, and to-morrow it was a glittering real-estate subdivision, and the next day something else; and Blackie, who, by nature, preferred to be warmly welcomed, began to fall into the rôle of a wet blanket, and to receive the greetings thus due him. Therefore, as the days passed, he reviled the absent Jim with all his might and main. Jim's was the granite brain which had devised the asinine plan of whistling a mouse out of the hole before hunting the trap. Jim's was the cankered intellect which had— Oh, flooey! Here they were, in solemn session sate. They held a directors' meeting every noon now, and they were passing a resolution to invest that half-million in a newly projected gas-furnace company. Ex-officio member Horace J. Daw drew himself together for one more despairing effort. He tried to make a speech like Wallingford would, but his chest wasn't wide enough, or his voice mellifluous enough, or his face roundly beaming enough; and it was no thoroughfare! Street blocked! Trespassers warned off! Dumping not allowed! Beware of the dog!

Charlie Runk whispered to Glen Hosken on the one side and to Harry Spidwell on the other; and Hosken whispered to Arthur Chalking, and Spidwell to Ellis Chalking, and so the whisper passed round to everyone—except Blackie; then Charlie Runk took an eye-vote, and, swallowing twice, rose to cut their old friend Blackie to the quick as follows:

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Daw, that we are about to go into executive session."

"Go right into it!" invited their old friend Horace G., suddenly losing his temper at this hint to get out and step lively. The game was lost, anyhow. "Go into executive session; go out of executive session; go any place you like! And, say, if you fat-headed young jakes think for a minute—"

"Here! Here!" An unctuous voice, a round, full voice, a hearty voice, a mellifluous; and a huge, radiant presence was in the room. "You've kept that language too long, Daw, and it soured on you!"

J. Rufus Wallingford! Good old Jim! Jimmy boy! The young friends of whom he thought so much, whose abilities he had detected and whose futures he had foreseen, crowded round the man who had believed in them, and greeted him like a long-lost brother. He brought the obstreperous Blackie into the joy-gathering, too; for what was a hot word or two among pals? And when he learned the cause of the little flare, he laughed heartily.

"I got here just in time," he thankfully declared, and mopped his brow. "If it's investment you're wanting, I ran across one down in Spangleburg that's sweeter than locust-blossom honey."

"What's it like, Jimmy?" Charlie Runk, standing before his friend Wallingford in a proper spraddle for the man of affairs that he was, handed out a cigar.

"Well, it's the velvety cream right off the crock." Wallingford's big, round pink face glowed with enthusiasm. "I'll tell



you all about it. It's— No; I won't either. I'm going down there to pick up part of it for myself, and I'll take you all with me. We'll make it a joy jaunt."

"Give us an inkling," begged Harry Spidwell.

"Not a hint! I'll just walk you live young fellows up to that proposition, and I know the keen ability of this crowd, with your fresh, young, well-trained minds. I'll put down a good big bet that you'll decide right."

How could they resist those pleasing words? It was like old times, at the Spangleburg Palace Hotel that night, with wine flowing free and song on every lip, and Blackie Daw was the leader of the hilarity. Good old Blackie! Fresh as a lark in the morning, though, when they whizzed out to the Spangleburg Farm Implement Company, and saw the acres and acres of the most palpitating business that any resident of Runkley had ever beheld. This was real commerce; this was real progressiveness, real life! And those young men of ability used their own judgment, too. They investigated the books, the invoice, the canceled orders, and they saw a mighty good reason for enlarging the scope of a company which could not do all the work it could get, and had made nineteen per cent. net in the past year! And "enlargement" was the word.

"The reorganization, boys," explained the genial Wallingford, while the Oakes brothers listened with numbly wistful envy, "is to a stock-capitalization of half a million dollars—no stock offered for sale. Against this, the company is offering half a million dollars' worth of six-per-cent. gold-bearing, twenty-year bonds at par. These bonds are protected by the entire stock, the plant, machinery, and good-will; and these are held in escrow for attachment in case of any lapse of payment of interest. Isn't that correct, Oakes?"

All three Oakes numbly nodded assent. A sound proposition that, as Harry Spidwell gravely decided, when they went to the office of the attorney who was conducting the increase of capitalization. Harry had studied for the law, and he examined all the papers. They were perfectly proper papers.

"I think I'd rather have some of that nineteen-per-cent. stock," considered Blackie Daw, carefully reciting his speech on a nod from Jim.

"Not me!" declared J. Rufus, with his inflectuous chuckle. "When that stock has to pay the interest on these six-per-cent. bonds, it won't be earning nineteen per cent. on its increase. Anyhow, these boys don't want to clog one business with the necessity of watching the manufacturing end of another."

"No!" Charlie Runk twisted his little mustache into as sharp points as he could. "I'd rather sleep soundly on a bed of bonds than lie awake and worry about the dividends on my stock."

The silence of Runkley fell on the directorate. After all, these were Runkleyites, and Runkleyism was strong in them, even though they were young and unconservative. Their grandfathers and fathers and uncles and fathers-in-law had built their fortunes on bonds. Better the dull certainty of a bond than the glittering adventure of a stock!

The next Wallingford story will appear in November Cosmopolitan.

"Say, fellows," suggested the least shining of the Runkley blades; "let's not be too hasty. We should consider the gas-furnace company again. It's right at home, you know."

A glance of panic between good old Jimmy and good old Blackie; then J. Rufus stepped into the breach.

"I move that you resume your suspended executive session, boys," he said. "If you want to take up this whole issue of bonds, I'll step aside, but if you don't, I want to make arrangements to swing it myself right away."

How impulsive is youth! They apologized for putting their ex-officio members out of the room, and went into executive session at once.

"Do you suppose they'll fall, Jim?" asked Blackie, walking up and down at the end of the hall, with his hands clasped beneath his coat tails.

"They'd better," returned J. Rufus, sitting on the window-sill and eying the distant office door steadfastly. "I've given my thirty-day note for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the Oakes brothers for the Spangleburg Farm Implement Company partnership; I've given my thirty-day note for fifty thousand dollars to the Spangleburg Farm Implement Holding Company, which was organized to make the transfer, in payment for its entire issue of half a million dollars' worth of six-per-cent. bonds of the Spangleburg Farm Implement Company, Incorporated; I've given my thirty-day note for five thousand dollars to this small-town lawyer; and our expenses—"

"Never mind the expenses, Jimmy; be a sport!" interrupted Blackie. "If they do fall and hand us the half-million they melted out of the Monument Building, we'll be nearly three hundred thousand to the good."

"If they fall!" Wallingford, too, began to pace. "If they fall, it'll be for the bonds, for stocks would never get a Runkleyite."

"Yes; if they fall!" Blackie paced beside him, and their faces were tense by the time the distant door opened, three-quarters of an hour later.

One glance at Charlie Runk told the tale. He was smiling, and had twisted his tiny mustaches until his lip was red.

"You're sure you won't mind, Jimmy, if we take up that whole issue ourselves? We like to keep that Monument Building fund in one investment if possible."

"Not at all, Charlie; not at all!" magnanimously conceded good old Jimmy, thumping Blackie in the small of the back with a huge fist. "I'd like to see you keep that half-million in one lump."

"I thought you wouldn't mind, Jimmy boy, so we've already taken action." And he flourished a small strip of paper. "We shall leave this with the attorney who is conducting the business."

"This" was a check for half a million dollars! Wallingford held it reverently for a minute, and passed it to Blackie, who dropped a kiss on it from his finger-tips and passed it to Charlie, who would pass it to the attorney, who would pass it back to Jim and Blackie, old boys!

"Youth!" exclaimed J. Rufus, and clapped on the shoulder his friend Charlie, the great-great-great-grandson of the original Runk. "What an asset is youth!"



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## John Galsworthy, Alchemist

(Concluded from page 43)

study of character is anything but entertainment; it hurts.

Then we have a curiously naive moral code: To do this is good; to do that is bad. In personal life, we all break our code repeatedly, either by doing some one of the bad things or by sympathizing with another who has. But in public we can admit neither the failure nor the sympathy. If we did in any large numbers, our code would fall to pieces. And as the constructing of a new code, based on a painstaking study of life as it is, not as we might wish it to be, would call for the most painfully hard thinking, we cling to the old code, fight desperately, even, to preserve it, and lie universally about life. We have to lie; if we didn't, the facts of life would prevail—and then where would the old code be? That, I think, roughly, is the attitude of the unthinking but determined public. And that is why the literary artist has always such an up-hill fight of it. For the one thing more than anything else in the world that the literary artist desires to do is to look fearlessly into the life about him and tell what he sees.

Of late years, we have moved over a little—a very little—toward the position of the artist. Oh, we still cling to that million-times-rearranged he-she romance in which misunderstandings and material obstacles are first constructed, only to be ingeniously removed in time for the particular he and she to fall unhindered into each other's arms on page 352. But a heaven has been at work. A few men and women have written differently, and have been read.

Wells and Shaw have studied the human creature with open minds. They have shown us that life is not melodrama, that heroes are not heroes, villains not villains. And we have actually read them—quite a few of us. A generation earlier, Thomas Hardy and George Meredith were the seers; but we never really read them. No; with Wells and Shaw has come a little progress. We have, following these honest minds, come to see that the real obstacles to perfect union of a man and a woman are neither material facts nor trick misunderstandings, but weaknesses, incompleteness of the individual, or deep, subtle differences of nature. We have begun to learn from these and other observers of life that the human creature is too complex to be judged fairly by the old rude rule of thumb. We have even begun to see—that we have always known among our personal acquaintance—that marriages are made not in heaven but very decidedly here on earth, that they are much nearer the beginning of all that is interesting in life than the end of it, that the human creature changes deeply from decade to decade, passes through widely different phases, is capable of loving quite honestly more than one of the opposite sex—more, in some cases, than two—and of being stirred in amazingly different ways by each. We are not so sure now that we know what love is.

Yes; dogma is dying; the humility of honest study is taking its place.

But Wells and Shaw, leaders though they have been, give us only a part of the mental and spiritual guidance we need.

Wells is a thinker, a dreamer, a student of the whole social problem, turned by the war into an almost naive groper after some new shining Holy Grail in a darkly tragic world. He has been a doctor for the mind rather than for the spirit, and just now he's in the hospital himself. Shaw—iconoclastic Shaw—when all's said and done, is hard. He has stimulated us enormously, but never could satisfy us. He performed for us—a mental acrobat—stirred us into developing a little our own flabby mental muscles.

But he never touched our hearts. In the soul-searching light now of this awful war, we know that. He rings a little hollow. When millions are dying, talk has to be more than brilliant to hold us even for a moment.

But feeling—there's another matter! It brings us back to John Galsworthy. And sympathy—not the old trick arrangement but deep, heart-breaking perception into the mind and soul of this poor devil or that poor woman in a world that still, in the main, harshly, stupidly refuses to admit that life is complex. Since that absorbed day with "The Man of Property" on a boat-deck in the Gulf Stream, since "Justice," and on through all this later work of his—"Beyond," and, they tell me, the same quality is in this new novel—I haven't had a chance to read it yet—John Galsworthy has been to me the pre-eminent novelist in English. His artistry has long been established. That is a fact. But the extraordinary fact about the man, it seems to me, is that his feeling for the struggling, bewildered, "somehow-good" human creature is so delicate, so clear, so profoundly expressive of our deep instinct for truth, that we feel it even to-day, in a world whose sympathies are torn beyond endurance.

Look through any of John Galsworthy's work of the past eight or ten years, and you'll find that tender understanding of the man or woman who doesn't, can't fit into a materialistic and moralistic social system. Consider poor Falder, in "Justice," hounded to a tragic death, not by a villain or a rival, but by all of us. Consider the pitiful case of the woman he loved, groping her way blindly, helplessly, into disaster. Consider Ferrand, in "The Pigeon," who couldn't help making love to that friendless, full-blooded girl of the streets. Consider Irene, in "The Man of Property," who struggled in such pathetic silence to adapt herself to the rigid British family into which she had married, only, at last, to seek her own in the ardent, ill-balanced but fatally attractive Bosinney. Consider Gyp, in "Beyond," who learned that her marriage was made anywhere but in heaven, and lived on to grope out what path she might through life. Not one of these is a "bad" person. Each is the victim of emotional quality, of honesty, or of generosity. Each is built of the stuff of life. And each is implacably opposed by that social order whose unconscious philosophy Robert Louis Stevenson summed up in the remark that "not to forget one's umbrella throughout a long life and to be somewhat circumspect in money matters is the whole duty of man." John Galsworthy is, to me, the noblest champion of the individual in a machine-made world.

## The Heart-mender

(Continued from page 31)

his voice was crisp and certain and even menacing, "here's the paper." As he spoke, he shoved an envelop across the table. "Put it away!" he snapped. "Do you want everybody to see it—to prove later that we handed it to you?"

I looked at him coldly.

"Moderate your tone, please," I said.

Again the look of furtive admiration in his eyes. Only, this time it was not so furtive, but was more open and more bold. Beneath it, I felt my cheeks color. I lifted my coffee to my lips again, to shield, a trifle, my flush.

"Beg pardon," said Searen; "but—look here, Miss Maynard: Let's get down to brass tacks. Halsey said you'd want five thousand for your share—in advance. You can't have it. Half down is plenty."

"You can pay me the whole amount when I've carried the matter through," I told him.

"How are you going to do it?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"That's my affair," I told him.

"By Godfrey, it isn't!" cried the bearded man. "We've got a right to know. We risk our—"

"You'll tie that clattering tongue of yours, Davis," snarled Searen, "or I'll slit it for you."

As the bearded man sunk into sullen silence, I felt the beating of my heart slow down. I felt sick, frightened. Searen turned to me.

"Excuse me, Miss Maynard," he said; "but—Davis is so anxious to put his neck in the halter that he tries my patience."

"Your differences are nothing to me," I said.

"And you understand?"

"I think so," I said lightly.

But there was heaviness within me, for all my careless tone. Suddenly, this masquerading, which had seemed adventure at the outset, now seemed menacing, awesome, dreadful. I berated myself for my folly in ever entering upon it. I wanted to withdraw from it. But there was something in the eyes of Searen, cold, calculating, and cruel, and another intangible something in the sullen ferocity of Davis's bearded face that made me fear to enlighten them. Their talk of the police, the hint of what had happened to the man Clement—I knew fear, and wished myself well away from it. And then, every bit of courage I had I summoned to meet the gaze of Searen as he leaned across the table.

"You know," he said slowly, "others beside the old man want that paper. But—it's his; so—we sell it to him. He got first option. Only fair, isn't it?" He smiled evilly.

"Yes," I said.

"Well, he paid for it once, but he's willing to pay for it a second time. One hundred thousand dollars. And cheap enough. The others will pay more, but—if we sold to them, the old man would spend a fortune to get us. The risk is too much. We sell to him. Now"—and his eyes seemed to pierce my very brain, as though to read the thoughts hidden there—"now, it's possible for you to give us the double cross. It's possible for you to trick us. You may try and sell the paper to the other crowd.

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If you do— Halsey recommended you, Miss Maynard; he said that you were the only woman alive he'd trust to carry this through. And a woman has to do it. The old man, if he met the man who'd robbed him, might not keep his word. But with a woman—well, the risk is part of what you're paid for. You must take such precautions as you think fit. But all the precautions in the world you might take against us wouldn't save you if you tried to trick us. Nor would your sex, Miss Maynard." He smiled mirthlessly. "Miss Maynard," he said, "the person who deprives me of my share of a hundred thousand dollars—I'll slit the throat of that person without a qualm."

And I believed him. And I was tempted to throw his paper back into his face and cry upon the people in the dining-room to protect me. But I had heard of men like this man Searen. I knew how easy it would be to say that the wine (which I had not drunk, by the way) had affected me, that I was hysterical. Then—a drug—and—God only knew what next. I kept my eyes fairly upon his while I forced a thin smile to the corners of my mouth.

"Threats," I said, "are useless with me, Mr. Searen. Now, if that's all—"

Again his eyes admired as I made as though to rise.

"Good," he said. "You'll do. And better get out of here, too. Some one of the other crowd might see us and—put two and two together. As for the final arrangements, Halsey had a deal on—that's why he isn't here. But we'll meet at his rooms at midnight. If you aren't there, we'll go to your apartment, Miss Maynard."

There was cold, cruel murder in his voice as he said it. I kept back the shudder, the shivery shudder that crept up my spine.

"You'll see to my check?" I asked lightly.

Searen smiled.

"All right," he said. "That's right—go first."

Carelessly, haughtily, I floated down the long dining-room. As I neared the entrance, my eyes fell upon a woman who had just entered. Her dress was the same shade as mine; her hat wore a similar plume. She was expostulating with Émile.

"But there's some mistake," she was saying. "Mr. Searen and Mr. Davis were to meet me here. I am late—but take me to their table."

It was no time in which to weigh nice questions of fairness; self-preservation is the first law of nature. If those men at the table that I had left should learn of my deceit!

I stopped; I pointed dramatically at the woman talking to Émile.

"So!" I said. I needed but a moment, but that moment was the most precious thing in the world to me. "You have not heeded the warning given you."

She stared at me in amazement. Then she turned to Émile.

"This creature," she began disdainfully, "is she mad, or—"

"Mad?" I laughed. "Hold her," I said to Émile. "Just a moment—until I bring the house detective. Just a moment, and you will learn what and who she is."

Dishonest? But she was the person who should have met the men whom I had just left. I was only practising upon her

the sort of thing to which she must have been accustomed.

"Mind, Emile; I shall hold you responsible for her," I warned him.

A bluff—a monstrous bluff—but Emile knew Searen and Davis, was their faithful servant, as he had said, and I had just been dining with them. I saw his hand reach out and grab the wrist of Miss Maynard, the woman whom I had been impersonating; and then, my heart almost audible in my fright, I fairly ran to the dressing-room and flung my wrap round me. Then, trembling all over, I passed the dining-room door again on my way out.

I heard loud argument from the corner where I had sat. Then, over my shoulder, I saw Davis and Searen, their faces contorted with anger, rush for the door. I turned and fled. They burst from the hotel just as the taxi into which I had stepped started. I could not be sure that they had seen me, but I leaned to the speaking-tube. The starter might tell them the false address that I had given him, and I wanted my chauffeur to drive in the opposite direction.

"Not up-town!" I snapped. "The Twenty-third Street subway."

The taxi turned a corner, and we bowled down-town. Now, if the two tricked men, after finding that the up-town address was a ruse, should go back to the hotel after my chauffeur had left me, and talk to him, they would have nothing definite upon which to base pursuit. For, although they must know that I could not have understood their talk, they yet *would* pursue—were pursuing now. The paper I held must be of such great value as Searen had said. I drew the envelop from my pocket and read the name upon it. Then, hastily, I put it back. At the subway station I paid my driver, and, careless of the stir my finery made in the crowded subway car, rode up-town to Times Square. There I got another taxi to take me to my modest lodging.

Then, my door locked, I opened the envelop and drew from it a sheet of paper, which was headed:

Formula for making glass that can be bent to any shape. Property of J. Macklin, sold to L. Clement, agt. of Allan Conover.

Followed a mass of figures which I did not read. For the figures meant nothing to me, while the little heading meant everything—from a poor inventor's life-search to the murder and violence under which Big Business often operates. For the story was as clear as day.

Macklin was the crank who had annoyed Conover. Clement, Conover's agent, believing that there was something in the apparently insane man's claims, had bought the formula for his employer. The so-called independent glass concerns, which were, in reality, those corporations which had stayed out of the merger, had discovered what Clement had done. They had hired the men I met at dinner to steal the formula. They had done so, probably not stopping at murder in the theft.

Another *J. Ade* story, *The Missing Shoe*, will appear in *December Cosmopolitan*.

Then they had "double-crossed" their criminal employers. They had decided to treat with Conover direct. And another of their tribe had referred them to Miss Maynard—an adventuress, probably. And I had played her part. In my hand, I held that formula for which a fortune would be paid by old Conover, for the possession of that formula by a rival concern meant ruin to him. The whole glass business would be vitally changed. And I—I held the situation in the hollow of my hand. I could bend the old man at my will. My heart beating, I walked down-stairs to the telephone. I got Conover's house. After insistence, I got the old man upon the wire.

"Have you heard anything of Clement's death?" I asked.

"Yes, yes!" he cried. "Who are you?"

"Never mind," I said. "But—did you know, Mr. Conover, that he was murdered for the formula which he had bought from Macklin?"

"Who are you?" he thundered again.

"Did you know?" I reiterated.

"If you know that, you must be one of the murderers," raged the millionaire. "I'll have you—"

"You don't know who's talking; you'll do nothing," I interrupted rudely. "All you know is that you've lost something that will make or mar your business. And I have it."

"Bring it up to me!" he cried. "Bring it up to me! Your partners telephoned two hours ago, and I agreed to buy it again from them. Bring it up to me."

"It's not for sale—for a money price."

"What will buy it?" he raged.

"The marriage of your son to Miss Gertrude Bennings," I told him. "Now, you don't know me—never will know me. But I know Miss Bennings. She loves your son; he loves her. When I read the account of their marriage in the papers, I'll send you the formula by mail. If I don't read it within a week, I'll turn it over to the independents. That's final."

I could hear him sneer as he said,

"Are you Miss Bennings?"

"I most certainly am not!" I answered. "Good-night."

And I rang off even as he raged. Black-mail? Maybe; but in a good cause. Anyway, my conscience has never bothered me, and I felt never a qualm about rendering a bill for a thousand dollars to young Conover the day after he was married. At the same time I posted the formula to old Conover. Naturally enough, I got no reply from the latter, but the former brought me a note of almost hysterical thanks and, what was even more acceptable, a check for the amount of my bill.

And part of that check I invested in a new evening gown, wrap, and hat. I would never wear the others again. They would too easily mark me for the eyes of Searen and Davis, with whom I feared I was not yet done. But I did not worry much about them. My new business kept my mind too occupied.

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Be suspicious of tender gums



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## The France We Are Learning To Know

(Continued from page 33)

Even four years of victorious warfare would dislocate the machinery of any great nation's life; and four years of desperate resistance to a foe in possession of almost a tenth of the national territory, and that tenth industrially the richest in the country; four such years represent a strain so severe that one wonders to see the fields of France tilled, the markets provided, and life in general going on as before.

The fact that France is able to resist such a strain, and keep up such a measure of normal activity, is one of the many reasons for admiring her; but it must not make newcomers forget that even this brave appearance of "business as usual" does not represent anything resembling the peace-time France with her magnificent faculties applied to the whole varied business of living, instead of being centered on the job of holding the long line from the Yser to Switzerland.

In 1913 it would have been almost impossible to ask Americans to picture our situation if Germany had invaded the United States, and had held a tenth part of our most important territory for four years. In 1918 such a suggestion seems thinkable enough, and one may even venture to point out that an unmilitary nation like America, after four years under the invader, might perhaps present a less prosperous appearance than France. It is always a good thing to look at foreign affairs from the home angle; and in such a case we certainly should not want the allied peoples who might come to our aid to judge us by what they saw on arriving if Germany held our Atlantic seaboard, with all its great cities, together with, say, Pittsburgh, and Buffalo, and all our best manhood were in a fighting line centered along the Ohio River.

One of the cruellest things about a "people's war" is that it needs, and takes, the best men from every trade, even those remotest from fighting, because to do anything well brains are necessary, and a good poet and a good plumber may conceivably make better fighters than inferior representatives of arts less remote from war. Therefore, to judge France fairly to-day, the newcomer must perpetually remind himself that almost all that is best in France is in the trenches, and not in the hotels, cafés, and "movie shows" he is likely to frequent when he first arrives. I have no fear of what the American will think of the Frenchman after the two have fraternized at the front.

### II

ONE hears a good deal in these days about "What America can teach France;" though it is worth noting that the phrase recurs less often now than it did a year ago.

In any case, it would seem more useful to leave the French to discover (as they are doing every day, with the frankest appreciation) what they can learn from us, while we Americans apply ourselves to finding out what they have to teach us. It is obvious that any two intelligent races are bound to have a lot to learn from each other; and there could hardly be a better opportunity for such an exchange of experience than now that a great cause has

drawn the hearts of our countries together, while a terrible emergency has broken down most of the surface-barriers between us.

No doubt many American soldiers now in France felt this before they left home. When a man who leaves his job and his family at the first call, to fight for an unknown people because that people is defending the principle of liberty in which all the great democratic nations believe, he likes to think that the country he is fighting for comes up in every respect to the ideal he has formed of it. And perhaps some of our men were a little disappointed, and even discouraged, when they first came in contact with the people whose sublime spirit they had been admiring from a distance for three years. Some of them may even, in their first moment of reaction, have said to themselves, "Well, after all, the Germans we knew at home were easier people to get on with."

The answer is not far to seek. For one thing, the critics in question knew the Germans at home, *in our home*, where they had to talk our language or not get on, where they had to be what we wanted them to be—or get out. And, as we all know in America, no people on earth, when they settle in a new country, are more eager than the Germans to adopt its ways, and to be taken for native-born citizens.

The Germans in Germany are very different; though, even there, they were at great pains, before the war, not to let Americans find it out. The French have never taken the trouble to disguise their Frenchness to foreigners; but the Germans used to be very clever at dressing up their statues of Bismarck as "Liberty Enlightening the World" when democratic visitors were expected. An amusing instance of this kind of camouflage, which was a regular function of their government, came within my own experience in 1913.

For the first time in many years I was in Germany that summer, and on arriving in Berlin I was much struck by the wonderful look of municipal order and prosperity which partly makes up for the horrors of its architecture and sculpture. But what struck me still more was the extraordinary politeness of all the people who are often rude in other countries: post-office and railway officials, customs officers, policemen, telephone-girls, and the other natural enemies of mankind. And I was the more surprised because, in former days, I had so often suffered from the senseless bullying of the old-fashioned German employé, and because I had heard from Germans that state paternalism had become greatly aggravated, and that wherever one went, petty regulations were enforced by inexorable officials.

As it turned out, I found myself as free as air, and as obsequiously treated as a royalty, and I might have gone home thinking that the government was cruelly maligned by its subjects if I had not happened to go one evening to the Opera.

It was in summer, but there had been a cold rain-storm all day, and as the Opera House was excessively chilly, and it was not a full-dress occasion, but merely an out-of-season performance, with everybody wearing ordinary street clothes, I decided to keep on the light silk cloak I was wear-



ing. But as I started for my seat I felt a tap on my shoulder, and one of the polite officials requested me to take off my cloak.

"Thank you; but I prefer to keep it on."

"You can't; it's forbidden."

"Forbidden?" Why, what do you mean?"

"His Majesty the Emperor forbids any lady in the audience of the Royal and Imperial Opera House to keep on her cloak."

"But I've a cold, and the house is so chilly——"

The polite official had grown suddenly stern and bullying.

"Take off your cloak," he ordered.

"I won't," I said.

We looked at each other hard for a minute—and I went in with my cloak on.

When I got back to the hotel, highly indignant, I met a German princess, a Serene Highness, one of the greatest ladies in Germany, a cousin of his Imperial Majesty's.

I told her what had happened, and waited for an echo of my indignation.

But none came.

"Yes—I nearly always have an attack of neuralgia when I go to the opera," she said resignedly.

"But do they make you take your cloak off?"

"Of course. It's the Emperor's order."

"Well—I kept mine on," I said.

Her Serene Highness looked at me incredulously. Then she thought it over and said,

"Ah, well—you're an American, and American travelers bring us so much money that the Emperor's orders are never to bully them."

What had puzzled me, by the way, when I looked about the crowded house, was that the Emperor should ever order the ladies of Berlin to take their cloaks off at the opera; but that is an affair between them and their dressmaker. The interesting thing was that the German princess did not in the least resent being bullied herself, or having neuralgia in consequence—but quite recognized that it was good business for her country not to bully Americans.

That little incident gave me a glimpse of the essential difference between the Germans and ourselves.

The difference is this: the German does not care to be free as long as he is well fed, well amused, and making money. The Frenchman, like the American, wants to be free first of all, and free anyhow—free even when he might be better off, materially, if he lived under a benevolent autocracy. The Frenchman and the American want to have a voice in governing their country, and the German prefers to be governed by professionals, as long as they make him comfortable and give him what he wants.

From the purely practical point of view this is not a bad plan, but it breaks down as soon as a moral issue is involved. They say corporations have no souls; neither have governments that are not answerable to a free people for their actions.

This anecdote may have seemed to take us a long way from France and French ways; but it helps to show that, whereas the differences between ourselves and the French are mostly on the surface, and our feeling about the most important things



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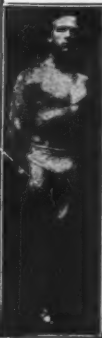
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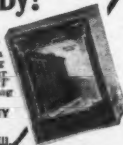
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is almost always the same, the Germans, who seem less strange to many of us because we have been used to them at home, differ from us totally in all of the important things.

Unfortunately surface-differences—as the word implies—are the ones that strike the eye first. If beauty is only skin-deep, so, too, are some of the greatest obstacles between people who were made to understand each other. French habits and manners have their roots in a civilization so profoundly unlike ours—so much older, richer, more elaborate, and more firmly crystallized—that French customs necessarily differ from ours more than those of simpler races; and we must dig down to the deep faiths and principles from which every race draws its enduring life to find how like in fundamental things are the two peoples whose destinies have been so widely different.

To help the American fresh from his own land to overcome these initial difficulties, and arrive at a quick comprehension of French character, is one of the greatest services that Americans familiar with France can render at this moment. The French cannot explain themselves fully to foreigners, because they take for granted so many things that are as unintelligible to us as, for instance, our eating corned-beef hash for breakfast, or liking mustard with mutton, is to them. It takes an outsider familiar with both races to explain away what may be called the corned-beef-hash differences and bring out the underlying resemblances; and while actual contact in the trenches will in the long run do this more surely than any amount of writing, it may nevertheless be an advantage to the newcomers to arrive with a few first-aid hints in his knapsack.

The most interesting and profitable way of studying the characteristics of a different race is to pick out, among them, those in which our own national character are most lacking. It is sometimes agreeable, but seldom useful, to do the reverse; that is, to single out the weak points of the other race and brag of our own advantages. This game, moreover, besides being unprofitable, is likely to be dangerous; for before calling a certain trait a weakness, and our own opposite trait a superiority, we must be sure, as critics say, that we "know the context," and that what appears to be a defect in the character of another race will not prove to be a strength when better understood.

Anyhow, it is safer as well as more interesting to choose the obviously admirable characteristics first, and especially those which happen to be more or less lacking in our own national make-up.

This is what I propose to attempt in these articles; and I have singled out, as typically "French," in the best sense of that many-sided term, the qualities of taste, reverence, continuity, intellectual honesty, and perspective, or the sense of proportion. We are a new people, a pioneer people, a people destined by fate to break up new continents and experiment in new social conditions; and therefore it may be useful to see what part is played in the life of an older nation by some of the very qualities we have had the least time to develop.

*Mrs. Wharton's next article will appear in an early issue.*

## Jane Sees It Through

(Continued from page 87)

"Perhaps we'd better go down again," said Jane swiftly. "It's simply torrid up here, isn't it? I'll come some cool morning and go over the whole house with you."

It was cooler by contrast in the parlor. Michael was still silent, and Jane went once more to her station by the window.

"There's the least little edge on the breeze," she said gladly. She lifted her face thirstily and drank in the air. "If it would only grow up into a wind! Remember, Michael—A wind blew out of the gates of the day, and a wind blew over the weary of heart—Am I quoting straight? I seldom do. 'And the weary of heart is withered away.'"

"That's the line I'm loving," said Michael.

"Yes. And that heavenly one—about the fairies—shaking their milk-white feet in a ring."

The Irishman leaned toward her.

"Yes. And the land where even the old are fair, and even the wise are merry of tongue."

"But the wise can't always, can't often be merry of tongue, Michael Daragh dear. You see too deep and true when you're wise, I expect. You can't sew bells on sackcloth. I try to, sometimes. About Broona, now. I got only one angle on it at first. It isn't so simple. It wants thinking over, not just feeling." She did not speak again but rested her cheeks against the window-sill.

It was very still in the parlor of Hope House. Michael sat deep in the shadow, and Jane did not lift her head. Emma Ellis felt very lonely. They were within, those two, and she, by reason of her sense of right, was locked without. Panic rose in her. The girl would be back any moment now, and she would ask for the letter, and it would be explained why she could not have it.

She cast wildly about for a loophole of escape; she was shaken, unsure of herself.

Miss Vail began to speak.

"I don't believe, Michael Daragh," she said gently, "that you can possibly get the same angle on this thing that we do—Miss Ellis and I. I dare say a man cannot. What we miss in Broona's attitude is—well, a sense of values. It's not that we want her to grovel. We don't ask her to rend her garments and pour ashes on her head. But—that transfigured, Joan-of-Arc expression—Well, as women, Michael," she said earnestly, "it grates on our sense of fitness. We aren't denying the tremendous altruism, the utter selflessness of her action; we realize absolutely that if she had jumped overboard to save her sisters' lives, giving her own, we'd have wanted a tablet erected to her, whereas she's saved them and lived for them, which is infinitely harder than dying for them, but—"

"But we can't pretend she's what she isn't, Mr. Daragh!" Emma Ellis was husky and eager now. "What can I say when my friend says, 'I must ask you for a word about the character of Broona Dougl?'"

"Character?" Jane leaned swiftly forward. "Is that the word she uses?"

"Yes; that is what she wrote."

"Why," said Jane, holding her voice

very steady and speaking slowly, "that might be a solution, I should think. As long as she doesn't ask you about her reputation—Character's a very different thing, isn't it? You—we could, I believe, say something—favorable—about her character, and yet keep strictly within the truth. We do grant, you see, Michael, that she has a certain strength of character, that—" She ceased suddenly and stared into the street. "There's a motor stopping here—a very smart one. There's a man coming up the steps."

Miss Ellis's chair was nearest the door. "I'll see what he wants," she said, with a little gasp. "It's probably just to inquire." She hurried out as the bell rang.

Jane flew across the room and seized the lapels of the big Irishman's coat.

"Stop looking like a bewildered Babe in the Woods," she whispered. "Play up and follow me!"

Emma Ellis came back and shut the door behind her. Her face was very white and her eyes were wide.

"He wants her," she breathed. "He asked for Miss Dougl. It's the man!"

With a deep growl in his throat, Michael strode forward.

"Following her here!" he thundered. "I'll hold speech with him!"

"Michael—no—let me!"

Jane crowded past him.

Michael put his hand on her shoulder. "This is man's work." He made to move her aside, but she persisted.

"Oh, let me try, please! If—if he's un-

civil, I'll call you."

She slipped out and closed the door behind her, and they heard the soft murmur of her voice in the hall, then on the steps outside.

"She's going down to the sidewalk with him," whispered Miss Ellis at the window. "He keeps shaking his head. He's coming back—No—he's getting into the motor. He's—yes; he's going! Oh, Mr. Daragh, isn't she wonderful? And there's Broona coming! See—at the second corner! But he doesn't see her. Heavens, if she'd been a minute sooner—"

Jane came back into the room. Her cheeks were scarlet flames.

"He's gone," she said solemnly. "But I don't know for how long. I couldn't make him promise anything."

"Lend me your fountain pen, please, Mr. Daragh," said Emma Ellis. She was shaking with excitement. "That letter won't take me a minute. You'd better call a taxi to take her to the train. I'll go with her." She ran into the office.

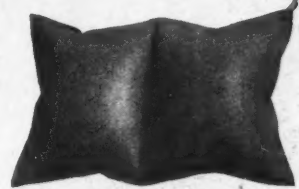
The Irishman strode close to Jane and looked down into her dancing eyes.

"Witch woman and wonder-worker," he said, "you had her fine and mellowed with your soft words and your 'we's' and the shameless way you were pretending; but to have that blackguard walk in at the very moment it swung in the balance, that—that was the hand of God!"

"Once removed," said Jane modestly. "What do you mean?"

"I'm—ashamed," said Jane soberly.

"I wasn't pretending to her. I was understanding her. But I ought to have been big enough to trust her, to know she would have come through finely in the



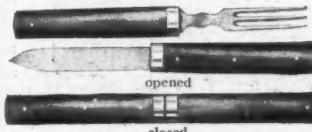
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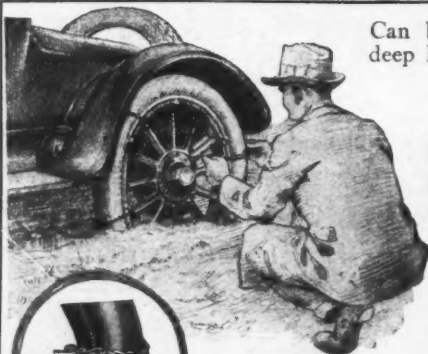
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end without tricking her. Michael, people are so much finer than we—"

"But this fellow, this rascal—"

"He isn't a rascal at all. He's my leading man. I 'phoned to him and told him, and he adored helping us out. He's waiting round the corner now to drive me home, and I mustn't keep him too long—he's keen to get back to his wife and his perfectly nice new baby."

He drew a long breath and said something in purling Gaelic. She didn't know the words, but the tone needed no translating.

"Broona's coming," she said, a little breathlessly.

There were feet on the steps. He drew once more on the thinning stock of his patience.

"All the same, woman dear, you've managed a miracle this night."

"No more shame to me, Michael Daragh—I just—stage-managed one!"

## April Folly

(Continued from page 81)

the day that she painted, and all the money she made with paint was swallowed up by the farm, which did not pay but which was the very core of her heart.

Impossible for April to be in such company and not work, too, even if her thoughts had not demanded occupation. So, first, she mended the clothes of everybody, including Meekie's ragged piccaninies; then she went to the Paarl, bought a pot of green paint, and spent days of sheer forgetfulness smartening up rusty paraffin-tins and barrels and all the bearded and blistered shutters and doors and sills of the farm that had not known paint for many years.

At midday they bathed in a tree-shaded pool that had formed in the bed of a stream running across the farm. They had no bathing-frocks but their skins, and sometimes Clive, sitting stark on the bank, palette in hand, painted the others as they tumbled in the dark-brown water, sporting and splashing like a lot of school-boys. Afterward, they would mooch home through the shimmering noontide heat, deliciously tired, wrapped in reflection and their towels. Ghostie provided a perpetual jest by wearing a smart Paris hat with a high cerise crown. She said it had once belonged to the fastest woman in South Africa, who had given it to her as a joke; but she did not mention the lady's name, or say in what her "fastness" consisted. This was characteristic of visitors at Ho-la-le-la; they sometimes stated facts, but never talked scandal. When April asked them to call her by her own name instead of "Diana," they did so without comment, accepting her as one of themselves and asking no questions about England, the voyage, or the Cape. The scandalous tragedy of the April fool had never reached them, and if it had, they would have taken little interest except to be sorry for the girl.

In the evenings, when work was put away, Clive played to them on the 'cello.

"I was determined to have music in my life," she told April, "and as you can't lug a piano and musician all over the shop with you, I saw no way of getting it but to darn well teach myself."

And very well she had done it, though why she had chosen a 'cello, which also needed some lugging, no one knew but herself. Sitting with it between her heavy boots and breeched legs, the eternal cigarette drooping from her mouth, she looked more than ever like Galahad, her blue, austere gaze seeming to search beyond the noble mountain-tops of her own pictures for some Holy Grail she would never find. No complicated music was hers, just grand, simple things like Handel's "Largo," Van Biene's "Broken Melody," "Ave Maria," or some of Squire's sweet airs.

Sometimes at night they went out and climbed upon a huge rock that stood in the apricot orchard. It was big enough to build a house on and called by Clive her "counsel-rock," because there she took counsel with the stars when things went wrong with the farm. Lying flat on their backs, they could feel the warmth of the day still in the stone as they gazed at the purple-and-silver panoply of heaven spread above them.

A week slid past, and April barely noticed its passing. No word came from the outer world. It was not the custom to read newspapers at Ho-la-le-la, and all letters were stuffed unopened into a drawer, in case they might be bills. Close friends were wise enough to communicate by telegram, or, better still, dump themselves in person upon the door-step. The only reason that April had been expected, and fetched was that a "home letter" had heralded the likely advent of Lady Diana and given the date and hotel at which she would be staying. Home letters were never stuffed away unopened.

Late one afternoon, however, there was an unexpected announcement. The *boch-ma-keer-ie* bird began to cry in the orchard, and Clive said it was a surer sign of visitors than any that came from the telegraph-office.

"To-morrow is Sunday. We'll have visitors as sure as a gun," she prophesied.

April quailed. She could not bear the peaceful drifting to end, and wished for no reminder of that outer world where Bellew, the mail-boat for England, and the dreary task of breaking an old man's heart awaited her. Sometimes, in spite of herself, she was obliged to consider these things, and the considering threw shadows under her eyes and hollowed her cheeks. Sarle, too, though he was a dream by day, became very real at night, when she should have been dreaming. She knew now that she could never escape from the memory of him, and the thought that he was suffering from her silence and defection tortured her. What must he think of her, slinking guiltily away without a word of explanation or farewell? Doubtless Kenna would set him right.

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend," she thought bitterly.

Better far and braver to have done the explaining and setting-right herself, if only she could have found some way of releasing herself from the compact of silence made with Diana and Bellew.

Sunday morning dawned very perfectly. They were all sleeping on the stoep, their beds in line against the wall, Clive upon the oak chest, which her austere self-discipline commanded. At three o'clock, though a few stars lingered, the sky was already tinting itself with the lovely luster of a pink pearl. No sound

broke the stillness but the breathing of the sleepers and the soft, perpetual drip of acorns from the branches overhead.

The beauty and peace of it smote April to the heart. She pressed her fingers over her eyes, and tears oozed through them, trickling down her face. When, at last, she looked again, the stars were gone and the sky was blue as a thrush's egg, with a fluff of rose-red clouds knitted together overhead and a few crimson rags scudding across the Qua-Quas. A dove suddenly cried, "Choo-coo—choo-coo!" and others took up the refrain, until, in the hills and woods, hundreds of doves were greeting the morning with their soft, thrilling cries. Fowls straying from a barn near by started scratching in the sand. The first streak of sunshine shot across the hills and struck a bush of pomegranates blossoming scarlet by the gate.

Presently the farm-workers began to come from their huts and file past the stoep toward the outhouses.

Clive, awake by now on her oak chest, sprang with one leap into her top-boots. Passing April's bed, she touched the girl's eyelids tenderly, and her finger-tips came away wet.

"You had better come up the lands with me this morning and plant trees," she said.

That was Clive's cure for all ills of the body and soul—to plant trees that would grow up and benefit Africa long after the planters were dead and forgotten. No one ever left Ho-la-le-la without having had a dose of this medicine, and many an incipient forest lay along the valleys and down the sides of the Qua-Quas. So behold April, an hour or two later, faring forth, with a pick and a basket full of saplings, followed by Clive leading the Kerry cow, who was sick and needed exercise.

They lunched in the open, resting from their labors and savoring the sweetness of food earned by physical labor. Care was stuffed out of sight; dreams and ghosts faded in the clear, sun-beaten air, and again April realized what life could mean in this wonderful land, given the right companionship and a clean heart.

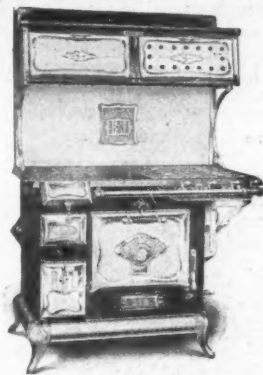
Later, they wended their way back, full of the happy weariness engendered by honest toil. But nearing home, Clive lifted her nose and, sniffing the breeze like a wild ass of the desert sensing unfamiliar things, scowled bitterly.

"Petrol!" she ejaculated. "One of those stinking motor-cars! Why can't people use horses, like gentlemen? What's the matter with a nice mule, even?"

As they slouched warily round the house and came in view of the stoep, she emitted a staccato whistle of dismay. Tethered out upon the vagabondish grass was—not one motor-car but three! An opulent thing of blinking brass and crimson leather arrogated to itself the exclusive shade of the largest tree; a long, gray torpedo affair of two seats occupied the pasturage of the Kerry cow, and blistering in the sunshine, with several fowls perched upon it, was an ancient Ford, wearing the roistering air of a scalawag come home for good.

"That old *boch-ma-keer-ie* bird knew something," muttered the painter. "I don't like the look of this."

They paused to take counsel of each other, then presently advanced, Clive approaching her own front door with the stealthy glide of a pickpocket, April tip-



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toeing behind her. The idea was to get indoors without being seen, listen in the hall to discover whether the visitors were agreeable ones, and, if not, to take refuge in the kitchen until they had departed. Unfortunately, one of them came out of the front door to shake his pipe on the stoep as Clive and April reached the steps.

"Why, it's old Kerry Sarle!" cried Clive heartily, and stealth fell from her. She beamed with happiness and shook his hand unceasingly, pouring forth questions like water.

"When did you get back? Why didn't you come before? What did you bring a crowd for? Who have you got with you?"

"Only Kenna. The crowd doesn't belong to me. They've come to buy pictures or something and are in your studio. I haven't seen them. We are in the dining-room."

His speech was disjointed and halting—his amazed gaze fixed upon the girl standing thunderstruck at the foot of the steps. Clive forged on into the house with a gloomy eye; she hated to sell pictures, even when she needed the money. April and Sarle were left together, and in a moment he was down the steps by her side. They stood looking at each other, with the memory of their last kiss kindling between them. He had been bitterly hurt, but he loved and trusted her beyond all things that were, and could not conceal the happiness in his eyes. But for the open studio windows and the round-eyed piccaninies, he would have gathered her to his heart; as it was, he gathered her hands instead, and held them close.

"Darling! Thank God I have found you!"

Kenna had not betrayed her, then! The blow was still to fall. She managed to smile a little, but she had turned very pale, and there was something in her silence chilling even to his ardent spirit.

"You don't think I tracked you down? We motored out here with no idea but to see Clive Connal—"

"Of course not." She strove to speak casually. "I couldn't expect to have a friend like Clive all to myself, but I never dreamed you knew her."

"She has been my friend for twelve years or more."

"Yes," said Kenna's voice from the stoep; "we are all old friends together here."

He had come out with Belle Hélène, and stood smiling upon them. The old malice was there, with some new element of strain that made him look more sardonic yet strangely pathetic to the girl who feared him.

"Who'd have thought to find you here Lady D.?" he sneered softly. "Life is full of pleasant surprises."

They all went to the dining-room, where tea was laid, and Clive brought in the picture-dealers, who proved to be two globe-trotters anxious to acquire specimens of South African art. Some one had told them that Clive Connal stood top of the tree among Cape painters; so they had spent about seven pounds ten on a car from Cape Town, in the hope of getting some rare gem for a couple of guineas. One was a fat and pompous ass, the other a withered monkey of a fellow, who hopped about peering through his monocle at the pictures on the walls, uttering deprecating

criticism in the hope of bringing down prices.

"This sketch of Victoria Falls is not bad," he piped, gazing at a thing of tender mists and spraying water above a Titanic rock-bound gorge. "The left foreground wants breaking up a bit, though."

"I think you want breaking up a bit," muttered Clive, who had already made up her mind to sell him nothing, and looked longingly at her *sjambok* (thong whip) lying on the sideboard. "Where are Ghostie and the others?" she demanded.

"They had tea by themselves in Ghostie's room." Belle Hélène proffered the statement rather hesitatingly—and no wonder, in a house where "*les amis de mes amis sont mes amis*" was the rule. It took more than that to offend Clive, but she looked astonished.

"Oh, all right, then; let's have ours," she said, and, sitting at the head of her table, held the loaf of home-made brown bread firmly to her breast, carving hefty slices and passing them on the point of the knife to Belle Hélène, who jammed them from a tin. Customs were simple and the fare was frugal at Ho-la-le-la. There were only two teaspoons between six, as Ghostie had the other two in her bedroom. The jam, unfortunately, gave out before the globe-trotters got theirs, but there was some good dripping—if only they had happened to like dripping. They seemed pained before the end of the meal, and one was heard to murmur to the other as they went out:

"Would you believe that her father was a clergyman? Bread and dripping—and jam scratched out of a tin! This comes of living in the wilds of Africa, I suppose. An entire loss of culture."

The daughter of the clergyman must have surprised them a good deal by her unexpected spurt of holiness in refusing to sell pictures on a Sunday. They wound up their old taxi and went away, very much annoyed at having come so far for nothing.

"Whose, then, is the Babylonian litter with trappings of scarlet and gold?" asked Clive, in amazement, as the Ford rattled off. "You don't mean to say you fellows came in a thing like that?"

They denied it until seventy times seven. The gray torpedo was Sarle's. Kenna was of opinion that the owners of the crimson caravan must be Johannesburgers, and "dripping with it."

"Not Johannesburgers," disputed Clive, with a wry lip. "No; they're too exclusive for that."

Something must have gone very wrong indeed with the atmosphere for Clive to start sneering. In truth, some jangling element, unnatural to the sweet accord of Ho-la-le-la had been introduced, and did not leave with the strangers. They settled down to smoke in the studio, but there was more smoke about than tranquillity. Sarle seemed distraught. Belle Hélène sometimes cast an uneasy glance at April, who, still very pale, sat by herself on the lounge. Only Clive and Kenna talked racy, but in jerks, of cattle, fruit-blight, mules, and white ants. But presently all subjects of conversation seemed to peter out, leaving a dark pool of silence to form between them in the room. Kenna it was who threw the stone disturbing those still waters.

"Has anyone told you, Miss Connal,

about the girl who committed suicide on the Clarendon Castle?"

For a full moment not a word was spoken. Sarle, staring, made a movement with his hand over his mat of hair. April's lids fell over her eyes, as though afflicted by a deadly weariness. Clive changed her cigarette from one corner of her mouth to the other before answering briefly, "Yes; I know all about it," which seemed to astonish Kenna.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "I wish I did!"

It was Sarle's turn to look astonished.

"Why, Kenna, I told you everything there was to know. Besides, it was in the papers."

"No, Kerry; you told me something, and the papers told me something. *Everything* can be related only by one person." Dramatically he fixed his glance upon that person.

There was no mistaking the challenge. April found courage to return his glance, but her eyes looked like the eyes of a drowning girl. At the sight of them, two people were moved to action. Belle Hélène rose and slipped from the room. Sarle also rose, but it was to seat himself again by April's side on the lounge.

"I don't understand what all this is about," he said quietly. "But it seems a good time for you to know, Kenna, and you, Clive, that we"—he took April's hand in his—"are engaged and going to be married as soon as possible."

Kenna looked at him with pity and tenderness.

"You had better let her speak, old man. It is time you were undeceived."

"Be careful, Kenna!"

"My dear Kerry, do you suppose that it gives me any pleasure to cause you pain or to distress this charming lady? Only my friendship for you—"

"I can dispense with it," Sarle curtly interrupted.

"Ah! That's the way when a woman steps in." Kenna's lips twisted in a bitter grin. Sarle turned to April.

"Diana—"

"That is the very crux of the matter," rapped out Kenna. "*She is not Diana.*"

"What, in God's name—" began Sarle.

"What I want to know," pursued Kenna somberly, "is, why, if Diana Sandilands jumped overboard, does this girl go masquerading under her title?"

"Are you mad? Sarle stared from one to the other. "Haven't you known her all your life? Did you not meet as old friends?"

Kenna shrugged.

"I never set eyes on her until that day at the Mount Nelson. She was a friend of yours, and chose to call herself by the name of a friend of mine, and I humored her and you. But the thing has gone too far. After inquiries among other passengers, I have realized the truth—that it was Diana who—" A spasm of pain flickered across his melancholy eyes.

Sarle, in grave wonder and hurt, turned to April.

"It is true!" she cried bitterly, pierced to the heart by his look. "Diana is drowned. I am a masquerader."

Even if she had been nothing to him, he could not have remained unmoved by the desperate pleading of her eyes. But he happened to love her with the love that casts out fear and distrust and all misunderstanding.





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"I am the real April Poole," she said, broken, but resolute that, at least, there should be no further mistake. He gave her one long look, then lifted her hand and held it closer. The gesture was for all the world to see. But Kenna had not finished with her.

"You will allow a natural curiosity in me to demand why you should wear the name and retain the possessions of my friend, Lady Diana Sandilands?" he asked, dangerously suave.

Then Clive sprang full-armed to the fray.

"And you will allow a natural curiosity in me to demand why you should harry my friend like this—browbeat her for a folly entered into mutually by two girls and ending in tragedy through no fault of hers?"

The painter's eyes burned with a blue fire, bleak as her own mountain-tops. It was as though Joan of Arc had come to the rescue and was sweeping the room with valiant sword. Even Kenna was slightly intimidated.

"That is her story," he muttered.

"You fool Ronald Kenna," she said gently, "can't you look in her face and see there is no touch of treachery or darkness there? Thank God, Kerry is not so blind!" There was a deep silence. Then she said, "Listen, then, to my story," and she repeated the facts April had told her, but as April could never have told them, so profound was her understanding of the motives of the two girls in exchanging identities, so tender her treatment of the wayward Diana. Truly, this "unfulfilled woman" was greater in the width and depth of her soul than many of those to whom life has given fulfilment of their dreams.

Daylight faded; shadows stole through the open windows. In the large, low-ceiled room, clustered with saddles and harness and exquisite pictures, everything grew dim except their white faces and the glistening of tears as they dripped from April's lids.

"I must ask to be forgiven," said Kenna very humbly at last. "My only plea is that my friendship for Kerry blinded me. And"—he halted an instant before the confession of his trouble—"I once loved that little wayward girl."

So it was Diana Sandilands who had proved false and sent him into the wilds! Somehow, that explained much to them all—much for forgiveness but very much more for pity and sympathy.

Suddenly the peace of eventide was rudely shattered by the jarring clank of a motor being geared up for starting. Evidently Ghostie's friends were departing in the same aloof spirit with which they had held apart all the afternoon. No one in the studio stirred to speed the parting guests. It did not seem fitting to obtrude upon the pride of the great. A woman's voice bade good-by, and Ghostie was heard warning them of a large rock fifty yards up the lane. A man called good-night, and they were off.

"By Jove, I know that fellow's voice!" puzzled Sarle. April thought she did, too, but she was in a kind of happy trance where voices did not matter. The next episode was Ghostie at the window blotting out the evening skies.

"They have gone," she timidly announced.

"Ah, joy go with them!" remarked Clive, more in relief than regret.

"But there is still one of them in my room."

"What?"

"She has been waiting to speak to you all the afternoon; they all have, but they could not face the crowd."

"Poor fellows!" said Clive, with cutting irony.

"The one in my room's a girl," said Ghostie, "a friend of yours."

"She has strange ways," commented Clive glumly. "But ask her to come in. These also are my friends."

Ghostie disappeared. Simultaneously, the two men arose, remarking that they must be going; they had stayed too late, and it was getting dark. Clive easily shut them up.

"Of course you can't go! Stay to supper and go back by the light of the moon. We've got to have some music and all sorts of things yet. Afterward, we'll come a bit of the way with you."

They did not need much persuasion to settle down again. Clive passed round the cigarettes.

"We won't spoil the best hour of the day by lighting the lamps," she said.

They waited. In a minute or so they heard the strange girl approaching. The house consisted of a number of rooms built in the form of a square round a little courtyard. Each room led into the other, but had also an outer door. Ghostie's room was third from the studio, with one between, unused because of huge holes in the floor. It was through this dilapidated chamber that the girl could now be heard approaching, clicking her high heels and picking her way delicately by the aid of a candle, whose beams showed under the door and flickered across the courtyard at the back. In spite of its light, she caught one of her high heels in a hole, and a faint but distinctly naughty word was heard, followed by a giggle. As she reached the door, she blew out the candle. They heard the puff of her breath as plainly as they had heard the naughty word. Then she stood in the open doorway, visible only because she wore a white dress.

"Come in," said Clive, with politeness, but irony not quite gone from her voice. The figure did not move or speak. For some reason unknown, April felt the hair on her scalp stir as though a chill wind had blown through it. And the same wind sent a thrill down her back-bone. Clive repeated the invitation somewhat sharply, and then the girl spoke.

"I'm ashamed to come in."

The voice was timid and very low, but it was enough to make April give a broken cry and hide her face on Sarle's shoulder. Kenna leaped to his feet, and next moment the yellow spurt of a lighted match in his hand revealed the drooping face of the girl in the doorway.

"My God! Diana!"

"Yes— isn't it awful?" she said mournfully. "I know I ought to be dead, but I'm not. How do you do, Ronny?"

She passed him and came slowly across the room to the girl who was trembling violently against Sarle's shoulder. The strain of the day, ending in this, was almost more than April Poole could bear.

"Don't be frightened, April." She was

really concerned. "It is truly me and not my ghost. You see, I never jumped overboard at all, but simply hid in one of Geoffrey Bellew's big packing-cases. I really could not face those enraged beasts and philistines any longer."

There was an amazed and gasping silence, but Diana, in the middle of the lime-light, was in her element and rapidly regained her spirits. She tripped to Clive and shook her warmly by the hand.

"So pleased to see you. I should have come out here long ago, but I got so knocked about in the packing-case that I had to go to bed and be nursed by Geoff's old aunt at Wynberg. Everything perfectly proper; so don't be alarmed. She chaperoned us out here this afternoon, you know, and would have liked to see you, but, really, it was rather awkward with Ronny and Major Sarle turning up immediately afterward. We didn't expect to find April here either, naturally. That was a nasty bang in the eye. So I begged Ghostie to hide us in her room; and we waited and waited, but these terrible men seem to have taken root here." She twinkled at them gaily, but no one appeared to have recovered sufficiently from shock to reciprocate her pert amusement. "So at last I had to bundle the others off and face the music alone. Especially as Belle Hélène told me there was some sort of trouble boiling up here for April."

"I suppose you never realized before that trouble has been boiling up for her ever since you disappeared," said Clive.

"Oh, I have been dreadfully sorry, and worrying myself to ribbons."

"It doesn't seem to have interfered with your health," was Clive's only rejoinder. "May one ask what you intended to do to put things straight?"

Diana had the grace to look slightly abashed—only slightly.

"There was nothing for it but to come out here to you and sit tight until the scandal had blown over, while April returned to England. Once she got on board, she would have found a letter telling her it was all right and that I was not dead at all."

"Very charming and considerate, too," commented Ronald Kenna acidly. "A few other people, including Sarle and myself, might have been dead in the mean time, but would that have mattered?"

It was no use being acid with Diana, however. She was riotously pleased with herself, and bubbling over with pride in her cleverness and joy in her escape from seclusion. Infection from her light-heartedness was almost impossible, and once the shock had passed, April easily forgave her the cruel and thoughtless part she had played and the hours of anguish she had given. Sarle and Kenna exchanged one grim glance, but it ended in a smile. The deep-rooted friendships of men do not hurry to such short and poor conclusions. Besides, Sarle, having come, in that hour, to the attainment of his heart's desire, was little inclined to fall out with fate or friends. As for Kenna, he knew he needed all the friends he had to see him through. Looking at the gilt-haired minx who held his breast-strings, he saw, as in a vision, that the days of peaceful loneliness on the veld were closing in, and that the future held more uneasiness and folly than the month of April could cover.

## Golden Days and Gray

(Continued from page 73)

successful were the articles that another series was requested, and for many years thereafter I seemed never able to extricate myself from an arrangement which permitted me to do so many goodly and gracious acts toward others, while the work I sent out to the public made its place with a large audience not approachable through the medium of poetry.

It was because I had reached this large audience that the editor of the New York *American* sent a representative to me, one cold winter night, with a surprising proposal, just as my husband and I had finished dinner and were preparing to go to the theater. Robert had just remarked that he was so driven by business matters that he scarcely knew where to turn. When the editor's card came to me, I left him sipping his coffee while I went in to see my caller. Presently I spoke to my husband, saying:

"Robert, please come in and inform this insistent man how wild and impossible is his suggestion. He asks me to sail in three days for London, to write an American poet's impression of a royal funeral. Queen Victoria is dying, it seems; they have their reporters and correspondents there, but they want me to go as their poet. I would as soon think of flying to Mars as taking such a commission. Imagine me crossing the ocean for the first time in midwinter and alone!

To my amazement, my husband, said: "Go, and I will accompany you. We need not be gone more than a month, and it will be a great thing for you to see."

Neither of us ever understood afterward how he came to make such a sudden resolution, or how he was able to carry it out with all the business affairs demanding his attention. So, instead of the leisurely voyage over summer seas we had always planned, we crossed in midwinter on a hurried, hurly-burly trip, lasting six weeks. Yet it was truly a wonderful experience, and worth all the discomfort and suffering from climatic causes which followed.

A place had been provided for me to witness the great funeral procession, and I was escorted to it by one of the special correspondents. So close was I that I could have tossed a flower on the head of every king of earth. They were all there, following the small coffin of the little great queen with real sorrow in their hearts. It was a majestic sight; but the emptiness of earthly glory never impressed me so forcibly as when I saw that tiny casket being carried to its final resting-place. The queen was scarcely five feet in height, and the casket seemed almost like that of a child.

Now, as I sat there, almost within touch of all the crowned heads of Europe, I suddenly recalled a very curious incident

which had occurred six weeks before the death of the queen—before her illness, even. I had attended an afternoon musicale and tea in New York. Over our teacups, an acquaintance had told me of a droll little person in the city who looked like a country schoolma'am and who lived in a funny little apartment not far from the locality where I dwelt that winter. This droll person possessed a strange pack of weird-looking cards, and, for the sum of twenty-five cents, she read your fortune. On my way home, I hid me to the card-person, who, after receiving my remittance, laid out her cards and began to tell me the usual things one hears on such occasions. Then, suddenly, she said,

"You are going very soon on a long sea voyage, are you not?" I laughed and re-

We arrived in London several days before the funeral ceremonies were to take place. It was not until the night before the event for which I had come that one single atom of inspiration came to me. I had been driving about the gloomy city with my husband, and I returned to my hotel feeling ill in body, paralyzed in mind, and despairing in heart. I sat in the reading-room a few moments after dinner, idly glancing over an old copy of *The Gentlewoman*, one of the English monthly magazines.

My eyes chanced on an item which had been printed some weeks previously:

The Queen is taking a drive to-day.

The sentence sent a thrill through me. The queen was surely taking a drive—her last—on the next day.

I was so tired and ill that I could not sit up longer, so retired to my room. It was heated by a gas-grate, which proved to be out of order, so that only half of it could be lighted. I crept into the bed between cold Irish-linen sheets, feeling very discouraged despite the thought which had entered my mind for a poem. I woke at three, with the first four lines of the poem clearly defined. I felt an immense sense of

relief. I knew I could write something the editor would like, something the British people would like. The representative of the editor was coming at nine o'clock in the morning, expecting material from my pen.

I went to sleep again and awoke at seven. I wrapped the down comfortable about me, lighted the impotent little gas-grate, and, sitting on the floor while my husband still slept, wrote the poem which opened the heart of all England to me.

I had never been especially interested in the queen, but, as I wrote, I began to feel very deeply her worth and the pathos of her last ride, and I wept copiously. My husband suddenly awoke and saw me sitting by the grate on the floor, weeping, and asked, with concern, what I was crying about.

"I am crying about the queen's last ride," I said, "and because I am really writing something worth while."

When I read the verses to him, he was most enthusiastic.

And when at nine o'clock, the dreaded *American* man came to get my copy to cable it over to New York, he found me, for the first time since my arrival in London, smiling.

The poem was cabled to New York, and was cabled back again by the *American* to an evening paper in London that same day, crossing the ocean twice in twelve hours. Its publication brought me quantities of letters from people in Great

### A New Serial, *The Passionate Pilgrim,* By Samuel Merwin, will begin in November Cosmopolitan.

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plied in the negative. "But you are," persisted the droll person, "and you are to be surrounded with royalty. Look at the kings in your cards—every one in the pack, and queens! You are surely going to be among them, and much honor will come to you and you will go very soon." I left the droll person who had made her absurd predictions, feeling my time and my twenty-five cents had been wasted. Yet, here I was, less than eight weeks afterward, recalling this incident, right in the center of the procession which contained all the kings, princes, and royal personages of Europe. I could not explain it. Can you? It makes one think there must be truth in the idea that whatever is happening now in the visible realms has first been rehearsed in the realm of the invisible. I relate this incident exactly as it had occurred. When I came back, I tried to see the droll person to tell her of the truth of her predictions, but she was gone, and I never knew what became of her.

I cannot describe the mental agitation I endured on that whole trip. I had never in my life before taken a commission of any kind. I had never gone out anywhere to write descriptions of anything. All my writing had been from within, and done in my own time and way. From the hour I reached London, I was depressed by the purple-and-black drapings of the whole city, and the climate began to affect me unpleasantly. It did not seem to me I could write one thing of value for the editor who had sent me out.





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Britain and, later, words of appreciation from royalty itself.

### THE QUEEN'S LAST RIDE

The Queen is taking a drive to-day;  
They have hung with purple the carriageway;  
They have dressed with purple the royal track,  
Where the Queen goes forth and never comes back.

Let no man labor as she goes by  
On her last appearance to mortal eye;  
With heads uncovered let all men wait  
For the Queen to pass in her regal state.

Army and Navy shall lead the way  
For that wonderful coach of the Queen's to-day;

Kings and princes and lords of the land  
Shall ride behind her, an humble band;  
And over the city and over the world  
Shall the flags of all nations be half-mast-furled

For the silent lady of royal birth  
Who is riding away from the courts of earth,  
Riding away from the world's unrest  
To a mystical goal on a secret quest.

Tho' in royal splendor she drives through town,  
Her robes are simple, she wears no crown;  
And yet she wears one, for, widowed no more,  
She is crowned with the love that has gone before,

And crowned with the love she has left behind  
In the hidden depths of each mourner's mind.

Bow low your heads—lift your hearts on high—  
The Queen in silence is driving by!

The poem was set to most effective music by a friend of King Edward, and a year from that day was sung at the memorial services in the presence of all the royal family. This poem was the only thing I wrote while abroad that was of any value whatever.

From London we went to Holland, and just one week from the day of the queen's funeral, we were witnessing the bridal procession of the Queen of Holland, seeing her and her liege lord at very close range, and afterward I was shown through the royal palace. The most interesting part of that experience was the night we passed in a hotel in a forest near Scheveningen, a summer hotel which had been opened up just to accommodate the influx of guests on this festival occasion. The deep snows all about the hotel, the dark forest of trees, the candle-light rooms, the thick fronts on the window-panes of our sleeping-apartment, all lent the night a weird charm. It gave us a sensation of being a caveman and woman. Several years afterward, we went back there in the summer season and spent ten days at this popular watering-place. But that winter scene is the picture which stands forth distinctly in memory's picture-gallery.

One of the most unaccountable and exciting experiences of my life took place at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo shortly after our return from this first trip to Europe. My husband was unable to attend this exposition, but he thought I ought to go; and as there were many of our acquaintances in Buffalo at the time, he felt I would be well looked after.

I had been requested by the editor of *Cosmopolitan* to write a poem about the exposition; and I recollect the tons of material in the way of histories he sent me to read up before I wrote the poem.

### Cosmopolitan for October, 1918

I read thoroughly and wrote carefully, and he was pleased with the poem; but I doubt if any other human being ever cared for it. I know I did not. It was written wholly from my head; my heart was not in it. Having written the poem, however, I thought I ought to visit the exposition. I went about the different departments with interest, accompanied by various friends, and found it instructive and enjoyable, and was about to return on an evening train to New York, when, in the early afternoon, I met a friend from Little Rock, then residing in New York, a typical Southern woman of great charm, universally beloved. Learning that I was leaving that evening, she urged me to go and see Cummins' Indian Congress.

"You like to see dancing," she said, "and these Indians do remarkable waltzes. I am sure Mr. Cummins will be glad to meet you; and you know he used to be a leader socially in the South and a great man for cotillions, but now he has taken up this work among the Indians and is making a great success of it."

We entered the Indian tent and I met Mr. Cummins. He told me the Sioux were about to do their war-dance; and he pointed out the old Apache, Geronimo, then ninety years old, who was a war-prisoner with a terrible record of savagery, but who was carried about with the show as one of its attractions. After a moment, Mr. Cummins was asked by one of his assistants to come into the tent of the Sioux, from which he emerged shortly to tell me that the Sioux had learned of my presence and wished to adopt me.

"What in the world are you talking about?" I asked, in amazement. "How do the Sioux know anything about me, and why do they want to adopt me?"

Mr. Cummins only smiled.

"I simply tell you what they told me," he said. "Come up by the tent and we may find out more."

I accompanied him to the tent, and he disappeared into it, and, in a very short time reappeared, followed by the whole Sioux tribe. They were in full war-paint and feathers and carried all sorts of death-dealing implements. They at once began a most horrible dance about me, shrieking and shaking their pistols and knives in my face. My friend saw me growing very white and came and stood beside me. Presently the dance ended, and each "brave" laid his knife and gun at my feet, rose, and said, "How?" and shook my hand, and the squaws came from the tent and followed suit. Mr. Cummins said I was now a Sioux; and that he asked old Geronimo to give me a name, and Geronimo had said at once, "Princess White Wings." As I was dressed in a black traveling suit, I do not know what suggested the name to him. In truth, the whole occurrence has always been most unaccountable to me. Had Mr. Cummins known that I was to be present that afternoon, I should have suspected him of preparing a spectacular bit of advertising; but my visit was wholly impromptu. How the Indians should be aware of my presence, or why they should have been interested in me, has never been explained. Three years later, I visited the St. Louis Exposition and learned that Cummins' Indian Congress was to give an evening entertainment and accepted the invitation of friends to occupy a box.

Mr. Cummins came to the box, and said his Indians had expressed a desire, on being told I was in the house, to speak to me after the entertainment closed. So they filed up, and again shook hands and said "How?" The next day, to my hotel came a beautiful bead reticule, containing a pair of beaded moccasins, and the following letter, which was in Indian dialect but which Mr. Cummins had translated.

MRS. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX,  
PRINCESS WHITE WINGS,  
St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR PRINCESS:

Your coming to visit us in the Indian Congress gladdened our hearts like the star in the north sky that guides us when we are far away, back in our wigwam home on the plains.

Our hearts bleed with happiness when you shake our hands at the Indian Congress.

We feel much good and beg the Great Spirit of the Red Man to make the wind blow nice and the great forest blow its leaves and limbs in the presence of the big sun in the skies whenever you are present.

We shake your hand and send a little present, bead pocketbook, to fill with the Paleface money and hope it always be big-full, so our princess have always plenty in the Paleface land.

We always meet you gladly and protect you when come among our people.

Chief La Kota, he, too, help to guide you to where all our people live.

We shake your hand,

Signed, CHIEF RED SHIRT,

CHIEF RED STAR,

CHIEF SPOTTED TAIL,

CHIEF AMERICAN HORSE,

for all the Indians at Cummins' Indian Congress, as interpreted by me,

HENRY STANDING BEAR.

The next summer, I gave a costume-ball, and endeavored to improvise a "Princess White Wings" costume for myself. It was far from being true to the tribe, however.

I wore a plain little white-silk gown, over which I hung a wonderful belt of Indian workmanship; and white feathers were stuck in my hair. My "wings" consisted of white-tulle draperies, and I am sure any real Indian princess would have despised me; but the guests thought the effect pleasing, not being overcritical.

It was the following summer that we gave a series of garden-fêtes for the benefit of our Woman's Improvement Society of Granite Bay. This society had become a very enterprising one—building pavements and keeping the streets in condition and lighting dark byways, and in every manner improving our beautiful resort.

One of our early experiences had been both amusing and vexing. Finding it impossible to hire men to clean our streets, one of our leading young ladies, daughter of a prominent railway official, suggested that we do it ourselves. I agreed, saying we would all wear white wash-gowns and white hats, and call ourselves the "Short Beach White-Wings."

The whole young feminine population went into it enthusiastically; and so much had it been talked about and discussed that, to our amazement, when we sallied forth, broom and pick in hand, we found a New Haven newspaper man and camera following us about. We were photographed and written up in a way that caused the most discordant results. We had said that we did this work because we could not get men to do it. We meant because we could not hire men for the



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work. The editor chose to construe our words to mean that we could not interest our husbands, brothers, sons, and fellow citizens in making the town neat. This reflection on our fine men angered us and pained them; and dreadful was the muddle in which the poor, well-meaning White-Wings found themselves. After that, we decided to wait and hire men to do our work at any cost. Our society grew in power, and our annual summer benefits provided it with money to enlarge its sphere of activity.

The Bungalow lawns were well adapted to outdoor fêtes, and we gave effective entertainments for our society and for charity. Having costumes from each country we had now in the course of years visited, the pretty girls of Granite Bay found pleasure in being robed as Oriental sirens and acting as ushers at our musicales, and these fantastically yet historically robed beauties always proved drawing cards, bringing the people from neighboring resorts to pay their entrance-fee to our court on these occasions.

Wonderful memories! Wonderful hours to recall sitting alone in the twilight of life! Wonderful realizations of the vision which came with the little Oriental paper-knife to the old farmhouse in Wisconsin!

Our dreams of saunterings through Europe seemed about to be realized when the unexpected happened, and again Duty stepped in and took the place we had prepared for pleasure at life's board. My father, who had been for some years a child in mind and a growing care in the old home, which was filled with nephews and nieces of all ages, was suddenly released from his body at the age of ninety. My mother, two years before this, had suffered from an illness which the family attributed to a fall. I was sent for and, even after she rose from her bed of sickness, the word "stroke" was never mentioned by the family or the physician. I alone seemed to realize that my mother had experienced a light stroke of paralysis, which had produced the fall.

My mother had been very eager always on my visits home to have me bring the latest novels and the latest books of poetry and read aloud to her. I had provided myself with reading-material on this visit, and after she was able to sit up and walk about the house, I began reading the newest novel of the season. It was Hall Caine's "The Christian," I remember. Unforgettable is that hour when I first discovered that she did not remember one word that I had read to her at the previous sitting. After that, I read only the simplest short tales or anecdotes to her, and even then her mind would wander and she would begin to talk of her family troubles in the midst of my reading. I knew then that the wonderful mind of my mother was only a cracked vessel.

The last visit I made to the old home before my father's death was one of indescribable anguish. He had no recollection of me, and when I tried to recall myself to his mind, he replied that he was not expected to recognize every stranger who came into the house. It is an intensely painful experience to see one's parents go back to the weakness of childhood without childhood's charms. Father had a mania for building fires, and it was necessary to watch him continually that

he did not set himself and the house on fire. He was very irritable toward his grandchildren and, in return, they were irritable and disrespectful toward him. (We must inspire respect before we receive it.) I had kept up my assumption of courage and cheer while at home, for the sake of the broken old mother, the worn and harassed sister-in-law, the unfortunate children reared in such an atmosphere, and the discouraged brother, trying blindly to pull through such miserable conditions as best he could. That these conditions might all have been different through a different mental attitude in years past did not make the situation seem any more hopeful. Most of us realize in the midst of our troubles that we might have done a great deal to avert them; but unless we are sustained by religion and philosophy, this consciousness is more painful than otherwise.

When I had left home to meet my husband in Chicago, I obtained an end chair in the Pullman car from Madison, and, turning my back on the fortunately few occupants, let the long-restrained flood of tears flow. Never in my life had there been a wilder downpour, and, still weeping I took my pencil and paper from my traveling bag and wrote the following verses:

### UNTO THE END

I know not where to-morrow's path may wend,  
Nor what the future holds, but this I know:  
Whichever way my feet are forced to go,  
I shall be given courage to the end.

Though God that awful gift of his may send,  
We call long life, where headstones in a row  
Hide all of happiness—yet be it so:  
I shall be given courage to the end.

If dark the deepening shadows be that blend  
With life's pale sunlight when the sun dips low,  
Though joy speeds by and sorrow's steps are slow,  
I shall be given courage to the end.

I do not question what the years pretend,  
Or good or ill whatever winds may blow;  
It is enough, enough for me to know  
I shall be given courage to the end.

It was a very broken and weepy wife that crept into the strong arms of her husband that night in Chicago. I think the spirits who go from purgatory to paradise must feel something as I did. After he had sympathized and comforted all he could, I remember that my husband became very stern, and he said:

"You shall do anything for your people that you can financially, and I will help you if you will let me, but I'm not going to allow you to visit there any more, when it puts you into such an hysterical condition. They cannot receive possibly enough benefit by your presence to pay for the vitality you lose."

Destiny arranged that I should not make another visit—only to go and bring my mother back East after my father's death, and that was the duty which intervened and prevented our foreign wanderings for a period of seven years.

It had been the dream of my mother's life, since I began to earn money, to live with me in some beautiful spot by the sea, free from all care and trouble. This dream was late in being realized, and the habit of her mind was such that she failed

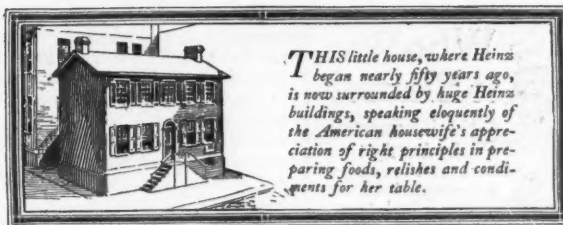


to find the happiness and peace she had looked for with me—failed, because happiness and peace must, first, be sought for within.

When I visited the old home in the West, a great deal of my time was passed in listening to her relation of the annoyances to which she was subject by having so many noisy children in the house. Yet, here in my beautiful, restful home, she frequently complained because of her loneliness in being deprived of association with the children in the West. The early cry of my heart for a peace-filled, love-ordered home had been realized, both in New York and in our beautiful bungalow, but now I was obliged to contend again with that element of discontent which had marred my girlhood life.

The only one whose word or wish could influence my mother was my husband. She adored him, and when he reproved her for her faultfinding and her complaint, telling her how unhappy she made me, she would become as penitent as a little child and "behave" for days. Of course, I realized that it was not an easy matter to adjust a life at the age of eighty-four to entirely new conditions, and my husband urged me to be philosophical and not to take my mother's complaints too seriously. He met the difficult problem which had come into our free and happy home life so wonderfully that, if I had not loved and respected him to the limit of my powers before, I surely would have placed him on a pedestal then. I tried to be as calm as he was; but my failure to make my mother contented and appreciative of our paradise was a severe blow to me. It was, however, a great lesson—a lesson in the importance of cultivating a grateful and contented state of mind, no matter what our situation may be—in the darkest conditions to look for some ray of light and to be thankful for it—for the mind, like the body, grows into the attitudes we give it. If we sit with sunken chest over our tasks, we eventually find it impossible to straighten up. So, if we train our minds to critical and gloomy thoughts, when we come into the sunlight, we still see gloom.

As my mother talked much of her early life in Vermont, I decided to take her to the scene of her childhood and youthful married life and let her see the old places once again. So we set forth, and during that day's journey I more and more realized how near to childhood my mother had returned, despite her still fine vocabulary and sharp wit in repartee, and many people who talked with mother saw no evidence of her broken state. On this trip, she seemed very much confused about our destination and mixed up her remarks regarding Wisconsin and Vermont continually. Arrived at the hotel in Bradford, her birthplace, I proceeded to look up my mother's old acquaintances, and succeeded in finding fully a dozen whose ages varied from seventy-five to ninety. A dinner was given for my mother, at which ten of these old people appeared, and they made much of her, recalling incidents which she had quite forgotten. Yet she did not enjoy this event. She was greatly displeased with the signs of age in her old friends, and said she would have preferred to remember them as they were in her early life. So this attempt to make her happy was also a failure.



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When we returned to our home, she seemed a little more appreciative of its comforts, and now and then she would surprise me by an almost happy mood in which she expressed gratitude and pleasure. But I do not recall that these moments ever continued through an entire day. Gradually she became less irritable, and each month her adoration for Robert increased.

After two years of a constant effort to entertain her, my husband told me I must find some one to assist in the care of her, in order that he might enjoy the old-time days and weeks of my companionship, uninterrupted by thought of my duty toward her. Guardian angels provided me, just at the crucial moment, with the right helper for this difficult position. A letter came to me, the very day I had told my husband that I would follow his wishes, from a young lady who had recently lost her mother. She wrote me that she was disappointed in her ambitions to follow an artistic career, and that she would like to find a position as companion to an old lady. It was one of the many instances in my life where difficult problems were solved for me by Invisible Helpers. The young lady came to remain six months. She remained during mother's life, a period of five years, and for several years afterward. My mother was devoted to her, and very happy in her companionship. Disliking old people, she enjoyed and was delighted with this handsome young woman.

The winter before my mother died, she was in her usual good health, and my husband took me to the West Indies for two months. We were sailing home in March, on a boat which had left two weeks sooner than we desired to leave, but we had decided to take it, because its next passage would bring us back too late. Forty-eight hours before we reached Boston, a heavy snowfall made us wish we were back in Jamaica. I went down into the dining-saloon for a cup of tea. The grounds in my cup looked interesting, and I asked the stewardess laughingly if she could "read teacups." It would amuse me to have mine read. She replied that the "cook was very wonderful in all those ways," and, of course, I sent for him immediately. He was a large and quite black man; and he assumed an air of vast importance as he took my cup to the light and examined it with rolling eyes. Then he came back to me and said solemnly:

"Mistress, you'se a-goin' home now, but not to stay. You'se a-goin' to be there just a little while; and then you'se goin' on the longest sea-trip you'se ever had. You won't get back again for about a year."

I laughed and assured him he was mistaken.

"I'm going home to stay a while before I budge out of my house again," I said. "I never go on voyages save in the winter."

He insisted that he was right, however, and that I would find it so. And I did.

When we landed in Boston, a long-distance telephone-call informed us that my mother had had another stroke. She died in my arms twenty-four hours later. She died praying, "Oh, mother, come and take me home; I am so tired!"

In just six weeks, we went to Europe to remain almost a year.

The next instalment of *The World and I* will appear in *November Cosmopolitan*.

I would like to know what quality it was in the mind of the black man that permitted him to see such an unexpected event. It was fortunate for me that my husband could spare the time and take me on this long trip. My mother was within seven months of her ninetieth birthday when she died and her going was not a great sorrow, yet it was a great emotional ordeal to pass through. It was the fourth time I had been very closely associated with death. In my early girlhood I had been alone with the first wife of Judge Braley, of Madison, when she breathed her last. Both her husband and mother had felt they could not witness it, but I remained. Again, I had been the lonely watcher while the mother of my hostess in Milwaukee, at the home where I was afterward married, breathed her last. I had held my own dead baby in my arms; and now I had my mother while she drew that last breath which never went forth again. It caused me to dig deep into the profound emotions of life, to live my whole existence from childhood to the present day over and over, to realize all my mistakes and shortcomings, and to grieve newly over the thought that I had not succeeded in my efforts to make my mother perfectly happy during the last years of her life, and to regret ever having been irritable to her. Yet there was great satisfaction in the thought that I had given her happiness through having so many of her ambitions for me realized, and in the remembrance of her often repeated assertion that I had never disappointed her and never been unkind to her. To her continual faith in my abilities as a child and young girl, and her constant anxiety for my attainment of a larger life, and her willingness to sacrifice anything which would help me up and onward, I owed a debt which could never be paid in this incarnation. The distractions of travel and the delightful wanderings which I enjoyed with my husband during the next seven months enabled me to rise out of the state of depression in which I departed from America, and to return to my paradise enriched in mind and soothed in heart, to enjoy the most beautiful years which life had yet offered me.

As a little child and afterward I remembered my mother's often expressed horror of burial and her wish that she might be "either put in the sea or burned" when she died. This idea used to shock all her neighbors; and was therefore more frequently uttered by her. My mother's chief distraction in her monotonous life lay in shocking her neighbors by her unusual ideas. When she came to live with me, she showed a distinct disappointment that this wish of hers shocked no one. Cremation had become an every-day event, and she was told that her desire would, of course, be observed. In a talk with her one day on the subject, I asked her if she wished to have her ashes sent to Wisconsin to be buried beside my father, with whom she had lived fifty-six years in marriage. She replied emphatically, "No, no; I want them to be scattered in the open air, and not put in the ground." So my mother's ashes were placed in an urn until rose-growing season, and then, on a beautiful spring day, they were scattered about a rosebush.

## The Escapade

(Continued from page 69)

fires her out." Hardaway waited and watched and listened—and bit up the second cigar. But no projectile in the shape of Miss Jane Barlow was fired down the stairs. He had just resolved to go up and reconnoiter when Barney Maguire blundered in with another bunch of trouble.

"Cap, I want you to give me a kiracker."

"A character?" What for?"

"I'll be nading it, sorr, at the court-martial to-morrow morning."

"Barney, I've no time to fool with you. Must do some work in my room." He started for the elevator and tried to close the door, but Barney squeezed in; and Barney squeezed in again at his parlor door.

Through the partition, Hardaway heard the Barlow woman batting a thousand in her conversational endurance-test. From Miss Warburton he heard nothing, and from Barney Maguire he continued to hear:

"Straight goods, Cap. It happened loike this: Corp'r'l Schwartz, sorr—I didn't know him from Adam until I butted into that caffay—"

"Look here, Barney: You haven't been in Paris two hours. Now you get into a fight."

"Twarn't me, sorr. 'Twas Corp'r'l Schwartz. You just ought to squint at him, sorr."

"Move on, Barney, down-stairs; I'm busy."

"As I was sayin', sorr, it was nayther the toime nor the occasion for Corp'r'l Schwartz to pass a remark loike thot. You ordered me to kape straight, sorr, and I hadn't touched a drop. Just rambled into the caffay, where a squad of American lads was foregatherin', and this corp'r'l says to me, 'Hello, Irish!' 'Hello, Dutch!' Prisintly he snickers and says, 'Irish, you'd better indivvor to kape sober.' 'Faith an' I'll do whot I loike,' sez I. 'Ain't I on lave?' 'But the guard-house is jammed full with Irish already,' sez ee; 'forty-sivin av 'em clapped in this morning at eight o'clock sharp.' 'Accordin' to Hoyle,' sez I. 'Yes; forty-sivin,' sez ee. 'An' what for?' sez I. 'For swanking round Paris tryin' to pose as white min.'" Barney's mighty chest bulged out with the wrath that was in him. "Now, I lave it to you, Cap, as a mon av sinse, if thot was ayther the toime or the occasion for Schwartz to pass a remark loike thot."

All of which sounded to Hardaway like the buzzing of distant bees that annoyed him but could not be brushed aside. He paced his floor, listening to Jane Barlow's monologue in the next room. Barney followed him, still buzzing.

"But, Cap, I'm afear'd ye didn't git the hang av it, sorr. Thot dom Dutch corp'r'l—"

Hardaway snatched up his cap and bolted out.

"Barney, I must report at once to headquarters."

"Very good, sorr." Along the hallway, Maguire continued to volunteer information. "Thot's why I nade the kiracker, at the court-martial. Give me a foine



## When the Gorilla Sang!

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The menace of Hindenburg shall cease to exist in the world even as a shadow; and we shall return to our individual pursuits under the protection of our national ideal successfully defended; and, please God, other nations, as the result of this struggle, shall join us and our already free Allies in the enjoyment of our blood-bought and blood-held freedom.

kirackter, sorr. An' don't mintion rum-hounds and booze-h'isters, same as you always does when I gits rejoyced to ranks——"

Barney tagged his officer through the lobby and trailed him across the courtyard to the cab.

"Twarn't nothin' nohow, sorr, excipt a dom Dutch corp'r'l; an' thim dentist doctors at the hospital can mind his tathe, sorr, just as soon as his jaw hales up."

Hardaway's taxi whirled into the Rue Castiglione, where he tapped on the glass, stopped it, and sprang out.

"Attendre?" inquired the chauffeur.

"No; *fini*"—with a lavish tip.

Dodging into the Hotel Continental he called up the St. James, where a snappy-eyed telephone-girl summoned Miss Warburton.

"Hello, Marion! Can't you get rid of that pest?"

"I've tried everything I know. She's talking me to death."

"Listen: I'll send you a telegram signed 'de Lamarest,' ordering you back to the hospital on the first train. Bring enough clothes for three days and leave the balance. Pay your bill a week in advance, and let Miss Thingamajig have the infernal room. Meet me at the Gare du Nord—Gare du Nord—the same station where we came in."

"Are we going away?"

"Only to another hotel. Do you understand?"

"Yes; I'll be there. I'm desperate."

Five minutes after his arrival, another cab dashed up at the Gare du Nord and Miss Warburton sprang out, laughing.

"Your telegram was an inspiration. I encouraged Jennie to get undressed, with her clothes scattered, so I escaped. Hurry! She's following me to say good-by."

They arrived separately on the right-hand side of the station, and departed together on the left. Nor did the right-hand chauffeur know whither the left-hand chauffeur had taken them.

When Miss Warburton caught her breath, she looked him in the face.

"You manage cleverly—from experience? Never mind. You're a darling for thinking of it. Where do we go?"

"To the biggest hotel in Paris."

"Is that safe?"

"The safest. If a man wants to get lost, he goes to a big hotel."

At the Hotel du Prince Impérial, half a dozen bell-boys and sub-porters fought for the American luggage.

"Sit here while I engage the rooms."

Miss Warburton sat, chilly and hot by turns, while Hardaway sauntered to the desk.

"*Oui, oui*. We take joy to serve *mon-sieur le capitaine* and his wife."

The effusive clerk pushed forward a registry-blank. Hardaway seized a pen, began, and stopped—stopped abruptly before he began. He didn't know how to fill it out, and he didn't know how to refuse.

At such crises, a man must think promptly and not let his foot slip. He thought of a thousand things—all pleas of guilty. Then, suddenly,

"My wife wants to select her own rooms."

"Quite natural, *monsieur*. Arturo, bring the keys to suites 416, 728, 842, 9——"

"Plenty! Plenty!" Hardaway interrupted, and hurried to consult Miss Warburton.

"What's the matter?" Her white face looked up at his.

"This blank," he whispered.

"Fill it out quickly and let's go upstairs. People are staring."

"But I can't fill out *this* thing!"

"Why?"

"What can I write? 'Captain Frank L. Hardaway, 82nd Engineers, U. S. A. with Miss Marion Warburton, of the American Red Cross?'"

"That would never do—never!"

The majestic porter approached, jingling his keys.

"Hurry, Frank! Write something. Say 'Captain Hardaway and wife.'"

"And General Pershing will ship me home."

"Oh, I forgot! Are you sure?"

"First transport back to the States—and no argument or back talk."

"What are we to do?"

"Don't know."

"Tell 'em you don't want the rooms."

"If I refuse to fill out this blank, they'll be suspicious and notify the gendarme."

"Oh, Frank, is somebody watching us?"

"Yes; see him over there—with the pointed beard. Now, don't be excited; we've got to think, think——"

"I can't think—I——"

"Wait! Go up and look at the rooms. Say you don't like them—say we can't afford the price—say anything to get away. Come, now; keep your nerve."

The porter scintillated with gold braid and pomposity as he stalked in advance, cherishing visions of a ten-franc tip. But *monsieur le capitaine* exploded at the idea of paying a hundred and twenty francs for suite 416, while *madame* grew denunciatory because there was no hot water.

"But, *madame*," the porter apologized, "we are permitted to heat the water only on Saturdays and Sundays. It is unfortunately the law, *madame*."

"A fool law. I want hot water." *Madame* railed at him like a fishwife, for the calm and collected Miss Warburton now bordered on the verge of panic. "A hundred and twenty francs is robbery, robbery for this suite!"

"Suite 728 is not so dear, *madame*."

*Madame* refused to examine suite 729, or 842, or any other suite.

"I do not like this hotel."

"Neither do I," *monsieur le capitaine* agreed, and they marched down-stairs while the porter implored them in despair.

The porter explained to the clerk; the clerk explained to the manager, and they unanimously explained to *madame*, who would hear no explanation. She refused to consider a hundred and twenty francs, or eighty francs, or fifty francs, or thirty-five francs. A taxi-cab she would have, and a taxi-cab she got. Whereupon the porter was treated to the surprise of his overburdened life; for *monsieur le capitaine* thrust a twenty-franc note into his hand. Bell-boys and sub-porters swarmed like flies on the sidewalk, receiving five francs, or ten francs, just as it happened.

Which was not wise: for Monsieur Ballou of the pointed beard and the secret service had been stationed here to look after such matters. As Monsieur Ballou saw it, this affair demanded attention. An American captain arrives with a woman



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supposed to be his wife. Ballou well knew the American regulation on that subject. They filled out no identification-slip. Besides, it seemed more than suspicious for these prodigal Allies to haggle over a few francs in the price of rooms while scattering their wealth among bell-boys.

The prefect's instructions were explicit—to observe all women who associated with American officers. Ballou supposed himself familiar with every woman in Paris who was more or less under surveillance. Of this one, he had no record.

Tracing the officer would be absurdly simple, thanks to Barney Maguire's tag upon his satchel, of which Ballou had already made a note,

Captain Frank L. Hardaway, 82d Engineers, U. S. A., Hotel St. James, Paris.

Nothing could be clearer. So Ballou merely ordered the chauffeur,

"Telephone me at once where you take them."

Hardaway drove to the Gare St. Lazare, dismissed his cab, put Miss Warburton into another, and sent her back to the St. James, returning himself by the subway. When he reached his own room, he heard Miss Warburton's excited voice explaining that she had missed her train. Whereupon Miss Barlow resumed her one-sided conversation where she had broken off.

For the half of a grouchy hour, Private Maguire had been sitting on the front steps of the St. James. The Swiss porter came out and inquired,

"You are Captain Hardaway's orderly?"

"That I am."

"Here's a man with a letter for his wife."

"His wife?"—springing up. "Cap ain't got no more wife than a rabbit." Whereupon the Swiss returned to the lobby, while Maguire cogitated upon this and determined, "I'm goin' to tell the cap, right straight."

And he told him, almost before Hardaway opened his door,

"Cap, you better come down and look at a fellow who is asking about your wife."

"My wife?"

"That's what he said, sorr, and I told him you never had no more wife than a rabbit."

"Of course; of course."

Hardaway sat down to consider, and Barney stood up to talk,

"Prisintly ye'll have me traveling to the court martial an' givin' you a kirackter—an' spakin' of kirackters, I niver got half-way through what I wanted to tell ye—"

Nobody interrupted, and Maguire had probably got half-way through when Laroque tapped on the door—Laroque, spruce and natty in a brand-new uniform, with red-topped cap and gold-lace filigree. His arm-sling was now made of blue cloth, which was less conspicuous. He bowed in courtly style,

"Captain Hardaway, mother has made arrangements for you at home. You are to dine there at eight. It is now six."

The American shook his head undecidedly, for Miss Barlow's high-pitched gabble held out no hope of cessation.

"My car is waiting," Laroque insisted; "you need only take a hand-bag sufficient for the night. To-morrow you can get your luggage."

Cosmopolitan for October, 1918

"Yes, Cap," added Maguire; "we've got to appear before the court martial to-morrow morning. As I was tellin' ye, sorr, Corp'r'l Schwartz—"

Hardaway wheeled and caught up his cap.

"All right, Laroque; I'm at your service. Here, Barney—pack everything, everything, clean as a whistle. Hustle my baggage down-stairs while I run to the telephone. Pardon me, Laroque—be back in a minute."

Again from the Hotel Continental he called Miss Warburton over the 'phone.

"Marion, it will be safer and not compromise you if I leave the St. James. To-morrow you had better change your quarters. We shall arrange to meet where it is absolutely secure."

It may have been imagination, but the effervescent French lieutenant seemed unusually excited about something as he led the American away. Down-stairs in his box, Captain Hardaway found a telegram.

LIEUT.-COLONEL F. L. HARDAWAY:

Congratulations old fellow. You have skipped a grade and are now lieutenant-colonel, with orders to sail for home next Saturday, reporting to the General Staff for conference. Bon voyage. GATES.

This brave news made Laroque more jubilant than ever,

"Promoted! Good! We shall stop at the club and celebrate."

After spending more than an hour at his club, Laroque's runabout rolled joyously along the Champs Elysées and halted before a small house in the Rue des Accacias.

"I thought you lived in the Avenue de la Grand Armée," Hardaway mechanically observed.

"That is my mother's home. Alight here, Colonel; my house is yours!"

The entry opened into a main hallway through which Hardaway could see the dining-room, with table set for two.

"Just you and I for dinner?" he inquired.

Laroque smiled.

"Only two."

"How very considerate!" The American tossed his cap into a chair. "I feared you might have a large dinner-party—with ladies."

"Shame, shame, my friend; you fear the ladies? You—a soldier on leave?"

If Hardaway had not made himself so comfortable on the divan, he must have noticed a suspicious gleam in the young lieutenant's eyes. Amusedly, Laroque stood regarding his friend, then stepped to the drawing-room door and opened it. Then Hardaway heard somebody ask Laroque a question.

"You have brought him—my son?" It was the sweet voice of an old lady, and the surprised colonel sprang up to meet her.

"Colonel Hardaway, my mother, the Baroness Laroque."

The American began to stammer, then hushed, for directly behind the older lady he saw another, much younger and beautiful, in a dinner gown of dull red, with scarlet poppies nodding on her bosom—Miss Warburton, the silent Miss Warburton, the astounded Miss Warburton.

For one petrified instant they stared at each other as Laroque bowed low.



"Colonel Hardaway—your wife!"

"His wife!" Miss Warburton loosed her tongue. "I am not his wife. You tricked me here to disgrace me, and I won't stay another minute." She gathered her skirts, and, with a flash of scarlet stockings, went flying to the upper rooms.

"Lieutenant Laroque," Hardaway demanded, "how did you know she is my wife?"

"You told me yourself, that last night in our dugout, while we were waiting for the *boche*. Here is her photograph that you had tacked against the post. I saved it for you after the explosion."

"Oh, yes, yes; I forgot."

"Don't you remember telling me how cleverly she managed to get into Red Cross service without your knowledge, just as soon as she knew you were ordered here—then married you on your way to the transport?"

Hardaway felt like a tattler until the young lieutenant had warmly caught his hand.

"And I knew that American officers are forbidden to bring their wives to France."

"Yes, yes," *madame la baronne* nodded decisively—"we shall see to it that your cruel General Pershing does not send you home. The republic needs such defenders as Colonel Hardaway. Come, my son." The benignant old lady paused with an upturned glance. "Colonel, dinner is served for two. Perhaps you can persuade her to remain."

The outer door closed. Mother and son were gone. Hardaway stood bewildered and trying to understand. Then he bounded up the stairs.

## The Sure-Thing Man

(Continued from page 48)

yet it would have satisfied his sense of what was fitting and proper. No man, he felt, had a right to succeed in flying an air-plane the first time he tried it. "Foolhardy" was a weak word for describing the attempt. It was crazy, insane, almost criminal. He felt a kind of dull anger toward Rothenet and Miss Beale. Such idiots—such an exhibition of idiocy! They did not deserve to get away.

The thought that, undeserving as they were, they might, by some lucky chance, actually fly to a place of safety and that he, the rational and calculating one of the three, might die of hunger on the rock troubled him more and more. Injustice could reach no greater depths. Was the fool to survive while the wise man perished?

Sometimes he was shaken by the fear which is born of loneliness. Sometimes jealousy tormented him. He had wanted that girl as much as he had ever wanted anything. The more vivid Rothenet became a little dim in his memory. He had never noticed the color of Rothenet's eyes; he could not recall the tones of his voice; but the girl's image seemed to be intensified by her absence. She was a fool to go with Rothenet, and yet, perhaps, through that act of sheer folly she was to reach happiness.

When you have behaved with sense and propriety, it is intolerable to see success tumble into the lap of those who have been rash and thoughtless. All his life, Stimson



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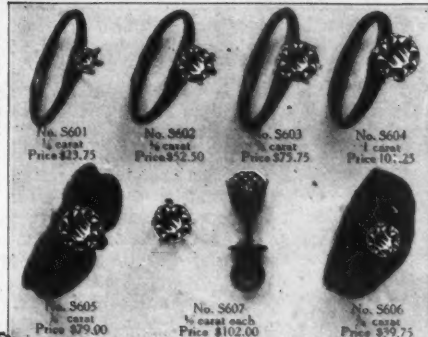


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had prided himself on his hard, conservative common sense. He had never taken any chances. He had never been on speaking-terms with risk.

By hard work and hard sense he was by way of becoming one of the indispensable subordinates in a well-known woolen house. He contrasted the facts of his own career with the notions that he had picked up concerning Rochenet's. They were about the same age. He, Stimson, had made steady progress from the day he left night school. Rochenet had been a rolling stone; he had quit one job and then another; his lack of stability had carried him (drifting and rolling) all over the world. He had had dozens of chances to Stimson's one; and yet, as Stimson said to himself, "Look at us!"

Stimson spent most of his days watching for the arrival of the fishing-fleet. He believed in his fishing-fleet as faithfully as a Chinaman believes in his ancestors. He regarded his life on the rock as an episode which would lend prestige and romance to his name in woolen circles. There would be columns in the newspapers about him. Often he thought, "Just wait till I hit New York!"

But the time for the arrival of the fishing-fleet in those waters came, and the fishing-fleet came not. It seldom rained now, and the water was low in the reservoir, stale, flat, and unprofitable. He had

long since put himself on the shortest of rations, and yet his provisions were almost gone.

More and more his thoughts centered on the probable fate of his late companions. He became certain in his mind that their foolhardy adventure had succeeded. But if so—and he asked himself this question a thousand times a day—why had they not sent back for him? It was not until he had eaten his last ration that he began to reproach himself with not having flown away with them.

The fool things had worked, and the sensible things hadn't. The rolling stone had gathered moss, and the solid rock was dying of hunger. The fishing-fleet which always came to these waters hadn't come. The sea-gulls, which always began to lay about now, didn't begin.

He hated them. They flew about the rock in ever-increasing numbers, perched on it, and fed themselves easily and incessantly from the water which flowed round its base. He hated them.

He hated Rochenet. A self-pitying jealousy gnawed him. Almost it was less tolerable than the pangs of hunger.

He had reached that stage of slow dissolution by hunger and thirst when men see visions and hear voices. Sometimes he wept bitterly for hatred and jealousy and self-pity. Sometimes he gave sudden shouts of joy—when some swimming speck

in his eye assumed for an instant the proportions of a far-off ship.

One night, rain fell. It cheered him, gave him a return of sanity, and renewed his little lease of life.

The morning dawned bright and warm. The surface of the rock was thickly dotted with white gulls.

They rose at any approach of his and circled away with shrill cries, but with reluctance, it seemed, and with no thought but to return at the earliest opportunity.

One gull, which had chosen a warm hollow to sit in, allowed him to approach within a few feet. He withdrew a little way and kept his eye on her. She was a symbol to him—the symbol of life. She was going to begin laying. She represented the triumph of common sense over foolhardiness.

"My reservoir has water in it," said Stimson, "and soon I shall have all the eggs I can eat. It will be the same with the fishing-fleet. I know that it will come. Reason, logic, common sense—that's what wins in the long run."

For an hour the gull did not move. Stimson watched her with narrowed eyes; his heart beat louder and louder.

The gull moved. She stretched her wings. She rose slowly and flew off.

Stimson dashed forward.

But he did not find an egg in the hollow of the rock.

The next *Gouverneur Morris* story, *Drifting Smoke*, will appear in *November Cosmopolitan*.

## The Red One

(Continued from page 41)

But no diamond this that he gazed down upon. Rather was it a pearl, with the depth of iridescence of a pearl, but of a size all pearls of earth and time, welded into one, could not have totaled, and of a color undreamed of any pearl, or of anything else, for that matter, for it was the color of the Red One. And the Red One himself, Bassett knew it to be on the instant—a perfect sphere, fully two hundred feet in diameter. He likened the color-quality of it to lacquer. Indeed, he took it to be some sort of lacquer applied by man, but a lacquer too marvelously clever to have been manufactured by the bush-folk. Brighter than bright cherry-red, its richness of color was as if it were red builded upon red. It glowed and iridescenced in the sunlight, as if gleaming up from underlay under underlay of red.

In vain, Balatta strove to dissuade him from descending. She threw herself in the dirt; but, when he continued down the trail that spiraled the pit wall, she followed, cringing and whimpering her terror. That the red sphere had been dug out as a precious thing was patent. Considering the paucity of members of the federated twelve villages and their primitive tools and methods, Bassett knew that the toil of a myriad generations could hardly have made that enormous excavation.

He found the pit bottom carpeted with human bones, among which, battered and defaced, lay village-gods of wood and stone. Some, covered with obscene totemic figures and designs, were carved from solid tree-trunks forty or fifty feet in length. He noted the absence of the shark and turtle gods, so common among the shore villages, and was amazed at the con-

stant recurrence of the helmet motive. What did these jungle savages of the dark heart of Gaudalcanar know of helmets? Had Mendaña's men-at-arms worn helmets and penetrated here centuries before? And if not, then whence had the bush-folk caught the motive?

Advancing over the litter of gods and bones, Balatta whimpering at his heels, Bassett entered the shadow of the Red One and passed on under its gigantic overhang until he touched it with his fingertips. No lacquer that. Nor was the surface smooth as it should have been in the case of lacquer. On the contrary, it was corrugated and pitted, with here and there patches that showed signs of heat and fusing. Also, the substance of it was metal, though unlike any metal or combination of metals he had ever known. As for the color itself, he decided it to be no application. It was the intrinsic color of the metal itself.

He moved his finger-tips, which, up to that, had merely rested, along the surface, and felt the whole gigantic sphere quicken and live and respond. It was incredible! So light a touch on so vast a mass! Yet did it quiver under the finger-tip caress in rhythmic vibrations that became whisperings and rustlings and mutterings of sound—but of sound so different, so elusive thin that it was shimmeringly sibilant, so mellow that it was maddeningly sweet, piping like an elfin horn, which last was just what Bassett decided would be like a peal from some bell of the gods reaching earthward from across space.

He looked to Balatta with swift questioning; but the voice of the Red One he had evoked had flung her face downward

and moaning among the bones. He returned to contemplation of the prodigy. Hollow it was, and of no metal known on earth, was his conclusion. It was right-named by the ones of old times as the Star-born. Only from the stars could it have come, and no thing of chance was it. It was a creation of artifice and mind. Such perfection of form, such hollowness that it certainly possessed could not be the result of mere fortuitousness. A child of intelligence, remote and unguessable, working corporeally in metals, it indubitably was. He stared at it in amaze, his brain a racing wild-fire of hypotheses to account for this far-journeyer who had adventured the night of space, threaded the stars, and now rose before him and above him, exhumed by patient anthropophagi, pitted and lacquered by its fiery bath in two atmospheres.

But was the color a lacquer of heat upon some familiar metal? Or was it an intrinsic quality of the metal itself? He thrust in the blade-point of his pocket-knife to test the constitution of the stuff. Instantly the entire sphere burst into a mighty whispering, sharp with protest, almost twanging goldenly, if a whisper could possibly be considered to twang, rising higher, sinking deeper, the two extremes of the registry of sound threatening to complete the circle and coalesce into the bull-mouthed thundering he had so often heard beyond the tabu-distance.

Forgetful of safety, of his own life itself, entranced by the wonder of the unthinkable and unguessable thing, he raised his knife to strike heavily from a long stroke, but was prevented by Balatta. She upreared on her own knees in an agony of



terror, clasping his knees and supplicating him to desist. In the intensity of her desire to impress him, she put her forearm between her teeth and sank them to the bone.

He scarcely observed her act, although he yielded automatically to his gentler instincts and withheld the knife-hack. To him, human life had dwarfed to microscopic proportions before this colossal portent of higher life from within the distances of the sidereal universe. As had she been a dog, he kicked the ugly little bush-woman to her feet, and compelled her to start with him on an encirclement of the base. Part-way round, he encountered horrors. Truly had the bush-folk named themselves into the name of the Red One, seeing in him their own image, which they strove to placate and please with red offerings.

Farther round, always treading the bones and images of humans and gods that constituted the floor of this ancient charnel-house of sacrifice, he came upon the device by which the Red One was made to send his call singing thunderingly across the jungle-belts and grass-lands to the far beach of Ringmanu. Simple and primitive it was as the Red One consummate artifice. A great king-post, half a hundred feet in length, seasoned by centuries of superstitious care, carved into dynasties of gods, each superimposed, each helmeted, each seated in the open mouth of a crocodile, was slung by ropes, twisted of climbing vegetable parasites, from the apex of a tripod of three great forest trunks, themselves carved into grinning and grotesque adumbrations of man's modern concepts of art and god. From the striker king-post were suspended ropes of climbers, to which men could apply their strength and direction. Like a battering-ram, this king-post could be driven end-onward against the mighty red-iridescent sphere.

Here was where Ngurn officiated and functioned religiously for himself and the twelve tribes under him. Bassett laughed aloud, almost with madness, at the thought of this wonderful messenger winged with intelligence across space to fall into a bushman stronghold and be worshiped by apeline, man-eating, and head-hunting savages. It was as if God's word had fallen into the muck-mire of the abyss underlying the bottom of hell, as if Jehovah's commandments had been presented on carved stone to the monkeys of the monkey-cage at the zoo, as if the Sermon on the Mount had been preached in a roaring bedlam of lunatics.

The slow weeks passed. The nights, by election, Bassett spent on the ashen floor of the devil-devil house beneath the ever-swinging, slow-curing heads. His reason for this was that it was tabu to the lesser sex of woman, and, therefore, a refuge for him from Balatta, who grew more persecutingly and perilously lovely as the Southern Cross rode higher in the sky and marked the imminence of her coming nuptials. His days, Bassett spent in a hammock swung under the shade of the great breadfruit tree before the devil-devil house. There were breaks in this program, when, in the comas of his devastating fever-attacks, he lay for days and nights in the house of heads. Ever he struggled to combat the fever, to live, to continue to live, to grow strong and stronger against the day

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when he would be strong enough to dare the grass-lands and the belted jungle beyond, and win to the beach and to some labor-recruiting, blackbidding ketch or schooner, and on to civilization and the men of civilization, to whom he could give news of the message from other worlds that lay, darkly worshiped by beast-men, in the black heart of Gaudalcanar's midmost center.

On other nights, lying late under the breadfruit tree, Bassett spent long hours watching the slow setting of the western stars beyond the black wall of jungle where it had been thrust back by the clearing for the village. Possessed of more than a cursory knowledge of astronomy, he took a sick man's pleasure in speculating as to the dwellers on the unseen worlds of those incredibly remote suns, to haunt whose houses of light life came forth, a shy visitant from the rayless crypts of matter. He could no more apprehend limits to time than bounds to space. No subversive radium-speculations had shaken his steady scientific faith in the conservation of energy and the indestructibility of matter. Always and forever must there have been stars. And surely, in that cosmic ferment, all must be comparatively alike, comparatively of the same substance, or substances, save for the freaks of the ferment. All must obey or compose the same laws that ran without infraction through the entire experience of man. Therefore, he argued and agreed, must worlds and life be appanages to all the suns as they were appanages to the particular sun of his own solar system.

Even as he lay here, under the breadfruit tree, an intelligence that stared across the starry gulfs, so must all the universe be exposed to the ceaseless scrutiny of innumerable eyes like his, though grantedly different, with behind them, by the same token, intelligences that questioned and sought the meaning and the construction of the whole. So reasoning, he felt his soul go forth in kinship with that august company, that multitude whose gaze was forever upon the arras of infinity.

Who were they, what were they, those far-distant and superior ones who had bridged the sky with their gigantic, red-iridescent, heaven-singing message? Surely, and long since, had they, too, trod the path on which man had so recently, by the calendar of the cosmos, set his feet. And to be able to send such a message across the pit of space, surely they had reached those heights to which man, in tears and travail and bloody sweat, in darkness and confusion of many counsels, was so slowly struggling. And what were they on their heights? Had they won Brotherhood? Or had they learned that the law of Love imposed the penalty of weakness and decay? Was strife life? Was the rule of all the universe the pitiless rule of natural selection? And, most immediately and poignantly, were their far conclusions, their long-won wisdoms shut, even then, in the huge, metallic heart of the Red One, waiting for the first earth-man to read? Of one thing he was certain: No drop of red dew shaken from the lion-mane of some sun in torment was the sounding sphere. It was of design, not chance, and it contained the speech and wisdom of the stars.

What engines and elements and mastered forces, what lore and mysteries and destiny-control might be there! Undoubt-

edly, since so much could be inclosed in so little a thing as the foundation-stone of a public building, this tremendous sphere should contain vast histories, profounds of research achieved beyond man's wildest guesses, laws and formulas that, easily mastered, would make man's life on earth, individual and collective, spring up from its present mire to inconceivable heights of purity and power. It was Time's greatest gift to blindfold, insatiable, and sky-aspiring man. And to him, Bassett, had been vouchsafed the lordly fortune to be the first to receive this message from man's interstellar kin.

No white man, much less no outland man of the other bush-tribes, had gazed upon the Red One and lived. Such the law expounded by Ngurn to Bassett. There was such a thing as blood-brotherhood, Bassett, in return, had often argued in the past. But Ngurn had stated solemnly, "No." Even the blood-brotherhood was outside the favor of the Red One. Only a man born within the tribe could look upon the Red One and live. But now, his guilty secret known only to Balatta, whose fear of immolation before the Red One fast-sealed her lips, the situation was different. What he had to do was to recover from the abominable fevers that weakened him and gain to civilization. Then would he lead an expedition back, and, although the entire population of Guadalcanar be destroyed, extract from the heart of the Red One the message to the world from other worlds.

But Bassett's relapses grew more frequent, his brief convalescences less and less vigorous, his periods of coma longer, until he came to know, beyond the last promptings of the optimism inherent in so tremendous a constitution as his own, that he would never live to cross the grasslands, perforate the perilous coast-jungle, and reach the sea. He faded as the Southern Cross rose higher in the sky, till even Balatta knew that he would be dead ere the nuptial date determined by his tabu. Ngurn made pilgrimage personally and gathered the smoke-materials for the curing of Bassett's head, and to him made proud announcement and exhibition of the artistic perfectness of his intention when Bassett should be dead. As for himself, Bassett was not shocked. Too long and too deeply had life ebbed down in him to bite him with fear of its impending extinction.

Came the day when all mists and cobwebs dissolved, when he found his brain clear as a bell, and took just appraisal of his body's weakness. Neither hand nor foot could he lift. So little control of his body did he have that he was hardly aware of possessing one. Lightly indeed his flesh sat upon his soul, and his soul, in its briefness of clarity, knew, by its very clarity, that the black of cessation was near. He knew the end was close, knew that in all truth he had with his eyes beheld the Red One, the messenger between the worlds, knew that he would never live to carry that message to the world—that message, for aught to the contrary, which might already have waited man's hearing in the heart of Guadalcanar for ten thousand years. And Bassett stirred with resolve, calling Ngurn to him out under the shade of the breadfruit tree, and with the old devil-devil doctor discussed the terms and arrangements of his last life-effort, his final adventure in the quick of the flesh.



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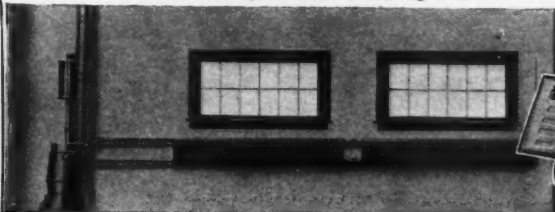
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"I know the law, O Ngurn!" he concluded the matter. "Whoso is not of the folk may not look upon the Red One and live. I shall not live, anyway. Your young men shall carry me before the face of the Red One, and I shall look upon him and hear his voice, and thereupon die under your hand, O Ngurn! Thus will the three things be satisfied—the law, my desire, and your quicker possession of my head, for which all your preparations wait."

To which Ngurn consented, adding:

"It is better so. A sick man who cannot get well is foolish to live on for so little a while. Also, is it better for the living that he should go. You have been much in the way of late. Not but what it was good for me to talk to such a wise one. But for moons of days we have held little talk. Instead, you have taken up room in the house of heads, making noises like a dying pig, or talking much and loudly in your own language, which I do not understand. This has been a confusion to me, for I like to think on the great things of the light and dark as I turn the heads in the smoke. Your much noise has thus been a disturbance to the long-learning and hatching of the final wisdoms that will be mine before I die. As for you, upon whom the Dark has already brooded, it is well that you die now. And I promise you, in the long days to come when I turn your head in the smoke, no man of the tribe shall come in to disturb us. And I will tell you many secrets, for I am an old man and very wise, and I shall be adding wisdom to wisdom as I turn your head in the smoke."

So a litter was made, and, borne on the shoulders of half a dozen of the men, Bassett departed on the last little adventure that was to cap the total adventure, for him, of living. With a body of which he was scarcely aware, for even the pain had been exhausted out of it, and with a bright, clear brain that accommodated him to a quiet ecstasy of sheer lucidness of thought, he lay back on the lurching litter and watched the fading of the passing world, beholding for the last time the breadfruit tree before the devil-devil house, the dim day beneath the matted jungle roof, the gloomy gorge between the shouldering mountains, the saddle of raw limestone, and the mesa of black volcanic sand.

Down the spiral path of the pit they bore him, encircling the sheening, glowing Red One that seemed ever imminent to iridesce from color and light into sweet singing and thunder. And over bones and logs of immolated men and gods they bore him, past the horrors of other immolated ones that yet lived, to the three-king-post tripod and the huge king-post striker.

Here Bassett, helped by Ngurn and Balatta, weakly sat up, swaying weakly from the hips, and, with clear, unflinching, all-seeing eyes, gazed upon the Red One.

"Once, O Ngurn—" he said, not taking his eyes from the sheening, vibrating surface whereon and wherein all the shades of cherry-red played unceasingly, ever aquiver to change into sound, to become silken rustlings, silvery whisperings, golden thrummings of cords, velvet pipings of elf-land, mellow distances of thunderings.

"I wait," Ngurn prompted, after a long pause, the tomahawk unassumingly ready in his hand.

"Once, O Ngurn," Bassett repeated,

The next Jack London story, *In the Cave of the Dead*, will appear in *November Cosmopolitan*.

*Cosmopolitan for October, 1918*

"let the Red One speak, so that I may see it speak as well as hear it. Then strike, thus, when I raise my hand; for, when I raise my hand, I shall drop my head forward and made place for the stroke at the base of my neck. But, O Ngurn, I, who am about to pass out of the light of day forever, would like to pass with the wonder-voice of the Red One singing greatly in my ears."

"And I promise you that never will a head be so well cured as yours," Ngurn assured him, at the same time signaling the tribesmen to man the propelling ropes suspended from the king-post striker. "Your head shall be my greatest piece of work in the curing of heads."

Bassett smiled quietly to the old one's conceit as the great carved log, drawn back through two-score feet of space, was released. The next moment, he was lost in ecstasy at the abrupt and thunderous liberation of sound. But such thunder! Mellow it was with preciousness of all sounding metals. Archangels spoke in it; it was magnificently beautiful before all other sounds; it was invested with the intelligence of supermen of planets of other suns; it was the voice of God, seducing and commanding to be heard. And—the everlasting miracle of that interstellar metal! Bassett, with his own eyes, saw color and colors transform into sound till the whole visible surface of the vast sphere was acrawl and titillat and vaporous with what he could not tell was color or was sound. In that moment, the interstices of matter were his, and the interfusings and intermingling transfusings of matter and force.

Time passed. At the last, Bassett was brought back from his ecstasy by an impatient movement of Ngurn. He had quite forgotten the old devil-devil one. A quick flash of fancy brought a husky chuckle into Bassett's throat. His shotgun lay beside him in the litter. All he had to do, muzzle to head, was press the trigger and blow his own head into nothingness.

But why cheat him, was Bassett's next thought. Head-hunting, cannibal beast of a human that was as much ape as human, nevertheless old Ngurn had, according to his lights, played squarer than square. He was in himself a forerunner of ethics and contract, of consideration and gentleness in man. No, Bassett decided; it would be a ghastly pity and an act of dishonor to cheat the old fellow at the last. His head was Ngurn's, and Ngurn's head to cure it would be.

And Bassett, raising his hand in signal, bending forward his head as agreed, so as to expose cleanly the articulation to his taut spinal cord, forgot Balatta, who was merely a woman, a woman merely and only and undesired. He knew, without seeing, when the razor-edged hatchet rose in the air behind him. And for that instant, ere the end, there fell upon Bassett the shadow of the Unknown, a sense of impending marvel of the rending of walls before the Imaginable. Almost, when he knew the blow had started and just ere the edge of steel bit the flesh and nerves, it seemed that he gazed upon the serene face of the Medusa, Truth. And, simultaneous with the bite of the steel on the onrush of the Dark, in a flashing instant of fancy, he saw the vision of his head turning slowly, always turning, in the devil-devil house beside the breadfruit tree.



## Saint's Progress

(Continued from page 25)

he just gets nature's due reward. If you were a doctor, you soon see how much mercy your God had. We English who have neglected brain and education—how much mercy are we getting in this war? Mercy's a man-made ornament, disease, or luxury—call it what you will. Except that, I've nothing to say against it. On the contrary, I like it."

Once more Pierson looked at his daughter. Something in her face hurt him horribly—the silent intensity with which she was hanging on her husband's words, the eager search of her eyes. He turned to the door, saying,

"This is bad for you, George."

He saw Gratian put her hand on her husband's forehead, and thought jealously: "How can I save my poor girl from this infidelity? Are my twenty years of care to go for nothing against this modern spirit?"

Down in his study, the words went through his mind: "Holy, holy, holy, Merciful and Mighty!" And going to the little piano in the corner, he opened it, and began playing the hymn. He played it softly on the shabby keys of this thirty-year-old friend, which had been with him since college-days; and sang it softly in his worn voice.

A sound made him look up. Gratian had come in. She put her hand on his shoulder and said:

"I know it hurts you, dad. But we've got to find out for ourselves, haven't we? All the time you and George were talking, I felt that you didn't see that it's I who've changed. It's not what he thinks but what I've come to think of my own accord. I wish you'd see that I've got a mind of my own, dad."

Pierson looked up with amazement.

"Of course you have a mind."

Gratian shook her head.

"No; you thought my mind was yours, and now you think it's George's. But it's my own. At my age, weren't you trying hard to find the truth yourself, and differing from your father?"

Pierson did not answer. He was trying to remember. It was like stirring a stick amongst a drift of last year's leaves. The same dry rustling rewarded him, the same vague sense of unsubstantiality. Searched? No doubt he had searched, but the process had brought him nothing. Knowledge was all smoke. Emotional faith alone was truth—reality.

"Ah, Gracie," he said, "search if you must, but where will you find bottom? The well is too deep for us. You will come back to God, my child, when you're tired out; the only rest is there."

"I don't want to rest. Some people search all their lives, and die searching. Why shouldn't I?"

"You will be most unhappy, my child."

"If I'm unhappy, dad, it'll be because the world's unhappy. I don't believe it ought to be; I think it only is because it shuts its eyes."

Pierson got up.

"You think I shut my eyes?" Gratian nodded. "If I do, it is because there is no other way to happiness."

"Are you happy, dad?"

"As happy as my nature will let me be."

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"Oh, but we won't let you!"

Pierson smiled.

"My dear," he said, "I think I have."

VIII

I

SOME wag, with a bit of chalk, had written the word "Peace" on three successive doors of a little street opposite Buckingham Palace.

It caught the eye of Jimmy Fort, limping home to his rooms from a very late discussion at his club, and twisted his lean, shaven lips into a sort of smile. He was one of those rolling-stone Englishmen whose early lives are spent in all parts of the world and in all kinds of physical conflict—a man like a hickory stick, tall, thin, bolt upright, knotty, hard as nails, with a curved fighting back to his head, and a straight fighting front to his brown face. His was the type which becomes in three generations typically Colonial or American; but no one could possibly have taken Jimmy Fort for anything but an Englishman. Though he was nearly forty, there was still something of the boy in his face, something frank and curly-headed, gallant and full of steam, and his small steady gray eyes looked out on life with a sort of combative humor. He was still in uniform. They had given him up as a bad job after keeping him nine months trying to mend a wounded leg which would never be sound again, and had put him into the War Office in connection with horses, about which he knew. He was not cut out for that establishment; it had been his habit for too long to live with all sorts and conditions of men who were neither English nor official—a combination which he found trying. His life, indeed, just now bored him to distraction, and he would ten times rather have been back in France.

This was why he found the word "Peace" so exceptionally tantalizing.

Reaching his rooms, he threw off his tunic, to whose stiff regularity he still had a rooted aversion, and pulling out a pipe, filled it and sat down at his window.

The night was hot—moonshine could not cool it—and the town seemed sleeping badly—the seven million sleepers in their million homes.

Sound lingered on, never quite ceased; and stale odors clung in the narrow street below, though a little wind was creeping about to sweeten the air.

"Curse the war!" he thought. "What wouldn't I give to be sleeping out, instead of in this damned town?" They who sleep in the open, neglecting morality, would certainly have the best of it to-night, for no more dew was falling than fell into Jimmy Fort's heart to cool the fret of that ceaseless thought: "The war! The cursed war!" In those unending rows of little gray houses, in huge caravanseries, and the mansions of the great, in villas, and high slum tenements; in those God-forsaken government offices, and factories, and railway stations where they were working all night; in the long hospitals where they were lying in rows; in the camp-prisons of the interned; in barracks, workhouses, palaces, no head, sleeping or waking, would be free of that thought: "The cursed war!"

A spire caught his eye, rising ghostly over the roofs. Ah! Churches alone, void of the human soul, would be unconscious!

But for the rest, even sleep wouldn't free them. Here, a mother would be whispering the name of her boy; there, a merchant would snore and dream he was drowning, weighted with gold; and a wife would be turning, to stretch out her arms to—no one; and a wounded soldier wake out of a dream-trench with sweat on his brow; and a news-vender in his garret mutter hoarsely. By thousands, the bereaved world would be tossing, stifling their moans; by thousands, the ruined gazing into the dark future; and house-wives struggling with sums; and soldiers sleeping like logs—for to-morrow they died; and children would be dreaming of them; and prostitutes lying drugged on wonder at the busyness of their lives; and journalists be sleeping the sleep of the just.

And over them all in the moonlight that thought would flap black wings, like an old crow.

"If Christ were real," he mused, "he'd reach that moon down and go chalking 'Peace' with it on every door of every house all over Europe. But Christ's not real, and Hindenburg and Harnsworth are!" As real as two great bulls he had once seen in South Africa, fighting. He seemed to hear again the stamp and snort and crash of those thick skulls, to see the beasts recoiling and driving at each other, and the little red eyes of them. And pulling a letter out of his pocket, he read it again by the light of the moon:

15, Camelot Mansions,  
St. John's Wood.

DEAR MR. FORT:

I came across your club address to-night, looking at some old letters. Did you know that I was in London? I left Steenbok when my husband died, five years ago. I've had a simply terrific time since. While the German Southwest campaign was on, I was nursing out there, but came back about a year ago to lend a hand here. It would be awfully nice to meet you again if, by any chance, you are in England. I'm working in a V. A. D. hospital in these parts, but my evenings are usually free. Do you remember that moonlit night at grape-harvest? The nights here aren't scented quite like that. Listerine! Oh! This war!

With all good remembrances,

LEILA LYNCH.

A terrific time! If he did not mistake, Leila Lynch had always had a terrific time. And he smiled, seeing again the stoep of an old Dutch house at High Constantia, and a woman sitting there under the white flowers of a sweet-scented creeper—a pretty woman, with eyes which could put a spell on you, a woman he would have got entangled with if he had not run for it!

Ten years ago, and here she was again, refreshing him out of the past. He sniffed the fragrance of the little letter. How everybody always managed to work into a letter what they were doing in the war! If he answered her he would be sure to say, "Since I got lamed and was discharged, I've been at the War Office, working on remounts, and a dull job it is!" Leila Lynch! Women didn't get younger, and he suspected her of being older than himself. But he remembered agreeably

her white shoulders and that turn of her neck when she looked at you with those great gray eyes of hers. Only a five-day acquaintanceship, but they had crowded much into it—as one did in a strange land.

The episode had been a green and dangerous spot, like one of those bright mossy bits of bog when you were snipe-shooting, to set foot on which was to let you down up to the neck, at least. Well, there was none of that danger now, for her husband was dead—poor chap! It would be nice, in these dismal days, when nobody spent any time whatever except in the service of the country, to improve his powers of service by a few hours' recreation in her society.

"What humbugs we are!" he thought. "To read the newspapers and the speeches, you'd believe everybody thought of nothing but how to get killed for the sake of the future. Drunk on verbiage! What heads and mouths we shall all have when we wake up some fine morning with Peace shining in at the window! Ah! If we only could! Damn it! If only we could, and enjoy ourselves again!" And he gazed at the moon. She was dipping already, reeling away into the dawn. Water-carts and street-sweepers had come out into the glimmer; sparrows twittered in the eaves. The city was raising a strange, unknown face to the gray light, shuttered and deserted as Babylon. Jimmy Fort tapped out his pipe, sighed, and got into bed.

2

Coming off duty at that very moment, Leila Lynch decided to have her hour's walk before she went home. She was in charge of two wards, and, as a rule, took the day watches; but some slight upset had given her this extra spell. She was therefore at her worst, or perhaps at her best, after eighteen hours in hospital. Her cheeks were pale, and about her eyes were little lines, normally in hiding. There was in this face a puzzling blend of the soft and hard, for the rather full lips, pale cheeks, and large gray eyes were naturally soft; but they were hardened by the self-containment which grows on women who have to face life for themselves and, conscious of beauty, intend to keep it, in spite of age. Her figure was contradictory also, its soft modeling a little too rigidified by stays. In this desert of the dawn, she let her long blue overcoat flap loose, and swung her hat on a finger, so that her light-brown, touched-up hair took the morning breeze with fluffy freedom.

Though she could not see herself, she appreciated her appearance, swaying along like that, past the lonely trees and houses. A pity there was no one to see her! The round of Regent's Park took her the best part of an hour, walking in meditation, enjoying the color coming back into the world, as if especially for her.

There was character in Leila Lynch, and she had lived an interesting life from a certain point of view. In her girlhood she had fluttered the hearts of many besides cousin Edward Pierson, and at eighteen had made a passionate love-match with a good-looking young Indian civilian named Fane. They had loved each other to a standstill in twelve months. Then



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had begun five years of petulance, boredom, and growing cynicism, with increasing spells of Simla, and voyages home for her health, which was really harmed by the heat.

All had culminated, of course, in another passion—for a rifleman called Lynch. Divorce had followed, remarriage; then the Boer War, in which he had been badly wounded. She had gone out and nursed him back to half his robust health, and, at twenty-eight, taken up life with him on an up-country farm in Cape Colony.

This middle period had lasted ten years, between the lonely farm and an old Dutch house at High Constantia. Lynch was not a bad fellow, but, like most soldiers of the old army, had been most carefully divested of an esthetic sense. And it was Leila's misfortune to have moments when an esthetic sense seemed necessary.

She had struggled to overcome this weakness, and that other weakness of hers—a liking for man's admiration; but there had certainly been intervals when she had not properly succeeded. Her acquaintance with Jimmy Fort had occurred during one of these intervals, and when he went back to England so abruptly, she had been feeling very tenderly toward him. She still remembered him with a certain pleasure.

Before Lynch died, these "intervals" had been interrupted by a spell of returning warmth for the invalided man to whom she had joined her life under the romantic conditions of divorce. He had failed, of course, as a farmer, and his death left her with nothing but her own settled income of a hundred and fifty pounds a year.

Faced by the prospect of having almost to make her living at thirty-eight, she felt but momentary dismay—for she had real pluck. Like many who have played with amateur theatricals, she "fancied" herself as an actress; but, after much effort, found that only her voice and the perfect preservation of her legs were appreciated by the discerning managers and public of South Africa; and for three checkered years she made face against fortune with the help of them, under an assumed name.

What she did, keeping a certain bloom of refinement, was far better than many more respectable ladies would have done in her shoes. At least, she never bemoaned her "reduced circumstances," and if her life was irregular and had at least three episodes, it was very human. She bravely took the rough with the smooth, never lost the power of enjoying herself, and grew in sympathy with the hardships of others.

But she became deadly tired.

When the war broke out, remembering that she was a good nurse, she took her real name again, and a change of occupation.

For one who liked to please men and to be pleased by them, there was a certain attraction about that life in wartime; and after two years of it, she could still appreciate the way her Tommies turned their heads to look at her when she passed their beds. But in a hard school she had learned perfect self-control; and though the sour and puritanical perceived her attraction, they knew her to be forty-three. Besides, the soldiers liked

her, and there was little trouble in her wards.

The war moved her in simple ways; she was patriotic in the direct fashion of her class. Her father had been a sailor, her husbands an official and a soldier; the issue for her was uncomplicated by any abstract meditation. The country before everything! And though she had tended during those two years so many young wrecked bodies, she had taken it as all in the day's work, lavishing her sympathy on the individual without much general sense of pity and waste. Yes; she had worked really hard, had "done her bit," but of late she had felt rising within her the old vague craving for "life," for pleasure, for something more than mere negative admiration from her Tommies. Those old letters—to look them through had been a sure sign of this vague craving—had sharpened to poignancy the feeling that life was slipping away from her while she was still comely. She had been so long out of England, and so hard-worked since she came back, there were not many threads she could pick up suddenly. Two letters out of that little budget of the past, with a far cry between them, had awakened within her certain sentimental longings.

#### DEAR LADY OF THE STARRY FLOWERS:

*Exilurus (sic) le saluto!* The tender carries you this message of good-by. Simply speaking, I hate leaving South Africa. And of all my memories, the last will live the longest. Grape-harvest at Constantia, and you singing, "If I could be the falling dew." If ever you and your husband come to England, do let me know, that I may try and repay a little the happiest five days I've spent out here.

Your very faithful servant,

JIMMY FORT.

She remembered a very brown face, a tall, slim figure, and something gallant about the whole of him. What was he like after ten years? Grizzle-haired, married, with a large family? An odious thing—Time!

And cousin Edward's little yellow letter. Good heavens! Twenty-six years ago, before he was a parson or married or anything! Such a good partner, really musical—a queer, dear fellow, devoted, absent-minded, so easily shocked, yet with flame burning in him somewhere.

#### DEAR LEILA:

After our last dance, I went straight off—I couldn't go in. I went down to the river and walked along the bank; it was beautiful, all gray and hazy, and the trees whispered, and the cows looked holy; and I walked along and thought of you. And a farmer took me for a lunatic, in my dress clothes. Dear Leila, you were so pretty last night, and I did love our dances. I hope you're not tired, and that I shall see you soon again.

Your affectionate cousin,

EDWARD PIERSON.

And then he had gone and become a parson, and married, and been a widower fifteen years. She remembered the death of his wife, just before she left for South Africa, at that period of disgrace when she had so shocked her family by her divorce. Poor Edward—quite the nicest of her cousins! The only one she would care to see again. He would be very old and terribly good and proper by now!

Her wheel of Regent's Park was coming full-circle, and the sun was up behind the houses, but still no sound of traffic

stirred. She stopped before a flower-bed where was some heliotrope, and took a long, luxurious sniff. She could not resist plucking a sprig, too, and holding it to her nose. A sudden want of love had run through every nerve and fiber of her; she shivered, standing there, with her eyes half closed, above the pale-violet blossom.

Then, noting by her wrist-watch that it was four o'clock, she hurried on, to get to her bed, for she would have to be on duty again at noon. Oh, the war! She was tired. If only it were over, and one could live!

Somewhere by Twickenham the moon had floated down; somewhere up from Kentish Town the sun came soaring; wheels rolled again, and the seven million sleepers in their million houses woke from morning sleep to that same thought.

## IX

EDWARD PIERSON, dreaming over an egg at breakfast, opened a letter in a handwriting which he did not recognize.

V. A. D. Hospital,  
Blenheim Road,  
St. John's Wood,  
N. W.

DEAR COUSIN EDWARD:

Do you remember me, or have I gone too far into the shades of night? I was Leila Pierson once upon a time, and I often think of you and wonder what you are like now and what your girls are like. I have been here nearly a year, working for our wounded, and for a year before that was nursing in South Africa. My husband died five years ago out there. Though we haven't met for I dare not think how long, I should awfully like to see you again. Would you care to come some day and look over my hospital? I have two wards under me; our men are rather dears.

Your forgotten but still affectionate cousin,  
LEILA LYNCH.

P. S. I came across a little letter you once wrote me; it brought back old days.

He looked up at Noel. Hardly forgotten—with such a reminder in the house! The eyes—so like! And he thought: "I wonder what she's become. One mustn't be uncharitable. That man is dead; she has been nursing two years. She must be greatly changed; I should certainly like to see her. I will go."

Again he looked at Noel. Only yesterday she had renewed her request to be allowed to begin her training as a nurse. And he said;

"I'm going to see a hospital to-day, Nollie; if you like, I'll make inquiries. I'm afraid it'll mean you have to begin by washing up."

"I know—anything, so long as I do begin."

"Very well; I'll see about it." And he went back to his egg.

Noel's voice roused him.

"Do you feel the war much, daddy? Does it hurt you here?" She had put her hand on her heart. "Perhaps it doesn't, because you live half in the next world, don't you?"

The words: "God forbid!" sprang to Pierson's lips. He did not speak them, but put his egg-spoon down, hurt and bewildered. What did the child mean? Not feel the war? Not feel—

With a faint smile, he said,

"I hope I'm able to help people some-

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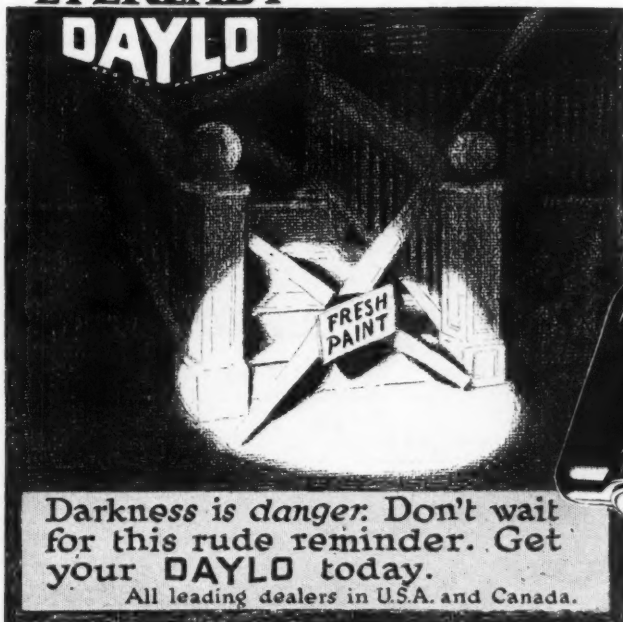
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times, Nollie," and was conscious that he had answered his own thoughts, not her words.

He ended his breakfast quickly, and very soon went out. He crossed the square, and passed east, down two crowded streets to his church. In the traffic of those streets, all slipshod and confused, his black-clothed figure and grave Vandykean face had a curious, remote appearance, like a moving remnant of a past civilization.

He went in by the side door. Only five days he had been away, but they had been so full of emotion; the empty, familiar building seemed almost strange to him. He had come there unconsciously, groping for anchorage and guidance in this sudden change of relationship between him and his daughters. He stood by the lectern's brazen eagle, staring into the chancel. The choir were wanting new hymn-books—he must not forget to order them!

His eyes sought the stained-glass window he had put in to the memory of his wife. The sun, too high to slant, was burnishing its base till it glowed of a deep sherry-color.

"In the next world!" What strange words of Noel's! His eye caught the glimmer of the organ-pipes; and, mounting to the loft, he began to play—soft chords, wandering into each other, over and over. He finished, and stood gazing down. This space within high walls, under high vaulted roof, where light was toned to a perpetual twilight, broken here and there by a little glow of color from glass and flowers, metal, and dark wood, was his home, his charge, his refuge. Nothing moved down there, and yet—was not emptiness mysteriously living, the closed-in air imprinted in strange sort, as though the drone of music and voices in prayer and praise clung there still? Had not sanctity a presence? Outside, a barrel-organ drove its tune along; a wagon staggered on the paved street, and the driver shouted to his horses; some distant guns boomed out in practise, and the rolling of wheels on wheels formed a net of sound.

But those invading noises were transmuted to a mere murmuring in here; only the silence and the twilight were real to Pierson, standing there, a little black figure in a great empty space.

When he left the church, it was still rather early to go to Leila's hospital, and, having ordered the new hymn-books, he called in at the house of a parishioner whose son had been killed in France. He found her in her kitchen—an oldish woman who lived by charring. She wiped a seat for the vicar, and said,

"I was just makin' meself a cup o' tea."

He sat down, so that she should feel "at home," and answered:

"Ah! What a comfort tea is, Mrs. Soles!"

"Yes; it gives me 'earburn. I take eight or ten cups a day now. I take 'em strong, too. I don't seem able to get on without it. I 'ope the young ladies are well, sir?"

"Very well, thank you. Miss Noel is going to begin nursing, too."

"Deary me! She's very young; but all the young gells are doin' something these days. I've got a niece in munitions—





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makin' a pretty penny she is. I've been meanin' to tell you—I don't come to church now; since my son was killed, I don't seem to 'ave the 'eart to go anywhere—'aven't been to a picture-palace these three months. Any excitement starts me cryin'."

"I know; but you'd find rest in church." Mrs. Soles shook her head, and the small twisted bob of her discolored hair wobbled vaguely.

"I can't take any recreation," she said. "I'd rather sit 'ere, or be at work. My son was a real son to me. This tea's the only thing that does me any good. I can make you a fresh cup in a minute."

"Thank you, Mrs. Soles; but I must be getting on. We must all look forward to meeting our beloved again, in God's mercy. And one of these days soon I shall be seeing you in church, sha'n't I?"

Mrs. Soles shifted her weight from one slipped foot to the other.

"Well, let's 'ope so," she said. "But I dunno when I shall 'ave the spirit. Good-day, sir, and thank you kindly for calling, I'm sure."

Pierson walked away with a very faint smile. Poor, queer, old soul! She was no older than himself, but he thought of her as ancient—cut off from her son, like so many—so many; how good and patient!

The melody of an anthem began running in his head. His fingers moved on the air beside him, and he stood still, waiting for an omnibus to take him to St. John's Wood.

A thousand people went by while he was waiting, but he did not notice them, thinking of that anthem, of his daughters, and the mercy of God; and, on the top of his 'bus, when it came along, he looked lonely and apart, though the man beside him was so fat that there was hardly any seat left to sit on.

Getting down at Lord's Cricket Ground, he asked his way of a lady in a nurse's dress.

"Will you come with me?" she said. "I'm just going there."

"Oh! Do you happen to know a Mrs. Lynch who nurses—"

"I am Mrs. Lynch. Why, you're Edward Pierson!"

He looked into her face, which he had not yet observed.

"Leila!" he said.

"Yes; Leila! How awfully nice of you to come, Edward!"

They continued to stand, searching each for the other's youth, till she murmured,

"In spite of your beard, I should have known you anywhere!" But she thought: "Poor Edward! He is old, and monk-like!"

And Pierson, in answer, murmured:

"You're very little changed, Leila! We haven't seen each other since my youngest girl was born. She's just a little like you." But he thought: "My Nollie! So much more dewy. Poor Leila!"

They walked on, talking of his daughters, till they reached the hospital.

"If you'll wait here just a minute, I'll take you over my wards."

She had left him in a bare hall, holding his hat in one hand and touching his gold cross with the other; but she soon came back, and a little warmth crept about his heart.

How works of mercy suited women! She looked so different, so much softer, with those big gray eyes beneath the white band, and that white apron over the bluish frock.

And at the change in his face, a little warmth crept about Leila, too, just where the bib of the apron stopped; and her eyes slid round at him while they went towards what had once been a billiard-room.

"My men are dears," she said; "they love to be talked to."

Under a skylight, six beds jutted out from a green distempered wall, opposite to six beds jutting out from another green distempered wall; and from each bed a face was turned toward them—young faces, but with little expression in them.

A nurse, at the far end, looked round, and went on with her work. The sight was no more new to Pierson than to anyone else in these days. It was so familiar, indeed, that it had practically no significance. He stood by the first bed, and Leila stood alongside.

The man smiled up when she spoke, and did not smile when he spoke, and that again was familiar to him. They passed from bed to bed, with exactly the same result, till she was called away, and he sat down by a young soldier with a long, very narrow head and face and a heavily bandaged shoulder.

Touching the bandage reverently, Pierson said,

"Well, my dear fellow—still bad?"

"Ah!" replied the soldier. "Shrapnel-wound. It's cut the flesh properly."

"But not the spirit, I can see!"

The young soldier gave him a quaint look, as much as to say, "Not 'arf bad!" and a gramophone close to the last bed began to play: "God bless daddy at the war!"

"Are you fond of music?"

"Yes; I like it well enough. Passes the time."

"I'm afraid the time hangs heavy in hospital."

"Yes; it 'angs a bit 'eavy; it's just 'orspital life. I've been wounded before, you see. It's better than bein' out there. I expect I'll lose the proper use o' this arm. I don't worry; I'll get my discharge."

"You've got some good nurses here."

"Yes; I like Mrs. Lynch. She's the lady I like."

"My cousin."

"I see you come in together. I see everything 'ere. I think a lot, too. Passes the time."

"Do they let you smoke?"

"Oh, yes; they let us smoke."

"Have one of mine?"

The young soldier smiled for the first time.

"Thank you; I've got plenty."

The nurse came by and smiled at Pierson.

"He's one of our blasé ones; been in before, haven't you, Simson?"

Pierson looked at the young man, whose long, narrow face, where one sandy-lashed eyelid drooped just a little, seemed armored with a sort of limited omniscience. The gramophone had whirled and grunted into "Sidi Ibrahim." The nurse passed on.

"Seedy Abram," said the young soldier. "The Frenchies sing it; they

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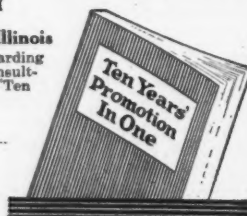
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takes it up one after the other, ye know."

"Ah," murmured Pierson, "it's pretty!" And his fingers drummed on the counterpane, for the tune was new to him. Something seemed to move in the young man's face, as if a blind had been drawn up a little.

"I don't mind France," he said abruptly; "I don't mind the shells and that; but I can't stick the mud. There's a lot o' wounded die in the mud—can't get up—smothered." His unwounded arm made a restless movement. "I was nearly smothered myself. Just managed to keep me nose up."

Pierson shuddered.

"Thank God you did!"

"Yes; I didn't like that. I told Mrs. Lynch about that one day when I had the fever. She's a nice lady; she's seen a lot of us boys. That mud's not right, you know."

And again his unwounded arm made that restless movement, while the gramophone struck up: "The Boys in Brown."

The movement of the arm affected Pierson horribly; he rose, and touching the bandaged shoulder, said:

"Good-by. I hope you'll soon be quite recovered."

The young soldier's lips twisted in the semblance of a smile; his drooped eyelid seemed to try and raise itself.

"Good-day, sir," he said; "and thank you."

Pierson went back to the hall. The sunlight fell in a pool just inside the open door, and an uncontrollable impulse made him move into it, so that it warmed him up to the waist.

The mud! How ugly life was! Life and Death! Both ugly! Poor boys! Poor boys!

A voice behind him said:

"Oh, there you are, Edward! Would you like to see the other ward, or shall I show you our kitchen?"

Pierson took her hand impulsively.

"You're doing a noble work, Leila. I wanted to ask you: Could you arrange for Noel to come and get trained here? She wants to begin at once. The fact is, a boy she is attracted to has just gone out to the front."

"Ah!" murmured Leila, and her eyes looked very soft. "Poor child! We shall be wanting an extra hand next week. I'll see if she could come now. I'll speak to our matron, and let you know to-night." She squeezed his hand hard. "Dear Edward, I'm so glad to see you again. You're the first of our family I've seen for sixteen years. I wonder if you'd bring Noel to have supper at my flat to-night—just nothing to eat, you know. It's a tiny place. There's a Mr. Fort coming—a nice man."

Pierson accepted, and, as he walked away, he thought: "Dear Leila! I believe it was Providence. She wants sympathy. She wants to feel the past is the past. How good women are!"

And the sun, blazing suddenly out of a cloud, shone on his black figure and the little gold cross, in the middle of Portland Place.

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